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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—FRENCH INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH ART	219
II.—SEA BREEZES.....	228
III.—THE KING'S PAGE: WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS	231
CHAPTER XII.—LIFE IN THE BASTILE.	
CHAPTER XIII.—THE KING'S ORDER PROVES OF SOME SERVICE.	
IV.—A FLORAL LESSON	243
V.—EXPERIENCES OF A REAL DETECTIVE	244
NO. 6.—MR. JAMES BUNCE.	
VI.—A VISIT TO THE CHURCHYARD	253
VII.—PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF THE PICTURESQUE. WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.....	254
NO. 9.—GUY'S CLIFF, WARWICKSHIRE.	
VIII.—THE SCHEMER	257
IX.—ROLAND THE PAINTER	261
CHAPTER XX.—"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."	
CHAPTER XXI.—THE SEPULCHRE.	
CHAPTER XXII.—THE KING OF TERRORS AND HIS VICTIM.	
X.—THE BOTANIST	271
XI.—RECOLLECTIONS OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.....	272
NO. 3.—THE STORM IN WINTER.	
NO. 4.—MR. OLIVER HAYRIGG.	
XII.—SHADOWS	278
XIII.—ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN. WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS	279
CHAPTER X.—STRUCTURE OF THE JELLY FISH.	
CHAPTER XI.—POLYPES.	
XIV.—THE PAST AGES	290
XV.—THE MUTE	295
XVI.—A VISIT TO A SUGAR CAMP	300
XVII.—LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET	306
CHAPTER XXI.—LITTLE GEORGEY LEAVES HIS OLD HOME.	
CHAPTER XXII.—COMING TO A STANDSTILL.	
XVIII.—THE PLAYTHINGS OF ANTIQUITY	322
XIX.—A CHAPTER ON HATS	324

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FRENCH INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH ART.

THE influence of French art upon English taste ought to be a natural as well as an interesting subject of inquiry, at a period when we are exhibiting to the world undeniable proofs of a marvellous development of artistic excellence in almost all manufactured articles in which the alleged superior refinements of the French artisan had, it was believed, led him to perfection. The conviction of this superiority is so completely shaken by the display made by England in the International Exhibition, that it has been found expedient to deny the English origin of the best examples of the skill we have produced. A sketch of the progress of the two countries in the decorative arts will put the reader in full possession of the causes which have led our designers and workmen to their present eminence.

We cannot help here giving expression to our surprise that the Parisian critics, who have thought proper to claim our merit for their countrymen, had not dwelt upon an explanation of our proficiency that ought to have been equally satisfactory to them, while it had the advantage of being indisputable. We allude to the French element in our nationality consequent on the large mixture into our population of the compatriots of William of Normandy. There can be no question that for a considerable period after the Conquest, French ideas of taste prevailed in the Anglo-Norman court of England, and that models of continental skill in ornamental work were largely imported into this country, as well as similar productions completed here by continental artificers. We do not consider the Bayeux tapestry as a favourable example of the contemporary state of the arts of design in Normandy, or as a work likely to effect a beneficial influence on the taste of the subjugated islanders, but the Conqueror's brother, the Bishop of Bayeux, who made certain additions to the cathedral of the capital of his diocese, was likely to infuse a large portion of the skill possessed by Norman artificers into English edifices and their decorative furniture. Englishmen who had had the direction of such works, had already exhibited a fair amount of talent, and the imported productions, as well as the higher class of structures or objects completed under Norman auspices, were not likely to be unprofitable to them.

The immediate descendants of the conquerors generally continued the career for which each had attained a celebrity, losing in every generation more of the continental, and gaining more of the insular characteristics. Among the patrician class luxury made increasing demands on the artistic workman, and on the importer of decorative objects. Limoges enamels, illuminated missals, carvings, metal-work, and other costly examples of the taste of the age, enriched the houses and persons of the wealthy nobility, and the royal family set the example of building on the grandest scale attainable, and of ornamenting the walls of their state chambers with designs painted in colours.

In the course of the following century, it is reasonable to imagine that the chief artists employed in the island were naturalized Englishmen, bearing of course the Norman names of their progenitors. In the earliest records that preserve notices of such work having been executed, that is in the reign of Henry III., we find that sacred subjects were generally selected, and that by this sovereign, Odo the goldsmith was appointed keeper of the works, and Edward, his son, otherwise Edward Fitz-Odo, in succession, is specially named as having the same responsibility. Historical pictures are also ordered; for instance, a series of illustrations of the heroic actions of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, the king's uncle, were directed to be painted on the wainscot of a chamber in the palace at Clarendon, also in the royal apartments in the Tower at Westminster. A little later we find mention of a Master William the painter, and the heroic deeds of Alexander the Great are ordered for the decoration of the queen's chamber at Nottingham. This William was a monk at Westminster, the fraternity of which enjoyed so high an artistic reputation, that a school of art was established in the abbey a century later; but Edward (Fitz-Odo) is directed to instruct the monk, who is styled William of Florence, and therefore must have been an Italian. Subsequently we come to a notice of "Master Walter, our painter;" but the Florentine appears to have enjoyed a large share of the royal favour, particularly in the palace at Guildford, where his wages were sixpence a day.

The great ecclesiastics and nobles followed the royal example as closely as

they could, particularly John of Hertford, Abbot of St. Albans, who caused important additions to be made to that noble ecclesiastical edifice which had already acquired high artistic reputation for the beauty of the missals produced by its illuminator, Alen Strayler, and ordered what is styled a noble picture to be painted in an apartment of the abbey.

Henry III. began to reign in 1216, when only ten years old, and died in 1272. We can trace no French influence in his kingdom, excepting in the support accorded to Simon de Montfort, by birth a Frenchman, in his rebellion against his sovereign. Of French art at this period there is scarcely any sign, except in fabrics and furniture manufactured in the large cities, including glass-painting, enamelling, illuminating, and Byzantine work, many examples of which may have crossed the Channel. The only foreigner named as such employed as a master of design, was William of Florence, who must have left his native city when Cimabue was struggling to emancipate his artistic countrymen from the trammels of their Greek teachers. Giotto was not born till 1276. It would appear from the Close Roll, 44 Henry III., that this "Fratrī Willielmo" was a pupil of Edward Fitz-Odo.

Statues were carved and shrines and crosses erected in England in the same reign, that assist in establishing for the English workman an amount of manipulative skill in which it is doubtful whether he was excelled in France or in any other country. Henry was a profuse encourager of the arts, notwithstanding the troubles he had with his barons. His palace at Kenilworth contained many proofs of his taste; while the crosses he erected to the memory of his Queen, and the shrine of Edward the Confessor, after the designs of Pietro Cavallini, a Roman sculptor, painter, and worker in mosaic, show his patronage to have been directed with admirable discrimination.

The monument raised to his memory by his son is also evidence of the progress of the arts in this country; but there is no sign of French influence in this or in any other of the important works executed in England to the conclusion of the thirteenth century. The taste for pictorial decoration continued to be developed by the higher classes. Bishop Langton caused the coronation of Edward I. to be painted in the hall of his palace at Lichfield; John Thokey, Abbot of Gloucester, in the reign

of Edward II., had his great parlour adorned with portraits of all the sovereigns of England — probably from the Conquest; the same is said of John Wigmore, another Abbot of Gloucester; while Pauline de Peynere, the steward of Henry III.'s household, caused a magnificent mansion to be built, and so sumptuously decorated, that the wages of some of the artificers amounted to ten marks a week. Manor-houses were turned into castles, and abbeys and cathedrals rivalled each other in the beauty of their proportions and in the richness of their ornamentation. Enamelling and working in metals were also extensively patronized, and many choice works now preserved in our museums show what skill the artisans employed upon them had attained in their craft.

But it was in the glorious age of the third Edward that English art, influenced by the fuller development of English luxury, attained its greatest affluence. The sumptuous taste of that chivalrous monarch was for a considerable period directed by Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, under whose superintendence the grand fabrics at Windsor and Westminster were erected and adorned. The prelate was himself a munificent patron of the arts of design, as his cathedral, college, and school very satisfactorily establish. Successful continental wars brought great wealth to the adventurous barons and knights who flocked to the royal standard, and the ransom of their prisoners was spent in building, painting, sculpture, costly furniture, and still more costly personal decorations. The spiritual peers rivalled the temporal in such display, not only within their magnificent dwellings, but whenever they left their palatial abbeys and priories to visit the court, or travel on the business of their church. The imagination of Chaucer and the contemporary poets and romancists is singularly rich in descriptions of the domestic life of princes and of powerful nobles. A very slight acquaintance with the wills and inventories of the fourteenth century will show that they did not exaggerate the affluence of gold and silver work, of precious stones, and jewels of price, of pictured walls and windows and sculptured figures, of elaborate embroidery and carving in ivory, wood, and stone, and of treasures of inlaying, enamelling, embossing, as well as in gorgeous tapestry, carpets, and state-beds, that then existed in England.

Crecy and Poitiers were not favourable to the growth of French influence; but Caen, Limoges, and other towns in France, celebrated for artistic productions, gave forth a liberal portion of their manufactures to the invaders; and as a considerable part of the kingdom passed into their possession, the diffusion of French articles of luxury in English homes is easily accounted for. We cannot, however, find the name of any French artist of eminence employed upon the extensive works in architecture, sculpture, and painting executed in England in this reign. The suite of historical portraits and sacred subjects that embellished St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, were the work of "Hugoni de S. Albano, Magistro Pictorum," as the patent preserved by Rymer (v. 670) states; at least he appears to have been the principal artist employed—the abbey at St. Albans at this time rivalling the one at Westminster in the eminence of the professors of design it produced.

Some idea of the value of paintings about this period may be gathered from the fact that the City of London presented to Richard II. and his queen pictures of the Trinity valued at 800*l.*—the Corporation evidently estimated their art treasures very highly. We must believe that they were the work of English painters. If John Van Eyck studied in this country, as Walpole suggests, he may have produced religious pictures here as well as portraits. As much favour was shown to the countrymen of Philippa of Hainault, and to the allies of her husband in the Low Countries, some earlier "masters" may have previously settled in London, or the paintings so highly prized may have been procured by the wealthy merchants in barter. Had they formed part of the plunder of a French town, the chronicler would not have forgotten to add so interesting a fact.

The Academy of St. Luke in Paris was not established till 1391, and Jean Cousin was not born till 1492. Italian artists only at this period—the commencement of the fifteenth century—could have produced works approaching this mercantile estimate; but there is no fixing the value such connoisseurs as the Mayor and Aldermen of London might put upon an important series of works executed by the masters of our flourishing schools of art at either of our celebrated abbeys. All that we can with confidence assert is, that there is no trace of French influence

in the reputation which English artists acquired in their own country, as well as in Flanders, about this time.

The luxurious tastes of the knights and nobles were shared by the people who enriched themselves by commerce—many of whom travelled to distant countries, or imported artistic productions from lands far beyond sea. The Crusaders had done much to make the English acquainted with a civilization far in advance of their own, and the wars in France and Spain had familiarized many with objects of which they had previously had no knowledge. The campaign of Henry V. was a repetition of those of Edward III. and the Black Prince; but though the conquerors of Agincourt brought away illuminated missals and other decorative objects of value, no French artist took service with them, and there is the most satisfactory evidence in English pictorial MSS. that they were not wanted. Again, many fine edifices were built and furnished out of the ransom paid by the captives—the artificers employed, however, were undoubtedly English.

It is impossible here to name all who distinguished themselves in the various arts that flourished here in the fifteenth century; but a sufficient idea of the excellence arrived at may be gathered from the opinion of Flaxman, who estimates a fine work by a contemporary English sculptor, William Austen, as equal to anything executed in Italy, including the productions of Ghiberti and Donatello. This is the well-known monument (the contract for which has been preserved by Dugdale) of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1439. It was embellished with wall paintings, executed by John Brentwood, while Christian Colburne, also of London, was engaged to paint, lifelike, four stone statues of the Virgin and St. Anne, St. Gabriel and St. George, supporters of the deceased Earl's effigy. It took twenty-one years in completing, and cost 248*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.* There is no trace of French influence in any part of it.

During the reign of Henry VI., though he married the daughter of a French artist of high repute—no less a personage than King René of Anjou—the few important works that were completed were of native production. Walpole has engraved two historical paintings—"The Marriage of Henry and Margaret," and "The King and his Family"—but they were executed for Henry VII. Among

the genuine works of this age were mural paintings on the cloisters of Old St. Paul's, illustrating the "Dance of Death." In a chapel of Our Lady of the still famous Abbey of St. Albans, John de Whet-hamsted, the abbot, caused pictures to be painted. In the same manner he adorned his own apartments and the church of his manor of Tittenhanger. The "Dance of Death" had previously appeared in the cloister adjoining St. Innocent's Church at Paris—therefore may be regarded as a proof of French influence. Art had greatly deteriorated; the troubles of the time, quite as much as the king's want of taste, may have contributed to this decay, from which it did not entirely recover in the reign of the luxurious Edward IV.

It was not till Henry VII. had acquired entire possession of the kingdom that a reaction in favour of artistic embellishment commenced. The king invited skilful designers as well as eminent scholars of other countries to settle in England; but we do not find French professors accepting the invitation. The court painter was John de Mabuse (Malbodiuz), the friend and contemporary of Albert Durer; Pietro Torreggiano, a Florentine, was the designer of the Royal Mausoleum. The high merit of these artists reflects credit on their patron, and the works they produced were such as must have exercised a very decided influence on English taste. There is nothing in contemporary French art to equal them.

Henry VIII. gave a more powerful impulse to the movement that had commenced under his father's auspices, impelled by his own decided taste for art, as well as by a desire to rival the King of France in this direction. Francis I. invited Titian to adorn his court, but the Venetian preferred the service of the Emperor Charles V. Henry invited Raphael and Primaticcio, but though he, through Wolsey's influence at Rome, obtained some of their works, he could not secure their persons. He does not appear to have wished for French artists. The Italian schools were pre-eminent; next to them in reputation were the Dutch and Flemish masters.

The artists employed by the King of England were Girolamo da Trevigi, Antony Toto (Toto del Nunziata), Bartholomew Penn (Luca Penni), Pietro Torreggiano, of Florence, and John of Padua, an architect and musician, Joannes Corvus, a

Fleming, Luke Horrebout, of Ghent, and Lucas Cornelius, of Leyden. Andrew Oret, and Ambrose (painter to the Queen of Navarre), are also slightly mentioned, but nothing is known of either. The largest share of the royal patronage was secured by Hans Holbein, of Augsburg, who painted well enough and long enough in England to produce a strong impression on English art.

English painters, however, were still in good repute at court, notwithstanding such powerful rivalry. Andrew Wright was serjeant-painter in the king's service, and the members of his profession had been formed into a guild, their first charter having been granted them by Edward IV. John Brown was another serjeant-painter in this reign. Robert Cook was also a painter of much court celebrity. The king was too good a judge of artistic merit, and of much too independent a spirit, to employ his own countrymen, had they not deserved his favour. Their works have not been preserved—the paintings at Coudray, described in the *Archæologia*, are likely to have been by one of them. Probably some of the numerous productions of that time, attributed to Holbein, were executed by English painters, who must have assisted him in his multitudinous commissions. The reputation they acquired in their own country appears to have been considerable. One English designer is thus noticed by the court poet, John Skelton:—

"Casting my sight the chamber about,
To see how duly each thing in order was,
Towards the door as we were coming out,
I saw Master Newton sit with his compass,
His plummet, his pencil, his spectacles of
glass,
Devising in picture by his industrious wit,
Of my laurel the process every whit."

Holbein's influence extended to France, for the peculiarities of his style were afterwards closely imitated by François Clouet (Jeannet), the well-known portrait painter, who flourished at court during the reigns of Francis II., Charles IX., and Henri III.

The desire of the sovereigns of France to establish a French school, led to one being formed at Rome in 1665; but the most distinguished of the painters educated here became more Italian than French. Jean Cousin, an imitator of Parmegiano in his large historical subjects, may be said to have been the founder of French art, but little progress

was made in it till nearly the middle of the seventeenth century. The inspiration of Nicholas Poussin came from Rome, where he lived the best part of his career, and not from Paris. Gaspar, his cousin, was born at Rome in 1613. Claude was a pupil of Agostino Tassi, and was thoroughly Italian in his style, as is manifest in the four hundred landscapes he is said to have completed before his death in 1662. Moise Valentin was a pupil of Caravaggio. Sebastian Bourdon studied in Italy, and imitated Poussin. Colombel long resided at Rome. Joseph Vernet was an imitator of Claude.

Other foreigners found patronage in England in the reign of Henry VIII.: Levinia Tirlinks, a female artist; Theodore Bernardi, of Amsterdam, pupil of Michael Coxie, who painted large historical subjects in the cathedral at Chichester for Bishop Sherburne; Benedetto, a Florentine sculptor, employed by Cardinal Wolsey; Anthony Cavallari, Benedetto da Rovezzano, and Baccio Bandinelli, all Italians, were in the king's service. No French designer is to be found amongst them. Two of Henry's Italian painters were scholars of Raphael. The king of France secured Il Rosso and Primaticcio; but the king of England, we think, was better served. His collection of pictures amounted to a hundred and fifty-three, many of them fine.

Although art as well as scholarship had to some extent passed from ecclesiastical into the hands of lay professors, both were still cultivated by churchmen. At the dissolution of the monasteries, a report of a religious house at Wolstrop states: "That there was not one religious person there, but that he could and did use either embroidering, writing books with very fair hand, making their own garments, carving, painting, and *graffing*"—a well-known process in arboriculture. It will not, therefore, surprise the reader to be told that the Reformation, by abolishing the schools of art in England that had flourished under the patronage of wealthy bishops and abbots, gave for a time a heavy blow and great discouragement to the cultivation of painting throughout the country; but as long as the nobles continued to build and to furnish after the fashion of their sovereign, there was sure to be some employment for native talent. Painters from Flanders and Holland were preferred to other foreigners after the death of Henry VIII., as Marc Willems and Hans Hucet; nevertheless, an English

artist, John Bossam, has been greatly praised by Hilliard. Guillim Stretes painted three large pictures for Edward VI. for fifty marks. Sir Antonio More and Joos van Cleef found favour with Mary I.

In the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Nicholas Lyzard, Serjeant-Painter to the Queen's Majesty, presented her with a painting illustrating the story of Ahasuerus; but the court painters were chiefly foreigners from the Low Countries or from Italy, not from France: Lucas de Heere, Cornelius Ketel, Frederigo Zuccaro, Mark Garrard, Henry Cornelius Vroom, Richard Stevens, and Petruccio Ubaldini, an illuminator. With these were associated the English miniature painters, Nicholas Hilliard and Isaac Oliver. Peachum, *On Limning*, asserts that the latter were "inferior to none in Christendom for the countenance in small," an opinion that posterity has endorsed. Painting continued in fashion, and other Englishmen excelled in it: John Shute, Thomas and John Bettes, William and Francis Segar, and Sir Nathaniel Bacon. Meres, in his *Wits' Commonwealth*, 1598, mentions several others. We come at last to a French artist called Le Moyne, or Le Morgues; but all that is known of him is, that he was employed as a draughtsman by Sir Walter Raleigh during his voyage to Virginia.

James I. had no taste in art; but his eldest son, Prince Henry, displayed the highest enjoyment of its pleasures. His drawing-master was a Frenchman, Solomon de Cans, an architect, from whom it is not improbable he derived the zest for collecting decorative objects that distinguished him till he died. Still the stream of court favour flowed in any direction rather than towards French pictures. Paul Vansomer, Cornelius Jansen, Daniel Mytens, shared the court patronage with Robert Peake, Peter Oliver, and such English sculptors as Epiphanius Evesham, Maximilian Colte, and Nicholas Stone, with a fair amount of English architects. Among the medallists employed by Charles I. we find Nicholas Briot, Graver of the Mint to the King of France.

Charles I. took up the favourite pursuit of his elder brother with a great deal of ardour, and after he came to the throne his patronage of art was both liberal and discriminative. Many of the nobility and gentry were distinguished by the same taste; yet neither by the monarch nor his subjects did there appear to be any per-

ceptible leaning towards the newly-established French school of painters, supported by the talents of Lesueur, Coypel, Natoire, and their associates. Felibian asserts that Simon Vouet was invited by the king to enter his service, but declined: we have no faith in this writer. Julio Albano and Carlo Maratti were also invited to England—the first by the king, the other by the Duke of Buckingham; but they could not be induced to leave Italy. Rubens and Vandyck remained some time in the island, and had no reason to regret their visit. It produced lasting effects on English art; for some of our painters studied their works with such skill, that their own designs, as well as their copies, have often been sold for original productions of these eminent masters.

Charles went on accumulating Dutch, Flemish, and Italian pictures, statues, gems, plate, medals, and other objects of art, till the civil war closed his cabinets and his galleries, and finally dispersed their contents by auction. In the long list of treasures, we look in vain for the influence of French art. Lanier was born in Italy, and Petitot was a Swiss. The collections of the Duke of Buckingham purchased of Rubens, and of the Earl of Arundel procured from Italy and Germany, were equally wanting in examples of the new school. In sculpture it appears to have been better appreciated than in painting. Herbert le Sœur, a pupil of John of Bologna, Francis Anguier, and Ambrose du Val, were Frenchmen; the first, a most able artist, was largely employed by the king and the principal nobility.

Many foreign painters gained employment in England, but the patronage flowed in the same channel—the Gendileschis—the scholars of Vandyck, Beck, and Geldorp, together with Gerard Honthorst, Van Bassen, Van Belcamp, Vinkenboom, Poelemburg, Wouters, Hanneman, Steenwyck, Cleyn, Torrentins, Keerings, Lievens, Ferburg, and Prewitzer.

The English painters who contrived to follow their profession with credit, despite of such formidable rivalry, were George Jamesone, a pupil of Rubens, who enjoyed a great reputation in Scotland; and James Gandy, who painted portraits in the manner of Vandyck with remarkable success: nearly all his works are in Ireland, where he was taken by the Duke of Ormonde. William Dobson, recommended to the king by Vandyck, was, as Aubrey says,

“the most excellent painter that England hath yet bred.” Francis Barlow, an animal painter; Sir James Palmer, John Hoskins, and his celebrated pupils, Alexander and Samuel Cooper; “that worthy artist,” mentioned by Sanderson, Ann Carlisle, Robert Walker, and several others.

We have thus traced the progress of the arts of design in this country to the period of their greatest encouragement. The decline of taste which followed shows much the same results—the court patronage of foreigners—Sir Peter Lely being succeeded by Sir Godfrey Kneller, without the slightest advantage to painting. The influence of French art is now seen in the works of Isaac Fuller, a pupil of Perrier; and in Robert Streater, a pupil of Du Moulin. Claude le Fevre studied at Paris under Le Sueur and Le Brun, and obtained a good deal of patronage in England after the Restoration. Henri Gascar was also a Frenchman; so was Philip du Val, who studied under Le Brun, but subsequently in Italy. Adrian Hennin also had studied in France. But they were all very inferior to their Dutch, Flemish, and Italian rivals. Pouget, a French architect, was the designer of Montague House. The age and country that produced Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren need not have been under obligations to foreigners, however meritorious; but the fact was, the mansion originally erected by Hooke was destroyed by fire while in the occupancy of the French ambassador, and the French government undertook to supply half the funds for its erection, provided their own architect was employed. In James II.’s reign Jacques Rousseau, and his more celebrated countryman, Charles de la Fosse, with Nicholas Nargilliere, were patronized by the court; in that of his successor, Peter Berchette, Louis Cheron, Paul Mignart, with Le Marchand, a carver in ivory, and James Parmentier, nephew of Bourdon. Taste did not advance under the auspices of George I. and II.; therefore Louis Laguerre, who had assisted Verrio in producing the wall pictures immortalized by Pope—

“Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre,”

naturally succeeded to that branch of art. Jacques d’Agar, Antoine Pesne, and Antoine Watteau, also had patrons in this country; the latter becoming as popular with the English court as he had been

with his own. John Baptiste Vanloo were also in considerable request. Clermont, another Frenchman, found employment here till about the middle of the last century; as well as Jean Roquet, Roubiliac the sculptor, Labelye the architect, and several French engravers. French pictures, too, by masters of eminence, passed into our galleries.

English painters from time to time appeared who profited by the examples of distinguished merit set before them, whenever they were worthy of study, and gradually entered into successful rivalry with those who were most fashionable. Sir James Thornhill almost superseded the house-decorators; Hogarth challenged the humorists; and finally, Reynolds superseded the foreign portrait and historical painters, with Leotard at their head. The institution of the Royal Academy laid the foundation of English art for the first time on a firm basis, but cannot be said to have entirely done away with French influence, as some of its original members were French or Swiss. Nevertheless, the truly English character of Gainsborough's landscapes were more highly appreciated than the finest productions of De Louthembourg, and the exaggerations of Fuseli at last fell in public favour as the more artistic creations of Barry advanced.

The extraordinary progress made by English designers since then in every branch of art, is patent to the world; but it is not owing to French influence. Perhaps in Stothard may be found apparent traces of Watteau; we doubt, however, that he was an imitator. Richard Wilson, too, appears to have studied the compositions of Poussin, but this was merely Roman inspiration at second-hand. Turner, it is well known, entered into direct rivalry with Claude, but French influence no more made him the first landscape painter of his age, than it made him the first marine painter.

The great period of French Art was the reign of Louis le Grand, when the gallery was expected to reflect the magnificence of the sovereign. The same display continued till the walls were covered with representations of victories, and portraits of royal mistresses, that equally added to the glory of the Grand Monarque, interspersed with mythological and classical subjects in which the artist displayed at least wonderful ingenuity as a courtier, for when the King was not Jupiter he was sure to be Alexander

the Great. Such works were, however, exclusively for France. They were not likely to be in demand elsewhere. Whenever a less exclusive spirit prevailed, French paintings found their way into foreign collections. This became especially the case in the eighteenth century, when Vernet's marine paintings, Boucher's classical pastorals, Jaques Courtois's battle-pieces, and Greuze's idealized portraits came into fashion.

Napoleon le Grand rivalled Louis XIV. in the testimonies to his fame French Art accomplished for him. He had more victories, though less mistresses than his predecessor; and Vien and David his pupil were quite as magnificent in their creations as Le Sueur or Le Brun. More modest productions gradually won their way to public favour after the close of the Empire, and even in the ambitious efforts of the artists, more agreeable ideas of colour began to appear. With high powers of invention, a more strict study of light and shade was manifest in the best productions of the French school. Several found purchasers among English connoisseurs. Collectors left off buying Lancret's for Watteaus, and doubtful works of Greuze, to secure masterpieces from Paul Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, and Ingres. Glory, however, was still well represented by Decamps, and allegory by Cabanel, while Horace Vernet and Eugene Delacroix have exhibited the facility of their execution in imposing *tableaux*.

The annual exhibition of French Artists in London, and the present collection of their works at the new building in the Cromwell Road, must have made the reader aware of the great advance which French Art has accomplished in many departments, particularly in *genre*. In high art even the antique affectations have given way to a conscientious study of nature. Charles Danbigny and Rosa Bonheur distinguish themselves among the clever landscape and cattle painters for their vigour and fidelity. Ziem, Lonbon, and Troyon are also admirable in similar work. Robert Fleury, Paul Baudry, Alphons Roelin, Jean Meissonier, Alexandre Cabinet, Charles Fortin, Gleyre, and Barrias, have placed themselves among the masters of expression and grouping; Jean Gerome, Pierre Frere, and Philippe Rousseau, Hebert, Desire Langée, Adolph Leleux, Leman, Alexandre Guillemin, and Jules Breton, have produced pictures full of character and beauty. Indeed, the number of clever works in the collection

renders impossible any detailed attempt to do them justice.

Though liberal purchases have been made by English connoisseurs from these painters, we do not think they have produced any sensible effects on the style of English artists; on the contrary, it would be easy to prove that our best painters—particularly Wilkie, Mulready, Collins, Webster, Etty, Roberts, Ward, Fielding, Calcott, Landseer, Frith, Edward Cox, Sydney Cooper, Faed, Millais, Holman Hunt, Stanfield, and Pyne—possess characteristics unmistakeably distinct from those of the French school.

We now come to the question of French influence on English art-manufactures, which presents a totally different aspect. For a long period the French government have taken an active interest in the production of certain fabrics and decorative articles, and the skill and taste they displayed, maintained for them a world-wide reputation. In England such works have been produced entirely by private enterprise, and the English manufacturer has often had to labour under the serious disadvantages of possessing inferior materials, unskilful workmen, and insufficient patronage. The banishment through the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, of numerous industrious French artificers, gave a decided impulse to the silk manufacture in this country; nevertheless, the looms of Lyons continued to display a marked superiority, which always secured for them a preference here and elsewhere; the same pre-eminence was claimed for the carpets of Aubusson, the porcelain of Sévres, the decorative furniture of Paris, and for various other objects of ornament or utility for which a local celebrity had been obtained. From time to time, Englishmen contrived to raise a fame for themselves and their country by improved processes and new machinery, which enabled them to compete with some approach to equality with those prized products. Of these Josiah Wedgwood was a remarkable example. Still the superior artistic aptitude of the French workmen was acknowledged.

The advantages to be derived by offering a superior education to the class in England whence our artisans were derived, were strongly advocated. Schools were greatly improved, but it was soon found that a good deal more had to be done. Taste had to be taught, as well as information. The National Gallery was estab-

lished, and institutions containing objects of art rendered accessible. A still more important step in this direction was the creation of Schools of Design, and the introduction of drawing as an element of instruction in parish schools.

The result of these facilities for self-improvement—aided by a powerful impulse given to commercial enterprise in England by the gold discoveries, and the elevation which English art had acquired since the commencement of the century—was made evident in the exposition of English art-manufactures in 1851. Notwithstanding the improvement then manifested, it was clear that there was still much to learn. The exposition of English art-manufactures in 1862 shows how thoroughly that amount of instruction has been acquired. Whatever fabric or artistic production we examine, we shall find evidence of an honourable rivalry with the most famous of continental manufactures.

The reality of our success, however, has been questioned. In a letter which appeared in the *Constitutionnel*, purporting to have been written by an English correspondent who had visited the International Exhibition in London, there is a sweeping charge of French invention for the best ornamental works put forward as English. The assumed nationality of the letter is just as genuine as the accusation it embodies is true. It is merely one of those appeals to French vanity, to which French vanity only could respond. We quote a translation:—

“Who was it that executed Storr and Mortimer’s splendid exhibition in 1851?—Vechte, a Frenchman.” [This able artist used to design for the predecessors of Hunt and Roskell; so also did Bailey, the Royal Academician. Vechte, however, has long since returned to France.] “Who was it that placed Minton at such an elevated position in the industrial solemnity of that period?—Arnoud, from the Sévres manufactory, Eugène Jeannet, and ten other Frenchmen, who had voluntarily exiled themselves.” [Leon Arnoux has been for twelve years in the Messrs. Minton’s employ, but he never was connected with the works at Sévres.] “You see that splendid vase there—Minton’s principal piece. It is by Carrier; the candelabra are by Eugène Phénix; and the other by Hugues Protat. Now let us turn to the Wedgwood department. All that porcelain is decorated by Lessore. Phillips’s finest specimens are by him.”

Nothing can be more false than the assumption that the perfection at which our porcelain has arrived is owing to the employment of French designers. Some assistance of this kind has been had recourse to by one or two firms, but most of our largest manufacturers employ English artists exclusively, as they have themselves publicly acknowledged, since the publication of this precious epistle. With just as much truth might they lay claim to the merit of our superiority in glass-ware.

M. A. Willms has addressed a letter to the *Times* (May 28), stating that he has held during the last five years the position of chief artist and sole director at Messrs. Elkington's establishment at Birmingham; that ten Frenchmen are there employed, as well as a large body of "English artists, including draughtsmen, modellers, chasers, fitters, &c., all of unquestionable ability, and who, while daily profiting by their association with their Gallic brethren in art, cannot fail to communicate to them some portion of the sterling qualities so characteristic of the English workman, and so undeniably worthy of imitation." There is no doubt that this distinguished firm possess a superintendent capable of maintaining their reputation, whose merit is equal to his liberality; but the employment of him and his compatriots does not prove that English artists are incapable of filling the same posts, neither can M. Willms take the credit of having produced the best designs. These were executed by Stanton, who was a pupil of the School of Design at Birmingham, and has achieved an enviable reputation for originality as well as for refinement. Grant is also a designer for the same firm. The English reputation for metal work has been long established, and manufacturers have found it their interest to employ the best native talent on their more important productions. Messrs. Garrard secured the services of Cotterell—Felix Miller, Slocombe (Masters of the Central School of Design, South Kensington), Howard, Howse, have designed for other firms, who do not make public the names of their artists. The Official Catalogue of the International Exhibition, Class 38 A, contains only a few of the names of Englishmen so employed.

"If from the porcelain we pass to the gold and silver work at Elkington's, we shall find six French workmen, directed by Morel; and at Hancock's, Lassale and Vilms." [No person of the name of

Morel has the direction of Messrs. Elkington's works, nor is there any Vilms engaged at Hancock's.] "In cabinet work, at Jackson and Sons', the designer is Poyier, and the modeller Agapithe Phénix; at Jackson and Graham's, the designer is Lorimer, Protat does the figures, and Phénix the ornaments." [In cabinet-work we have made a wonderful advance, and need be under no obligations to foreign talent.] "That Etruscan piece of furniture exhibited under the name of Howard was designed by Naudal." [Mr. Howard is a well-known designer, not at all likely to pass another man's work off as his own.] "It was Prignon who designed that bookcase of Wright and Mansfield's." [Messrs. Wright and Mansfield, in a letter to the *Times*, have declared it to be English in design and execution.] "This splendid buffet, with Caryatides, was modelled by Phénix; the other walnut sideboard, with the name of James Lamb of Manchester, is from the hands of Hugues Protat." [Protat modelled a part of the work only, it was the invention of Estall, who had studied at the School of Design, and was a pupil of John Dwyer, of Great Marlborough-street. The latter won a premium offered by the Government for the new Government Offices, and was one of our very ablest artists in decorative furniture. Estall, who not only designed but superintended the production of this magnificent sideboard, has well maintained a reputation that is perfectly independent of French influence.]

The writer in the *Constitutionnel* insinuates that England, being deficient in artistic invention, is obliged to employ French designers for every important work she produces; and that she habitually ignores her obligations. Those who know anything of the progress of English productions of an ornamental character, must be acquainted with the fact that in almost every instance in which marked excellence has been acknowledged, it has been purely and unmistakeably English; the cause being, that English artists of the highest ability have been engaged to originate the work. The extent to which Flaxman contributed in this way to the advancement of certain branches of our manufacturing industry cannot be denied. There was no French influence in the taste he diffused. Just as little in the labours of his British contemporaries employed upon similar works—many of whom were men of eminence in their profession.

Of late years, English designers have been in constant requisition whenever works of high pretension were demanded. Armstead, a student of the School of Design, designed the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition Testimonial, the Kean Testimonial, and the Pakington and Outram Shield. Mr. Alfred Brown and his brothers the Goldsmiths' Plate, the Lawrence and Napier, the Richmond and Londonderry Testimonials. In stone carving, the Caryatides at the Grosvenor Hotel, and similar work in other buildings in London, were executed by Rud-dock, formerly a pupil at Marlborough House; some of our best drinking fountains were designed by the brothers Wills,

pupils at Somerset House, where the Schools of Design commenced. In the production of textile fabrics, stained glass, and other processes in which the International Exhibition shows examples of our skill and taste, we have been equally thrown upon our own resources.

In short, remarkable as is the merit exhibited by foreign nations in this grand display of 1862, we have reason to be proud of the position we have secured as their rivals—in which, by the way, we have displayed the national aptitude for overcoming difficulties, and turning to the most profitable use the lessons the better instructed have sometimes been able to set before us.

SEA BREEZES.

MAN can live some days without food; but if he be prevented, even for a few minutes, from taking a fresh portion of atmospheric air into his lungs, he ceases to exist. Modern chemistry has discovered that the air of the atmosphere, so essentially necessary to the support of life, consists of a mixture of various vapours, some of which are salutary, and others extremely deleterious to animated beings. A combination of certain proportions of two of these vapours or gases, as they are termed, appears best calculated to support the life, and maintain the health, of human beings. Of this compound the great mass of the atmosphere consists; and in proportion as it is free from the admixture of other vapours, the air is said to be pure, or best fitted for the purposes of respiration, and most congenial to the well-being of animals.

But the purity of the air is liable to be diminished by a variety of circumstances. During the processes of combustion, of putrefaction, and of animal respiration, which are perpetually going on to an immense extent over the whole surface of the earth, the purer part of the air is consumed, and a variety of vapours, noxious to animal life, are evolved, which mix with and contaminate the great mass of the atmosphere. These gases may be divided into two general classes; one of which, being lighter than common respirable air, rises through it, and forms the superior stratum of the atmosphere, consisting chiefly

of what is called inflammable air, which, when by any accident it happens to be ignited, produces many of those luminous appearances called meteors.

Of those vapours which are more ponderous than the common air, the most abundant is what used to be called fixed air, but is now known by the name of carbonic acid. It is produced in abundance by fermentation, the burning and putrefaction of vegetables, and the respiration of animals. That dense vapour which rests upon the surface of vessels containing malt liquor in a state of fermentation affords a good example of the appearance of this gas; and the many fatal examples of persons being destroyed in these situations, by incautiously drawing it into their lungs, demonstrate its noxious effects on the animal economy. The specific gravity of carbonic acid exceeds that of common air by about one half. Of course it subsides through the general mass of the air; and, in all situations where it exists, constitutes the lower stratum of the atmosphere. It is this vapour which covers the bottom of the celebrated Grotto del Cani. If a dog thrown into this cavern be able to keep his head above the level of the surface of the gas, he remains uninjured; but if he be forced to breathe a portion of it, he instantly drops down insensible.

The principal means provided in the economy of nature for preventing the contamination of the air by the gradual accumulation of these vapours, and for maintaining the atmosphere in that state

of purity best calculated for the support of human life, are vegetation, and the operation of waters of rivers and lakes, but chiefly the action of the great mass of aqueous fluid constituting the ocean.

Some of those gases which are most injurious to animal life form the nutriment of vegetables, by whose absorbing vessels they are greedily imbibed, and which in return pour from their leaves, while under the influence of the sun's rays, streams of pure air, or what is now named oxygen. Hence the utility of planting trees and shrubs in every possible situation in great cities, which, according to this admirable arrangement in the economy of nature, operate as perpetual correctors of air vitiated by the processes of respiration, putrefaction and combustion.

If water be briskly agitated in contact with fixed air, the water will absorb a quantity of that vapour equal to its own bulk. This being the species of gas with which the inferior stratum of the atmosphere is principally contaminated, the perpetual absorption of it by the water of lakes and of running streams enables us to account for the peculiar freshness and purity of the air in their more immediate vicinity.

After a storm, by which the inferior stratum of the atmosphere has been thoroughly mixed with the surface of the water of the sea, the air is commonly observed to be more pure and salubrious; and I have heard, from persons who had long resided in the West Indies, that the healthiness of these climates is generally greatly improved by a hurricane. Thus, while contemplating the tempest, that in its rage appears to convolve sea and sky, we learn to revere the Author of Nature, who in His wisdom has ordained this awful instrument, which, while it sweeps from the surface of the earth that noxious vapour whose accumulation would eventually put an end to animal existence, blends it with the agitated waters of the ocean, in whose bosom it becomes harmless, and is probably rendered subservient to some useful purpose.

People in general enjoy the best health, and breathe with most facility, in high states of the barometer, that is, when the atmosphere is comparatively most ponderous, which generally is the case during a clear frost. The more dense the air, the greater is the proportion of the pure or vital part con-

tained in it, and the better does it support the combustion of fuel, as well as animal life. But as the sea is considered as giving the average level of the earth's surface, from which altitudes in general are measured, the barometer will be found, in all states of the weather, to indicate a greater pressure of the air in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea than at any distance from it.

The ocean appears also to be the great instrument appointed by the Author of Nature to regulate the temperature of the world, and to render the various regions of the earth habitable by man. The transparency of the atmosphere prevents it from being heated by the rays of the sun as they pass through it, which excite heat only in opaque bodies. That the heat of the atmosphere emanates wholly from the surface of the globe has been ascertained by those who have ascended to considerable heights, either on mountains, or by means of the balloon. At a certain distance from the surface of the earth, which varies in different latitudes, a region of perpetual frost is constantly found to exist.

During the heats of summer, a continual evaporation is going on from the surface of the sea. In the process of converting water into vapour, a certain quantity of heat disappears, or becomes latent; by which means the surface of the water, and consequently the superincumbent atmosphere, must necessarily be cooled. When these vapours ascend to the colder regions of the atmosphere, they are condensed into clouds, which again descend on the earth in the form of prolific showers.

In winter, the particles of water forming the surface of the sea being deprived of a certain portion of their heat, become more dense, and sink through those immediately beneath them, which rise and occupy their place, and immediately on coming in contact with the cold air impart to it their superior heat. This circulation of particles of different densities gradually extending to greater depths, the heat, which the sea had acquired from the action of the rays of the sun during summer, is again, not all at once, but gradually, given out, tending to attemperate the winter's cold. Winds that blow over extensive tracts of sea are observed to be less cold in winter than those that pass over land; and the average annual temperature of islands, on account of their being on all

sides surrounded by water, is more equable than that of the Continent.

But sea air has somewhat more than merely its purity to recommend it as a remedy for certain diseases. The breeze that comes from the ocean bears along with it a number of minute particles of salt, as may readily be discovered by the saline efflorescence discernible by applying the tongue to the surface of the leaves of plants, even at the distance of some miles from the coast, especially after a storm. Though the ragged foliage and the stunted appearance of trees growing within the influence of winds loaded with the spray of the sea, and the manner in which they point their branches towards the opposite quarter from that whence it most commonly blows, proves that something comes along with it inimical to the leaves of plants—which naturalists supposed to be their lungs—yet gales so impregnated appear to have beneficial effects on the organs of respiration of animals.

There is a peculiar species of catarrhal affection which attacks many people, especially those who reside in great towns, towards the latter end of summer. This complaint is characterized by an increased secretion of the mucus in the bronchiæ, which the patient is perpetually endeavouring to bring up by a short hacking cough. This being a voluntary effort, it rarely occurs during the night. The pulse is quick and feeble, and the body becomes emaciated. This disease, which may be termed a chronic catarrh, appears to be the consequence of the heat of summer relaxing the vessels diffused over the internal surface of the lungs, so that they pour forth the fluids they secrete in augmented quantity. I could never discover any remedy for this disease but a change of air; and have always found that, after having breathed the air of the sea for twenty-four hours, the cough has not even once recurred. Navigators have observed that catarrhal complaints never occur while passing over long tracts of the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans; and that they are often enabled to judge of their approach to land by the appearance of coughs and colds among the ship's crew, which they attribute to the effects produced by a mixture of the land air with that of the sea on the human body.

It is a curious fact, well known in many of the northern districts of this country, that persons who obtain a live-

lihood by collecting limpets and other shell-fish, and whose occupation necessarily obliges them to the constant inhalation of the sea spray, are never affected with cough. The same observation holds good respecting the people employed in the manufacture of salt, who are observed to escape coughs and colds, even when they are epidemic in the neighbourhood; and it is not uncommon for persons labouring under a bad cough to pass some hours daily in a salt pan (the building in which the sea water is evaporated), with a view to obtain a cure of their disease.

Cases of catarrhal affection where salutary effects are to be expected from breathing an air loaded with saline particles, must be carefully discriminated from the genuine phthisis pulmonalis, melancholy experience having convinced me that where ulceration had fairly taken place in the lungs, the respiration of sea air aggravates the sufferings and accelerates the death of the patient.

Scrofulous affections being certainly most prevalent in situations where the atmosphere is loaded with moisture, and contaminated by other impure vapours, there is reason to suppose that a residence in a pure and dry air, together with a due attention to exercise,—a point of much importance in such complaints,—may tend to remove them. Scrofula is comparatively, indeed, a rare disease among the inhabitants of the sea-coast, especially in situations where the soil is calcareous, which, by its absorbent powers, tends still farther to purify the superincumbent atmosphere.

The opportunity which a residence on the sea-coast affords for taking an occasional excursion on the water ought by no means to be wholly neglected. Besides the opportunity thus obtained of breathing the sea air in its utmost purity, I have known many instances of persons labouring under indigestion, and its usual concomitant hypochondriasis, who, after a smart fit of sea sickness, rapidly recovered their appetite, and with it their strength and flesh.

In fine, though certain states of the constitution occur in which bathing in the sea may be attended with dangerous and even fatal consequences, perhaps there exists no modification of impaired health, confirmed pulmonary consumption excepted, in which the invalid may not reasonably expect to derive benefit from breathing the salubrious and invigorating breezes of the sea.



LIFE IN THE BASTILE.

THE KING'S PAGE.

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE IN THE BASTILE.

A FORTNIGHT had elapsed since the page entered the Bastille, whose massive doors closed on him; and during that period no sound, no news from without, from Paris, the court, Poppy, or Anne had reached him. The poor young man was all but mad.

During the first three days he had hoped, he put faith in his innocence, faith in M. Colbert, faith in the officer who arrested him, and told him he was the dupe and victim of the Chevalier du Vernais' infernal cunning; but three days passed, then three more, and three after them—and no one had come, and no sign that friends were at work for his deliverance reached him.

He had been inscribed as No. 83, he had been allotted a cell, he was properly fed twice a day, at twelve o'clock and in the afternoon, he was permitted to walk on the platform between two soldiers; and the next the same routine took place. At the end of a week, Louis began to despair, and seriously asked himself whether he was not destined to end his days in the Bastille.

The influence of solitude on youth is terrible. This lad of eighteen, whose youth had been a song, his serious life a dream of eighteen days, who, for a moment, had seen the future in the most brilliant hues, and had been placed during a few hours between the holy affection of a sister, the love of a woman, the devotion of a friend, and the

faithful attachment of a squire, suddenly found himself cut off from the world, abandoned by all, forgotten by his king, for whom he had risked his life, and forced into the horrible situation of renouncing for ever the man whose hand he had pressed, and the woman he loved with all the strength of his soul. M. de Mailly was the seducer of his sister, and the canoness was the sister of M. de Mailly.

On several occasions the page had asked the favour of seeing the governor of the Bastile. He hoped to interest him, move him, and ask him for the means to justify himself. But the governor, incessantly badgered by similar requests, had pertinaciously declined.

Any one who had seen the Chevalier de Chastenay, that radiant and handsome young man with the defiant smile and conquering air two days before his entrance to the Bastile, and saw him again after a fortnight of captivity, would have found a difficulty in recognising him. He was pale, hollow-eyed and thin; his face was overcast, and the smile had fled from his lips. With his face incessantly fastened to the thick bars of his cell window, he regarded in melancholy mood a sunbeam that fell on the adjacent wall, and he listened with a groan of despair and the bitterness of regret to the joyous twittering of the sparrows that chanted their liberty, that liberty of space, open air, hopes and love, which he had so suddenly lost.

Twice a day, at morning and night, a gaoler brought him his meal, which he scarce touched. A small round loaf, weighing about a pound, accompanied the meat. One day while cutting the loaf in half, his knife met with some resistance, and was turned by a hard substance. He took up the loaf in his hands and tore it asunder; a walnut escaped from it and rolled on the stones.

The page picked up the walnut in surprise and curiously examined it. He then perceived that the two shells, instead of being formed naturally, were attached together with wax. He broke the walnut, and a piece of paper tightly folded up remained in his hand.

The page's heart beat violently as he unfolded the note, which was covered with a small and delicate writing.

Whence came this mysterious souvenir? He read—

"Extremes meet. Misfortune is the elder sister of happiness; the darkest

prison the peristyle of the temple of liberty. Heaven is merciful to lovers, and if you still love truly you will be saved."

The note bore no signature, but by the hurried beatings of his heart, our hero guessed the hand that had traced it.

An immense joy then entered the poor prisoner's soul. The blackened walls, the numerous bolts of his dungeon disappeared for a moment, and through the narrow window, lined with thick bars, came a draught of air impregnated with those penetrating and so sweet perfumes which cause us to attach ourselves to life, when it is illumined by love, that most glowing and warmest of suns.

And then this joy disappeared and sorrow returned; it returned piercing and crushing, sad and gloomy as a misty horizon. Was not the love, of which a proof had been sent to him, henceforth impossible? Would not Anne, that poor creature, crushed and buried alive in the mourning of her heart, come and say to him,—

"The woman you love, is sister of the man who trampled my honour under foot and poisoned my sorrowful existence."

The darkness once again occupied the prisoner's mind. The gloom gathered over the sunbeam which had appeared to him the dawn of liberty. Two days again elapsed, but towards the close of the second, at the hour when two soldiers came to open the cell door, and conduct Louis to the platform to take the air, the young man stifled a cry of surprise,—in one of the soldiers he had recognised Poppy. The latter quickly placed his finger on his lips to recommend silence, and then said roughly—

"It is eight o'clock, Mr. 83, will you take the air?"

"Very good," the page answered, and he followed the two soldiers to the platform where a few prisoners were still walking, also escorted by two lansquenets or Swiss. The soldier who accompanied Poppy then lingered behind, either purposely or by accident, and the old sergeant said hurriedly to his master—

"We are hard at work to save you. You will be free within two days."

"Shall I be able to exculpate myself?"

"No, but you will be able to fly."

"Fly!"

"It will be the first time, but it must be so. Unless you do so, you will die in the Bastile, for the king is furious with you."

"People do not escape from the Bastile."

"Sometimes. But silence."

The soldier came up and Poppy held his tongue. After the walk, at the moment when Louis re-entered his prison, Poppy breathed in his ear—

"To-morrow the governor of the Bastile gives a ball, to which you will be invited. Go."

Poppy disappeared, and the door of the dungeon was locked again.

The page passed a very agitated night; but hope had returned to his heart.

The thought of flight was repugnant to him, and yet, if he disdained that mode of safety, he was condemned to die in the Bastile—that terrible spot where a man lost even his very name, and was so easily forgotten.

On the morrow at about eight o'clock, a messenger from the governor came to fetch him. Louis gave a start, for he still hoped to obtain his pardon.

The governor was an elderly man; his name was M. de Launay, like the last governor of the Bastile, of whom he was the great-great-grandfather; for during nearly two centuries, the government of this terrible spot was destined to be hereditary in one family. M. de Launay was a courteous, heartless gentleman, of the most polished manners. He was a bolt in embroidered clothes, a noble gaoler.

"I presume you are the Chevalier de Chastenay?" he said to the page.

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been in the Bastile?"

"Eighteen days."

"Indeed," the governor said, carelessly, and he continued to look at Louis.

"You are young," he said, "and I can imagine young handsome ladies taking a fancy to you."

The page started.

"You can understand, sir," M. de Launay continued, in the same light tone he would have employed to speak of the rain and fine weather, "that I have no wish to ask you why you are a boarder of mine. A prisoner is brought to me, supplied with a *lettre de cachet*, I have him inscribed, and all is over. The rest does not concern me. I have three hundred gentlemen here, whose names I scarce know, and I was ignorant of yours till yesterday."

In his turn, Louis looked at the governor, and wondered what he was driving at.

"Consequently, sir, pray do not form any illusion. I summoned you for a

very different motive than that of granting you your liberty. When a man has once entered this place, he hardly ever quits it again. The Bastile is a tomb."

The page shuddered.

"But," M. de Launay continued, "I very foolishly pledged my word the day before yesterday in the matter of a game of biribi, and I am in a state of considerable embarrassment."

The governor looked at Louis again.

"I was playing at the house of an old friend of mine, the Marchioness de Près-Gilbert. I play high, and naturally always lose; my purse was empty. 'Marchioness,' I said to Madame de Près-Gilbert, 'lend me a hundred louis.' 'Impossible,' she answered me. 'You are ruining yourself, and I will forbid my door to any one who lends you a pistole.' The marchioness is headstrong. I took up my hat and cane and was going off in a very bad humour, when the Canoness de Mailly, niece of the marchioness, and who was holding the bank, leant over to me and said—

"Listen to me, Count."

"What would you, fair lady?"

"I will hold your stake of a hundred louis on parole. My aunt cannot shut her door against me, as I live with her."

"Very good," I said to her; "shuffle the cards."

"Wait a minute," she objected; "I will do so on one condition."

"What is it?"

"I will tell you presently, after the deal; will you grant it?"

"But—"

"No buts. You can take it or leave it."

"Very good, I will."

"On your honour?"

"On my word, sir," the governor interrupted himself, "the cards were being shuffled; I was in an ill-temper, for I had lost so heavily, and I forgot that I was Governor of the Bastile. I pledged my word foolishly. The cards were dealt, the canoness turned them, and I won one hundred louis."

"And now," she said to me, "this is my condition."

"She led me into a corner of the room and added—

"You give a ball the day after to-morrow, I believe?"

"Of which you will be the fairest ornament," I answered, gallantly.

"Well," she continued, "you must give me a partner of my own choice, who dances the minuet exquisitely."



A GLEAM OF HOPE.

"His name; I will invite him."

"'Tis the Chevalier de Chastenay."

"Where does he live?"

"With you, sir. He is in the Bastile."

"Oh, hang it!" I exclaimed, "it is impossible."

"I hold your word, Count."

"But suppose he escape during the ball?"

"Take his word of honour that he will return to his dungeon at three in the morning. He will give it, and, as he is a gentleman, he will keep it."

The page's heart beat tremendously while the governor was talking; once more he forgot Anne to think with rapture of the dazzling Madame de Mailly.

"You see, sir," M. de Launay concluded, "that I am at your mercy. I am about to do an extraordinary thing for you, and if I do not hold your promise that you will not try to fly, for my apartments are not a dungeon, I shall be obliged during the ball to have you constantly followed by a soldier, who will blow out your brains upon the slightest attempt at escape."

"Do not feel alarmed, sir," Louis answered; "I give you my word of honour that I will return to my cell at three o'clock."

And the page took leave of the governor and went back to his room. He expected to see Poppy again at eight o'clock, but his hopes were disappointed. Two soldiers

he did not know came to fetch him for his usual walk.

At nine, the governor's valet presented himself with a bundle of clothes under his arm. It contained his gala suit, which the canoness had sent for to her brother's house and forwarded to him. The clothes had been minutely examined; even the linings had been felt to see that they contained no file, knife, or other instrument that might facilitate an escape, after which the governor sent them to Louis by the hands of his own valet.

The chevalier dressed himself carefully, had his hair curled and perfumed by the valet, and his heart beat tremendously at the thought that he was about to see *her* again. Once again the image of Anne was half effaced in Louis' fascinated heart.

"And now, sir," the valet said, when the toilet was completed, "if you will have the kindness to follow me, I will lead you to the ball-room."

Through an excess of attention and delicacy, the governor had restored the page his sword, as a gentleman could not decently present himself without that weapon. Louis left his dungeon, the door of which remained open, and the valet led him through a multitude of passages to the governor's apartments, which were already filled by an elegant and perfumed crowd.

Our hero had been present at many fêtes both in Blois and the neighbourhood, but not one of them appeared to him so splendid as that of M. de Launay. Since the governor had taken to give balls, none in Paris were so frequented. Going to the Bastille to dance was a pleasure everybody wished to enjoy. The court and the city, the most fashionable lords and the loveliest ladies, crowded the two brilliantly lit-up rooms, which were decorated with the somewhat heavy and majestic pomp of the period.

Louis stood dazzled on the threshold; then he fancied he was awaking from a dream, and that the Bastille and his gloomy dungeon were a vision, a nightmare which he had at length shaken off. He perceived M. de Launay and walked up to him to pay his respects, while his eyes sought the queen of the ball, her for whose sake he had come and who had not yet arrived.

The governor, when not performing his terrible functions, was a thorough gentleman. He greeted Louis with a charming smile, took him by the arm, and intro-

duced him to several ladies, not uttering a word that could lead to the supposition that the young gentleman was his prisoner.

"Chevalier," he said to him in a whisper, "Madame de Près-Gilbert and her niece have not yet arrived, but they will come; I received a note from the canoness about an hour ago."

"Ah!" said Louis, with a start.

"The canoness writes me that her aunt is ignorant you are at the Bastille; so not a word that may lead her to suppose it."

"You may be at ease, sir," the page answered.

"For my part," the governor added, courteously, "I have forgotten the fact, and shall not remember it till to-morrow; consequently, amuse yourself, dance, pay court to the ladies, and do not think of the morrow, if the present hour seems to you agreeable."

At this moment the folding-doors of the first saloon were thrown open and the groom of the chamber announced—

"The Marchioness de Près-Gilbert and the Canoness de Mailly."

Louis suddenly turned pale, and all his blood coursed to his heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE KING'S ORDER PROVES OF SOME SERVICE.

THE page was dazzled by the sight of Madame de Mailly. She was more radiant and lovely than ever, and the charming smile that arched her lips caused our hero to forget that an insurmountable barrier had been raised between her family and his own. M. de Launay walked up to the marchioness and her niece to pay his respects, and Louis, attracted by an invincible loadstone, followed him.

"Madam," the governor said in a low voice to the canoness, "you see I have kept my word; here is your partner for the minuet."

And he presented the page.

"Ah! Monsieur de Chastenay," the old marchioness said on seeing him and remembering that she owed her life to him, "it is very polite of M. de Launay to have invited you, and equally polite of you to have accepted."

The page kissed her hand.

"I knew that I should meet you here, madam," he said, with a gallantry that proved his breeding.

"You must have forgotten us," the marchioness continued, "for it is more than a month since we have seen you at the Place Royale."

"I have been on a journey, madam."

The explanation was sufficient, and the marchioness was satisfied with it.

"Well," she said, "as you are here, Monsieur de Chastenay, offer your hand to my niece; I am going to accept M. de Launay's, for I have to scold him severely."

The young people exchanged a glance of intelligence; Heaven was on their side. Madame de Mailly leant carelessly on Louis' arm, who at once had twenty rivals, so lovely was she. They walked through the rooms, at first exchanging very few words, for they were both as much affected as during the nocturnal interview at which the ladder of Father Matthias had served as go-between; and then as between two lovers it is always the lady who succeeds first in gaining the mastery over herself, the canoness said to Louis—

"Then you are in the Bastille, chevalier?"

"Yes, madam, for the last eighteen days, and I am well aware to whom I owe the happiness I am now tasting."

An angelic smile played round the young lady's lips.

"Happiness has a morrow," she murmured.

"Who knows?" said the Chevalier, his heart beating violently.

"Do you remember a certain walnut?"

"Oh yes."

"And a note it contained?"

"It was from you, was it not?"

"What," she asked with delicious coquettishness, "do you know my handwriting?"

"No; but my heart beat so terribly."

"Well, what did the note say?"

"That those who love should hope."

Louis gazed at the canoness with such tender glances that she understood he had a right to be free; and, in his turn, he felt the young lady's hand tremble in his own.

"Do you remember, chevalier, a certain night?"

"Ah," murmured Louis, "can you ask that?"

"Have you earned your pardon?"

He stooped down to her ear.

"If dreaming day and night of the woman you love, living for her every minute of your life, and turning your eyes

incessantly toward the distant horizon behind which she is—if all this can be called constancy, you may feel satisfied, madam, I have been constant."

The little hand trembled more and more in that of the page.

"If it be so," she said, "it is but right that you should be free; you shall be so."

"How?" Louis asked, remembering M. de Launay's terrible words, "people rarely leave the Bastille."

"I know," she went on, "why you were arrested: you behaved nobly and served the king like a faithful gentleman, but you were the dupe of your heart and a traitor laid a snare for you."

"Du Vernais!" murmured Louis, in whose ear the word traitor, as applied to the chevalier by the canoness, had a sweet sound.

"Himself," she answered. "I had detested him for a long time, though unable to explain that aversion to myself. I now understand it; but he has reckoned without me."

And one of those smiles played round the lips of the canoness, in which the power of a woman is revealed.

"Without you?" the page murmured in surprise.

"Of course——"

The canoness hesitated.

——for I love you." She concluded the sentence in a very low voice.

Louis forgot his captivity. "I love you"—he had only these words in his heart, and they proceeded thence incessantly to his lips. At one moment he drew closer to Madame de Mailly, as if afraid of losing her; at another he trembled as if in an ague fit; he turned half round to gaze on her, to intoxicate himself with the sight of her waist, her smile, her soft eyes in turn flashing and languishing. He walked through the ball-room as if on clouds. All at once, while passing an open window half hidden behind flowers and long silken curtains, his eye fell on one of the gloomy towers of the Bastille. Memory returned to him.

"Why was I arrested?" he asked.

Madame de Mailly had been expecting this question.

"While you were arresting M. Fouquet," she said, "Pepe, a man in your service, though wounded and weak from loss of blood, found means to speak with Du Vernais, who entrusted him with a secret message for the superintendent. You started; the wounded man got ahead of you, found everywhere fresh horses,

thanks to a pass Du Vernais had given him, arrived in Paris before you, and was at M. Fouquet's house before you reached the palace."

"Impossible," said the chevalier. "I rode at full gallop, and Pepe was a dying man. Only love or revenge could perform such miracles."

"Have you had that man long?"

"I do not know him," the page replied; "he was a servant accidentally picked up."

"He is your implacable enemy! On your arrival Colbert ransacked the abbé's pouch, and found abundant proofs of Fouquet's treachery; but an important document was missing which he wanted to have—the only one he could show the judges, the only one that bears the signature of the conspirators. Colbert knew that it was constantly kept in this pouch, but it was no longer there. While the superintendent hurried to Vaux to destroy the papers, Colbert sent robbers to his house in Paris."

"Robbers?"

"Real robbers! — cut-purses, taken expressly from the Chatelet by the provost, and instructed to lay hands on the superintendent's papers and jewels; the latter for themselves, the papers for M. Colbert. And do you know what they delivered to him?"

"The document the abbé carried about with him, and which I was unable to find?"

"Not that; but a letter from Pepe to the superintendent, only containing these words, 'Monseigneur, the Chevalier de Chastenay has arrested your brother in order to obey the king. He restores you this paper, in order to prove his devotion to you.' This letter of Pepe's is in the king's hands, so that he has no evidence against Fouquet, but possesses it against you."

"But," said Louis, "it is an infamous falsehood!"

"It is an invention of Pepe and Du Vernais to ruin you. The letter was lying on the superintendent's desk, and he had probably not read it; but Pepe would infallibly have conveyed it to Colbert, if Colbert had not had it carried off."

"The villain! And the king condemns me on the accusation of such a scoundrel and on a scrap of paper."

"What do you say? Pepe is locked up in the Chatelet; he accuses you, and swears by all the gods that you betrayed the king."

"Are you sure of it?"

"He told me so himself."

"But M. Fouquet ought to be examined."

"He disavows all his agents. Moreover Du Vernais is in a league with Pepe. I have seen his deposition at M. Colbert's."

"Oh, heavens! to moulder here, and be regarded as a traitor! And there is no one to tell the king that I would have shed my last drop of blood for him!"

"I told the king so."

"You, madam, you have seen the king! you have seen Colbert! you visited Pepe in his dungeon! you found means to see me—to write to me——"

"Silence!" said Madame de Mailly. "I spent two days in weeping like a woman, and a week in toiling like a lover. You will leave this place—nay, I insist on it," she said, on seeing the chevalier shake his head,—"I have already friends inside. It required a considerable amount of diplomacy to get Poppy appointed one of the guardians of the Bastile under a false name. Rest in peace—await the result of our efforts, and whatever may happen, feel surprised at nothing."

"Alas!" the chevalier said with a sigh, "it is only possible to leave the Bastile at the king's pleasure."

"Nonsense," said the canoness, with a smile, as she pressed his hand; "a truce to gloomy thoughts. Forgetting is the secret of enjoyment. I have in my possession a talisman that will open even the doors of the Bastile. Let us dance, sir; our conference has perhaps already lasted too long, and may have caused M. de Launay to feel suspicious."

The intoxicating melody of a waltz, that dance brought from Poland by Henry III., was heard; and the page, mad with love, passing his arm round the lady's flexible waist, spun round in a whirlwind of harmony, silk and velvet, in the drawing-rooms of the governor of the Bastile. After the confession that had escaped from Madame de Mailly, this waltz of ten minutes must have been an age of felicity to the two lovers, and yet the age came to an end. The violins uttered their last note—the waltzers stopped—and the canoness, into whose hand Louis had slipped the king's parchment, whispered to him—

"Now leave me! for M. de Launay must not have the slightest suspicion. You will be free to-morrow night. Your



THE GOVERNOR KEEPS HIS WORD.

liberator will give you a horse, a safe-conduct for the Low Countries, and advise you to set out; but instead of taking the Flanders road, you will enter the forest of Chantilly, and reach a small villa situated at its northern extremity. Perhaps it may be midnight when you arrive, but no matter, rap thrice and the door will be opened to you. The chevalier has duped you, but I will supply you with the means of regaining favour in the king's sight."

Madame de Mailly stepped away after saying this, and left Louis in the centre of a group of young gentlemen, who eagerly complimented him upon the charming way in which he waltzed and the beauty of his partner. It was at this time, too, that M. de Launay rejoined him,—

"Palsembieu, chevalier," he said to him, "I have been young and understand something about love. I am persuaded of one fact—"

"What is it, sir?"

"That the canonesse loves you."

"Do you think so?" the page asked, hypocritically.

"I firmly believe it, chevalier."

"Well, and suppose it were so?"

"I would give you a piece of advice."

"What is it?"

"Marry her!"

"Nonsense; you forget where I am."

"Who knows? You may, perhaps, be let out."

"And yet you told me the exact contrary."

"On my word, sir," the governor said, sententiously, "I am too great a gambler not to believe in luck. If you have it on your side, you will get out; if it be against you, you will never marry the marchioness's niece. It is a mere matter of speculation."

"Suppose I escaped?" Louis said boldly. M. de Launay started.

"Not to-night at any rate," he said, "for I hold your word."

"Not to-night, but say to-morrow."



A CASE OF GARROTING.

"On my honour, sir, the thing is so difficult that I would not recommend your trying it."

And M. de Launay bowed to the page, and left him.

"Poor young man," the old gentleman said to himself with a smile, "I am well aware that he will die here, but I gave him a little consolation. It was my duty as host, and the governor of the Bastille can offer no objection to it."

M. de Launay rubbed his hands, and walked up to a group of charming ladies. Louis walked round the rooms twice or thrice more, exchanged a few meaning glances with the canoness, and then withdrew to his cell at a sign from her. He fell asleep to the final strains of the

music, with his head and heart in a state of delirium: he had dreams as blessed as could visit an oriental intoxicated with opium or saturated with hasheesh, and only awoke at daybreak.

A bitter and crushing thought awaited his waking: a pale, heartrending figure was standing by his bedside—it was that of his sister. The brother had dishonoured his family, and he, Louis, dared to dream of love while remembering his sister.

"Oh no," he exclaimed, "that shall not be—it cannot be! I will not accept my liberty!—I prefer dying here!"

The last evening had been delicious; to-day was destined to gloom and sorrow. The young man fell back into the same state of melancholy which prostrated him

ere he had received the nut, or seen Poppy again. He remained the whole day with his face against the bars, his forehead bathed with perspiration, his hands clenched in fury. Thus the hours passed away, and the evening arrived.

It was the time when Louis was usually fetched to take an airing on the platform. Steps echoed at the door of his cell; it was thrown wide open. A man appeared behind the gaoler, and ordered the latter to retire; he was at once obeyed.

At the sight of this man the page uttered a cry of surprise, and recoiled. It was the Viscount de Mailly.

"At last!" the latter said, running up to Louis—"at last, dear friend, I see you again."

He was about to take him in his arms, but the page repulsed him. In his turn the viscount fell back in surprise.

"Can your abode in the Bastille have turned your brain, my friend? or is it that you do not recognise me in the darkness?"

"I am not at all mad, sir," Louis made answer; "and I recognise you perfectly well—you are the Viscount de Mailly. I can even guess why you are here: you wish to aid me in escaping from the Bastille. A thousand thanks, sir; but I will not owe my safety to the assassin of my honour!"

The viscount uttered a cry, and staggered back to the door.

"I will, sir, with your permission," Louis continued, "tell you a sorrowful story:—There lived at Blois an old man, a maiden, and a child. The old man was my father; the maiden my sister; the child myself. We lived happily until misfortune and shame burst upon our home. A stranger seduced, and carried off the maiden; he took her with him, and dragged her after him during twelve years to all parts of the world. What she suffered God alone perhaps knows.

"The old man dressed his child in mourning, and told him that his sister was dead. Then he died in his turn, of shame and grief, and the boy was left alone and grew up, lamenting at once his father and his sister. One night, sir, long after, and about two years ago, while everybody was asleep in the orphan's house, there was a knock at the door; a man-servant, suddenly aroused, ran to open it, and uttered a cry of astonishment and terror. The shade of my sister had returned! Yes, it was truly her pale and despairing shadow, the shadow of the pure maiden who smiled like the angels,

whom I now saw dressed in black, with fever-sparkling eyes and face thinned by sorrow. She took me in her arms, and said to me—

"I am not dead—but I do not know whether I am alive, for I have suffered so fearfully. Do not question me—never do so—but hide me. I wish to be dead to the world."

"From that day, sir, she never left the house, and no one in Blois suspected that Mlle. Anne de Chastenay was not dead. Well, sir, accident—the terrible accident that rends the thickest veil—has told me the name of her seducer—it is yourself!" And Louis gave the viscount a withering glance of contempt.

M. de Mailly had listened with pallid face and drooping head to the page's sad narration. He raised his head when the latter ceased to speak, and replied—

"Be kind enough to listen to me, sir, and I will tell you even a more melancholy story:—Mlle. Anne de Chastenay has been for the last twelve years the Viscountess de Mailly!"

Louis gave a start.

"It is impossible!" he exclaimed.

"It is true," the viscount replied with dignity; "Mlle. de Chastenay is—my wife!"

While uttering these words he became of a livid pallor, and drops of perspiration beaded on his forehead.

"But we have no time to lose," he added, mastering his feelings by a great effort; "let us begone, chevalier; I possess the means to get you out of the Bastille: let us not lose a moment."

And he walked towards the door. But Louis sat down again with an air of bewilderment.

"No, sir!" he said; "if you did not seduce my sister, you abandoned her. I cannot accept your services."

"In heaven's name, chevalier, follow me; your honour is at stake!"

"My honour!" the chevalier exclaimed, starting and springing from his seat; but he fell back murmuring—

"My honour!—Do I know what you have done to it?"

"Reflect that my sister orders you to fly."

Louis sighed, but made no answer. The viscount walked toward him and tried to take his hand. The chevalier was on his feet in an instant, with purpled cheeks and flashing eyes.

"Back, sir," he shouted; "you see that I am unarmed!"

"But who tells you," the viscount exclaimed, "that you have any satisfaction to claim of me?"

"Anne! You insult Anne—my sweet Anne—my sister—my adored angel! Proofs, sir, proofs—I demand proofs! Oh, you will retract this calumny! Oh, you will give me satisfaction! All your blood! Prisoner! oh, Heaven! I am a prisoner!"

While Louis wrung his hands in despair, the viscount gazed on him with a mingled pity and tenderness.

"You wish for proofs?" he said; "follow me, and I will give them to you. You desire vengeance? Follow me out of Paris. There are swords in the carriage awaiting us."

"We have a terrible account to settle, sir," Louis said; "and for that I require liberty. I follow you, sir: we will go to your house."

Louis put on his cloak, and guided by the viscount, crossed the obscure passages, and descended the damp steps of the gloomy building. The viscount walked with a firm step, like a man who has nothing to fear. Louis was not thinking; he walked along as if in a dream. His accused and dishonoured sister occupied all his thoughts. Carried away by anger and despair, he felt indifferent to captivity—he almost forgot his love. The viscount led him down a flight of steps through a narrow wicket, near which a turnkey was constantly on the watch. Heavy bolts were drawn back, and the fresh air blew in their faces. They found themselves in a courtyard bearing some resemblance to a melancholy garden, in which a few withered flowers grew, and surrounded on all sides by lofty walls. A man walked before them, cap in hand, and led them up two or three steps. The door that opened from this landing had neither bolts nor massive locks. They entered a passage in which a soldier was walking up and down with a partizan on his shoulder: it was Poppy.

"Comrade," said the man who had conducted them, "here is a prisoner whom this gentleman is taking to the governor by an order from M. Colbert. I deliver him into your hands." Then turning to the chevalier, he added: "You are doubtless going to be liberated. God bless you."

He went away after uttering these words, and shut the door behind him.

"Silence, on your life," the viscount whispered. "The order signed by M.

Colbert, and which we used to arrest the abbé, enabled me to reach you; and will be sufficient, I hope, to get you safely out of the Bastille; but it was necessary to present it to the governor—that is the invariable rule; and this order, which is sufficient for the subalterns, will not satisfy M. de Launay. I therefore waited till Poppy was on guard here. As soon as the man who has just left us has re-entered the Bertaudière, Poppy will go out before us, as if he had received the governor's orders, and lead us to the postern gate. If, however, M. de Launay were to enter here, or perceive us as we cross the garden, we are lost all three."

Poppy had advanced on tiptoe up to a door that opened straight into the director's office. On reaching it, he listened attentively; his heart beat as if about to burst. M. de Launay made a movement which caused them to tremble, and then all was silent again. The viscount looked out of window, and made a signal that it was time to be off. Poppy quickly stooped behind a commode, and produced a rapier he had hidden there, and which he fastened to his master's side. They then entered the garden, Poppy marching in front with his halberd, the viscount following him with Louis on his arm. They thus reached without obstacle the outer postern; but it required an order signed by M. de Launay before the guard would let down the drawbridge. The gaoler was sitting on a small stone bench, and rose carelessly on seeing two gentlemen approach with swords by their sides, and headed by one of the governor's guards. A glance was sufficient to assure Poppy that they were not followed: at one leap he dashed on the gaoler, and thrust his handkerchief into his mouth, while the viscount pinioned him securely with his cravat and sword-knot. At the same moment Poppy let down the drawbridge, which they crossed slowly, on account of the sentries who were watching from the ramparts. At the corner of St. Anthony-street a carriage was standing, toward which they walked quietly, though expecting every moment to hear a musket-shot; but they were perfectly successful. A lacquey in plain clothes opened the door, and closed it again on them; and then the carriage dashed off at full speed. Poppy fell into his master's arms.

"Ah, sir!" he muttered; "at last you are free again!"

Louis embraced him, but the faithful servant felt his joy fade away on noticing

the gloomy air of his companions. At the expiration of twenty minutes the horses stopped at the door of the mansion in St. James-street, Poppy asking himself what gloomy drama had been enacted by these two men who were once so attached, and now stood on terms of hostility to each other. M. de Mailly entered his house without exchanging a syllable with Louis; he led him into the mournful dining-room which looked upon the garden, and left Poppy in the ante-room. Then he opened a small coffer, and took from it a bundle of letters, one of which he selected.

"I suppose you know Anne's handwriting?" he said, as he offered him the letter.

Louis took it with a shudder. It was a love-letter, imprinted with the most ardent passion; one of those which only a woman can write whose mind is wandering and overpowered by a fatal passion. The perspiration stood on the page's pale forehead. He turned and re-turned the letter in his fingers, like a man seeking the clue of a fatal enigma, and then looked at the superscription:

"To the Chevalier du Vernais."

Louis uttered a cry of horror. The viscount then handed him a second letter. It was dated from Genoa, and couched in the following terms:—

"SIR,—When you called on me yesterday, you were not in a condition to listen to me. The letter which a fatal accident caused to fall into your hands explains your anger. You insisted on a duel, and I could not but consent. Yesterday, when the wound you gave me incapacitated me from a continuance of the combat, I declared, in the presence of four witnesses, that I had done you no injury. I repeat it to-day, because it is the truth. Perhaps my wound may be mortal, but whether I die or live, I am anxious you should know that I am incapable of betraying a friend. I learn that you have expressed your determination not to see the viscountess again. Forget her—that is the only advice a friend can give you. As regards myself, I pledge you my honour that I never loved her; and I suffered from another passion which prohibited it. I cannot write more; but, in the name of your peace of mind, in the name of her you have discarded, come and see me. You must do so, while I have sufficient strength left to speak to you.

"DU VERNAIS."

"I received that letter," M. de Mailly

said, "when I was truly mad with grief. A terrible fever seized upon me, and for several weeks I remained at death's door. Du Vernais, though wounded, established himself by my bedside; he was the first person I saw on regaining my senses. Our duel, and the cause of his wound, had been kept a secret. His first words confirmed the statements in his letter. Madame de Mailly had loved him, and allowed him to see it. She had written to him that shameful and fatal letter, but her crime and my misfortune did not extend further. Was it not enough to kill me? I know not whether Du Vernais' coldness and counsels enlightened her, or whether her conscience was re-awakened at the moment she was about to betray me; but I acquired a proof that she had herself begged Du Vernais to leave her, and that he was making his arrangements for departure on the very day when I forced him to fight me. You now know all, sir."

The viscount had up to the present spoken with an effort, but restraining himself so as to appear calm. At this moment, however, his firmness deserted him; he fell into a chair, and hid his face in his hands, the tears oozing out between his fingers. Louis gazed at him fixedly, a crowd of contradictory thoughts crossing his brain.

"You must consider me a great coward," the viscount said, raising his head. "Well, yes, I love her still. There are moments when I am mad enough to doubt the testimony of my eyes. My life is but one long martyrdom. I write to her every night letters she will never read. Each night I kneel down before her portrait in that little summer-house, of which she was the mysterious guest; and then I forget—I fancy that she is still there."

While uttering these words, the viscount was obliged to seek a support. Louis listened like a man struck by lightning; he looked as if hearing his sentence of death read to him. Nearly a quarter of an hour passed away in silence. The viscount was absorbed in sorrow; Louis was making superhuman efforts to master his own, and get his thoughts in order. The facts were evident; but for all that, his love for Anne and his hatred of Du Vernais contended against the evidence. The door of the room suddenly opened, and Poppy appeared.

"You are losing precious time," he said; "the chevalier's escape may be discovered at any moment. He must leave Paris at once."

The viscount did not seem to hear, but Louis started as from a dream. He walked gravely up to M. de Mailly, and seemed transfigured. Under the pressure of events, this lad had become a man in a few moments. He laid his hand on the viscount's shoulder, who sprang up with a start.

"Let us change our cloaks," he said, "and substitute short daggers for our rapiers. Two of your people will get into your coach, and proceed along the Orleans road. At the end of your garden there is an unused door through which we will go out, and Poppy will wait for us with the horses in the vicinity. Write a letter to the canoness, informing her that you are starting for Orleans; it will be seized by the police, and serve to throw them off the trail. A couple of lines will do. Quick!"

M. de Mailly passively obeyed. The three riders walked their horses through the most frequented streets of Paris, and passed quietly through the gates.

"And now for a gallop," said the page, as soon as they reached the open country.

The three horses started like the wind. Louis remembered the words of the canoness: "Instead of taking the Flanders road, cross Chantilly Forest, and do not halt till you reach the door of a small isolated house on the northern skirt of the wood." He soon perceived on the horizon the first trees of the forest; the plain gradually sunk on the left, so as to form a valley, above which could be seen the chimneys of a small house, surrounded by oaks and plane-trees, and to which a little-used lane led. Louis, on reaching the spot where the lane intersected the high road at right angles, laid his hand on M. de Mailly's arm, who was galloping by his side.

"Enter that clump of trees, and give your horses breathing time. I will rejoin you within a quarter of an hour."

M. de Mailly leaped the ditch without replying; Poppy followed him, and the page dashed at a gallop along the lane. Ten minutes later, his horse stopped all in a steam at a gate which at once flew open.

(To be continued.)

A FLORAL LESSON.

I WALKED in the garden one summer-time,
And talked with the blossoms there;
The roses blushed with a shy, sweet grace,
And their breath was in all the air.
The lily flaunted her banner forth,
So snowy, and soft, and light,
And said to the pansies in purple and gold,
"My dears, you should dress in white!"

The columbine lifted its spires and cells,
The tulips were all a-flame,
And the delicate bloom of the apple-boughs
Fitfully went and came.
And after them came the king-cup, and
phlox,
And asters, and London-pride:
Ye comfort the hearts that had sadly
watched
While the others had faded and died.

And each had some charmed grace of its
own—
Or leaflet, or soft perfume,
Or sweetness, or grace, or gorgeousness,
Or delicate-tinted bloom,

Save one, an awkward and homely flower,
In a niche of the rugged wall,
That had sprung from some chance-sown
seed, and grown
Till it overtopped them all.

Its form was gaunt, and its broad coarse
leaves
Made a scant and uncouth gown;
And its face that was set in pale gold hair,
Was tanned to a dusky brown.
Yet, patient and steadfast, it worship-
ped alone
All day by the tangled hedge,
And looked in the eye of the sun till it
stole
Its beautiful golden edge!

O emblem of faith! with a steadfast eye,
That never falters or errs,
Would we follow *our* Sun as unblenchingly
As the sun-flower followeth hers;
And e'en as she prisoneth in her face
The glow of the golden hours,
O, so may the sun and the dew of heaven
Transfigure and brighten ours!

EXPERIENCES OF A REAL DETECTIVE.

By INSPECTOR F.

No. 6.—MR. JAMES BUNCE.

I SHALL never forget that coldest day in the coldest winter I have ever known, the lucky prediction of which raised Murphy, for a time, far above Francis Moore, physician, as a weather prophet. The chill of it, as I write, seems to shiver through the marrow of my bones. No wonder that it should. I am going to tell you why.

On the morning previous to that coldest day, I was roused up long before daylight by a peremptory summons from the chief superintendent at Scotland-yard. I was "wanted" immediately. Not one minute's delay could be permitted. So as needs must, when a certain gentleman drives, out of bed I tumbled, scrambled on my clothes, and hurried away, cold, hungry, and uncommonly savage, to ascertain the cause of my being disturbed at such an unseasonable hour, particularly as the superintendent knew perfectly well that I could not have had at the most more than three hours' sleep.

"All right,—glad you have made such haste," exclaimed the superintendent, the moment I entered the office. "There's a cab in waiting; it's about a burglary at Messrs. Samuels', City, the night before last; enormous plunder; from ten to fifteen thousand pounds. This gentleman, Mr. James Bunce, deputed by Messrs. Samuels, will go with you. He knows the absconded culprit, a confidential clerk, personally. Here are particulars for your guidance, and an official letter to the Liverpool authorities, requesting them to render you every assistance in their power. Now then, look sharp, or you'll lose the train."

"Look sharp! Liverpool!" exclaimed I, as soon as a word could be got in edgewise. "What the plague do you mean? Why I only returned from Portsmouth a few hours ago, haven't breakfasted, nor got a change of linen."

"Nonsense—nonsense. You can breakfast at Rugby—anywhere—buy a shirt in Liverpool. Now then, here's the cab. Here is a greatcoat and pistols. Come, be off with you."

In such hurry-skurry fashion was I trundled off to Liverpool in company with

Mr. James Bunce, confidential agent of Messrs. Samuels, eminent lapidaries and extensive importers of precious gems. My teeth chattered in my head, my blood was freezing in my veins, but he was cozy and comfortable enough. A stoutish, flaxen-wigged, judiciously wrapped-up, very respectable-looking individual, between forty and fifty years of age, I judged, was Mr. Bunce. There was, too, a mild and heavenly benevolent expression in his face, which I first observed when he pulled out of a capacious pocket a large flask of champagne brandy, pressing it on my acceptance. There was no need of pressing. The generous fluid thawed both temper and blood, and strengthened by a hasty, but capital breakfast at Rugby, made Mr. Bunce and myself the best friends in the world; a cordiality which was not the least diminished by an intimation that if I should be successful in capturing the absconded thief, fifty pounds, with the concurrence of the commissioners of police, would be presented to me by Messrs. Samuels. This, Mr. Bunce suggested, might be the reason why the superintendent, who appeared to be a friend of mine, had selected me for the duty which I had demurred to undertake.

I said that was likely enough, and felt obliged for what I at first deemed to be harsh treatment.

Mr. Bunce next went into particulars of the robbery. The robber was unquestionably John Carr, who had been many years in Messrs. Samuels' service. The amount of plunder was, in Mr. Bunce's judgment, much undervalued at ten thousand pounds. It consisted of unset diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious gems selected by Carr, who was himself a first-rate connoisseur in gems, with nice judgment. There was no bulk to hamper the scoundrel's flight. All he had taken could be put away in one of his waistcoat pockets.

"Can unset jewels be clearly identified?" I asked.

"Not always, and I am afraid not in the present instance. If, indeed, they should be found upon the person of the

fugitive, no jury would hesitate to convict. He will probably take care that shall not be the case. Still his conviction, if we can only catch him, will not be the less certain. A diamond bracelet, which can be sworn to, we shall be able to prove the fellow pawned for one hundred pounds at Messrs. Attenborough's, in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, no doubt to obtain ready money for his flight. Such unset gems might have excited the pawnbroker's suspicion."

"True. I suppose Carr kept up a specious appearance?"

"I should think so. First-rate. He was senior deacon, bless you, or at least office-bearer of some highish grade at a Wandsworth chapel, and could quote chapter and verse of Scripture as glib as any parson in the world. Messrs. Samuels, you must know, are converted Jews."

"It will be difficult, I fear, to put salt upon the tail of such a wily rogue."

"Not a bit of it. God bless you, we shall nail him as safe as houses. Let me explain. For a considerable time past I have had my suspicions of John Carr. He, in fact, tried to do me an ill turn with the governors, so I just thought I would try and find out if he was such a saintly man as he pretended to be, out of school, as one may say, as he was in. So I watched Mr. John Carr, and found that he had formed an intimacy with a handsome figurante, as I think they call the unfortunates who do the dancing in stage plays. I was in no hurry to divulge that pretty discovery, feeling sure that with time and patience, it would lead to other more important ones. I did not, as you may suppose, suspect that sanctimonious John Carr's career was so very near its end."

"Or a fresh and more promising start, if he escapes with the plunder."

"Right. It was well for both of us," resumed Mr. Bunce, "that I kept my tongue within my teeth about the handsome figurante."

"For both of us?"

"Yes, the capture of Carr will be fifty pounds in your pocket—much more in mine, besides raising me in the favour of Messrs. Samuels. Now I might have set off in pursuit of the robber with any one of the officers despatched to other sea-ports, had I not by calling at Miss Valentine's, discovered that she had suddenly given up her lodgings, and left London, not to return, by railway from the

Euston Station. The woman of the house, who did not appear over friendly to the lady, moreover told me that she had managed by peeping under a canvas cloth which was fastened over Miss Valentine's trunk, to see the direction cards, upon which there was written, 'Mrs. Stanton, passenger, Liverpool.' A blind man after that could have seen the right road to take," added Mr. Bunce, blithely, "and I at once, the choice being given me, decided to seek our man at that port."

"Judicious of you, Mr. Bunce. By the by, I remember to have once seen Miss Valentine perform at Drury Lane Theatre."

That simple remark evidently startled James Bunce; his cheeks for a moment lost their florid hue, and there was a very perceptible tremor in his eyes and voice.

"Would you know Miss Valentine—her stage name of course," he after a short, and seemingly embarrassed pause eagerly asked, "if you should chance to meet with her?"

"I think not. Plumed and painted actresses on the stage are very different beings in appearance when met with in the street, dressed in ordinary fashion. I saw Miss Valentine but once, and my faint, fading impression of her is, that she is a woman of fine, voluptuous figure, and sparkling black eyes."

"All wrong. Miss Valentine's is thin, angular, though I dare say it may make up well for the stage, where I never saw her, as I do not frequent such places. Her eyes are light hazel, her hair brown, and she cannot be less than thirty. There may, however, be two dancing Valentines, sisters possibly, who both took the same stage name."

I remarked that that was quite possible, and as just then the train reached a station, where several passengers took their seats in the carriage we had previously to ourselves, the conversation was not resumed. The emotion evinced by Mr. Bunce when I happened to remark that I had seen Miss Valentine more than once recurred to me, but I finally concluded that it must have been caused simply by surprise, or by a somewhat far-fetched conjecture he might imagine the lady to be the actual depositary of the plunder, and that with a view to the ingratiating of himself with the Messrs. Samuels he was anxious not to share with me in any honour or profit that might accrue from the arrest of Miss

Valentine. Onewild, hazy suspicion, which shot through my brain, induced me to look over the papers given me by the superintendent, particularly the personal description of John Carr: "Tall, about five feet ten." Mr. James Bunce in his shoes was at least four inches short of that. "Thin; sallow complexion, black bushy whiskers; age thirty-six." Tut!—how could such a preposterous notion have got into my head? I observed that Mr. Bunce had a strong predilection for brandy, or brandy and water. He soon emptied a flask as capacious as that he was kind enough to present to me, replenished it at Rugby, ditto at Birmingham, where we changed carriages. The intense cold, it was true, almost necessitated strong stimulants to keep one from freezing—still—

It was late in the evening when the train reached Liverpool; and having ascertained that the passenger packet for America would not drop down the Mersey till ten in the morning, I supped comfortably at the Legs of Man tavern, and settled myself for a good quiet smoke before going to bed. Mr. Bunce, spite of the lateness of the hour and bitter weather, preferred taking a stroll, and calling upon a young friend, formerly in Messrs. Samuels' employ, that knew Carr very well, and who might have dropped unexpectedly upon him in Liverpool. I could offer no objection, though I could not see what advantage could be gained thereby, as far as regarded the capture of Carr. Mr. Bunce differed from me, and though quite half-sprung, went away supperless, but with a well-filled flask. Certainly, for so respectable a man, an extraordinary brandy-bibber!

I had supped, and lit my second cigar, when he burst into the room in a state of great nervous excitement, pale as his shirt, and, in appearance, completely sobered. A young man of some two or three and twenty years of age accompanied him.

"What now?" I exclaimed, starting up. "Have you seen Carr?"

"No, no, no," he replied, "and I fear never shall. He left this very evening in the Isle of Man steamer; a lady, Miss Valentine no doubt, with him."

"Isle of Man! Who knows this—who saw him embark?"

"This young man, Mr. Rouse, who I told you knew Carr well. He not only saw but spoke with him. The fellow said he had important business to transact

for Messrs. Samuels, both at Peel and Douglas."

"That is right," said Mr. Rouse, who also seemed a good deal agitated. "From what Mr. Bunce tells me," continued the young man, "there can be no doubt that, fearing he should be pursued to Liverpool, and seized on board the American packet-liner, he hit upon the expedient of getting away to Douglas, from which port we have ascertained at the shipping office here, a vessel called the *Recruit* will sail early to-morrow for St. John's, Newfoundland, with cargo and passengers. It will be easy for the fugitives to pass over from St. John's to the States. I mentioned to Carr," added Rouse—an intelligent fellow—"I mentioned to Carr that I was out of a situation, and he immediately proposed my accompanying him to Man; he would defray all charges, and we should have a jolly fortnight of it. I declined, being in hopes of obtaining a good employment within three or four days. He then made me, to my great astonishment, a present of five sovereigns. I quite understand now why he wished me to go with him, and his generous gift. He dreaded, what has really happened, that I should meet with the emissaries of justice, and inform them where the gent they 'wanted' was to be met with."

"Yes; that is, to be met with if we don't lose one single hour's precious time," said Mr. James Bunce. "To slacken pursuit now is to throw up the game."

"Did you see Carr actually go on board the steamer for Man, Mr. Rouse, and remain in her till she sailed? He is said to be a very artful gentleman, and might have doubled upon his track when you were out of sight."

"I saw him on board, Mr. Officer, and am certain he sailed in the *Harpy* for Douglas."

"We must start at once," exclaimed Mr. Bunce. "Unfortunately, no steamer, I have ascertained, leaves Liverpool for Man till 10 p.m. the day after to-morrow. The bird will have flown long before that."

"How then do you propose reaching Man? Forty-five miles distant, I know. I have been there before upon police business, and not so very long ago."

"The night is clear, a bright, cloudless starlight, the wind light and fair; and I have already engaged a boat to take us for ten pounds. We start in an hour."

"A boat—an open boat, on such a night as this! Why, zounds, man, we should be frozen to death before morning, to say nothing of the risk of drowning, should it come on to blow."

"Nonsense! We have only to wrap up well, and take a plentiful supply of brandy. If you dare not face the cold, and the slight risk, if risk there be, which I don't believe, I must go alone."

"I will make one, willingly," said young Rouse. "I always hated that Carr!" he added, with a sly, scarcely perceptible twinkle of the eye, and without a tinge of venom in his tone.

"Yet you accepted five pounds of him?"

"I should think I did. Catch a weasel asleep."

Why, I hardly knew, but a vague suspicion arose in my mind that a mystification of some kind was being played off upon me; that Messrs. Bunce and Rouse were connected by closer bonds than former fellow-service intimacy. Why should a young man of far from robust make volunteer on such a night as that to sail in an open boat from Liverpool to the Isle of Man? To participate in the reward offered, perhaps? That might be the motive, certainly.

"Mr. Bunce has told you, I suppose, that a large reward is offered for the apprehension of Carr?"

"To be sure he has; and I only wish I had known of it when I met him; it would have been a capital day's work for me."

"What name has he assumed?"

"I can't say what he called himself to others. He was Mr. Carr to me, of course. Had I heard him called by and answer to any other name, I should have been fly at once; for I long ago suspected him to be a precious sly, sanctimonious humbug, whom I would no more have trusted with such enormous values as Messrs. Samuels did, than I would a cat with cream."

Again the scarcely-perceptible, sly twinkle of the eyes! Shot, too, at Mr. James Bunce.

"I saw on the woman's luggage," added Rouse, colouring slightly beneath my look, "the name of Stanton, or Stanley—I am not quite sure which."

"Stanton, no doubt," said Mr. James Bunce. "Well, sir," he added, "you will, of course, go with us? You alone are armed with legal authority to arrest the robber."

"You are mistaken. Any one can

arrest a felon, with the aid of the first constable he can meet with—upon his own responsibility, of course. In this case none would be incurred, as you cannot be mistaken in your man. I suppose, however, I must go with you. What sort of a boat have you hired?"

"The largest, stoutest I could find, depend upon it, for my own sake. It is not decked, but perfectly safe, I was assured by the two seamen that will go with us, and to whom she belongs. *They* must know what they are about, and certainly would not risk their lives for a paltry ten pounds. You had better begin making ready—I shall; and as a foundation, see what I can have for supper. Come, Rouse, I can't eat in a room where smoking is going on."

"Pray understand, Mr. Rouse," said I, as they were hurrying out of the room—"pray understand, Mr. Rouse, that you will derive no money advantage from going with us. What portion of the reward you may be thought entitled to you have already earned by the information you have given, that John Carr has embarked for Douglas. Your services will not be required to arrest him."

"All's one for that, officer," replied the young man. "I shall go;" and both disappeared without further parley.

Humph! I was fairly puzzled. Was Bunce specially deputed by, and in the confidence of, Messrs. Samuels, endeavouring, from what motive it was impossible to guess—endeavouring to humbug them and me—to favour the escape of Carr with his courtesan? Had, perchance, Mr. James Bunce, when he called at Miss Valentine's, seen that person, received a heavy bribe, or the promise of one when he should reach Liverpool?—one or more of the stolen gems, possibly. Had he already been and pocketed that reward, and now, with the help of Rouse, was scheming to get and keep me away from Liverpool till the American packet-ship should have sailed? It looked very like it. And yet, why in that case should Rouse insist upon going over with us to the Isle of Man? The *Harpy* would not be likely to have sailed when, if some sudden and adverse change of weather did not take place, it might be fairly presumed we should reach Douglas, and if Carr and his concubine were not to be found in the island, Rouse would be manifestly guilty of having, by an impudent fraud, lured an officer of the law from the true scent of his quarry—have

lent himself to a criminal conspiracy to baffle justice, upon which charge, should I find my suspicions verified, I should not hesitate to arrest him forthwith. I would give him and his friend Bunce a hint to that effect at once. It might have the effect of rendering that detestable night voyage, which I shuddered to think of, unnecessary.

"Mr. Rouse," said I, abruptly entering the room where he and his friend were at supper, "you will excuse my plain-speaking, but if you are not quite sure John Carr and his woman embarked this evening in the *Harpy* steamer for Douglas, you had better say so; as, if I don't find them there, and that, in consequence of my absence from Liverpool, Carr gets away to the United States or elsewhere, I shall at once arrest you on the highly penal charge of having aided and abetted his escape."

"Sir," returned Rouse, with an offended air and tone, "I have told you the truth, and nothing but the truth. I saw John Carr go on board the *Harpy*, and am equally positive he did not return to the quay. As to whether the woman was Miss Valentine or not, I cannot say. All I know as to her is, that she appeared to be on familiar terms with Carr, and that the name of Stanton, or Stanley, passenger, was on the labels of her luggage."

There was no more to be said, and I returned to the coffee-room, still perplexed in the extreme. I should simply be dismissed the Force with disgrace, if from unjust suspicion of Bunce and Rouse's good faith, or a dislike to encounter the suffering and risk of a boat voyage during a calm, however piercing cold, at night to Douglas, I allowed a great criminal to escape, with an enormous booty, from the hands of justice. On the other hand—for such things are, in every instance, mainly judged by the result—if I permitted myself to be bamboozled by Rouse, with or without the complicity of Bunce, and that whilst I was gone upon a wild-goose chase to Man, Carr sailed safely from Liverpool, I should be equally blamed, perhaps cashiered, certainly laughed at.

I finally concluded to embark with Bunce and Rouse for Douglas; but, first, in order to guard against deception, dispatch a fully-detailed account of the affair (the description paper I had received at Scotland Yard inclusive) to the superintendent of police in Liverpool,

warning him to have the United States mail steamer searched on the morrow for the fugitives. The parcel finished, I rang for a porter and sent him off with it, with a separate unsealed note, requesting any officer who might be at the station to acknowledge its receipt in writing.

The porter was not long gone when Messrs. Bunce and Rouse, very rosy and jolly, came to say it was nearly time to be off. It struck me that it might be as well to state what I had just done, keenly observant as I did so of the effect upon themselves.

No effect whatever! Both said almost in a breath that they had expected I should do so as a matter of routine-duty. My suspicions wronged them then; no other conclusion could be come to; they were honest, trustworthy fellows, acting with good faith and hearty zeal. And yet, by Jove!—Well, Time is the old justice who solves all such perplexities. My position was a tolerably safe one, and I began to make ready.

Our preparations were at last completed, and about half-past one in the morning of that Murphy-predicted coldest day, I found myself dropping down the Mersey in an open boat, having had only about three hours' sleep during the previous forty-eight hours and more, and with an easterly wind blowing that cut through one like a knife. It would have been far pleasanter, I shiveringly reflected, to have been just then in the snug, if small and dark, bed-closet behind the shop in Covent-garden; and the wisdom of my change of profession did not appear quite indisputable. Still, time and the hour run through the coldest or roughest day or night, and there were fifty pounds sterling in prospect; with which aids to resignation and wakefulness, helped with much more presently-potent draughts of brandy-and-water and an occasional rough shake-up by the stroke oarsman, I managed to keep awake—having been emphatically warned that to "drop off" in such a temperature as that might be fatal to life. For about eight hours and a-half, till nine o'clock in the morning, in fact, it was impossible to use the sails of the boat, which was slowly propelled by four oars, two of which were willingly pulled by Bunce and Rouse, who managed them quite handily. So occupied, their backs were to the wind, and the exercise helped better than brandy-and-water, which was not, however, neglected, to keep them from freezing. I begged to

be allowed to take an oar; the favour was granted with a growl; at the first stroke I "caught a crab," as the sailors called it—the oar jumped out of the rowlock and over I went backwards into the bottom of the boat.

No more pulling for me; I was requested to sit in the stern-sheets, facing the head wind, of course, and turn the tiller right and left as the stroke oarsman directed. Day broke at last, if day it could be called which put out the bright stars and darkened the sky with storm-clouds. "Not much wind, I'm thinking," remarked one of the watermen; "but snow plentiful, I'll answer for it, and soon, too." Sure enough, snow did soon come down plentifully—a blinding snow-storm. You couldn't—at least I couldn't—see as far as the bow of the boat.

"Hold hard," presently exclaimed the stroke oarsman, unshipping his oar, springing up from the thwart, and gathering up a double handful of snow. "I'm blessed if this here gent wont lose his nose. It's a mortifyin' already, I do believe." With which cheerful explanation he forthwith began to vehemently rub that feature with snow. I passively submitted—in fact I was helpless, hopeless. I had neither feelable fingers or toes; my bones were round sticks of ice: the only vitality I was conscious of was savage rage at Bunce and Rouse, to whom I attributed my sufferings, and whose comparative comfortableness greatly aggravated that rage, keeping it at boiling heat, which I have no doubt helped to keep life in me. Could I have known, have suddenly discovered, the trick of the devil's dance I was being led, the why and wherefore that I was exposed by them to be frozen to death, I almost think I should (my loaded pistols being at hand in the tails of my greatcoat) have shot them both—that is, if my fingers could have possibly, which I doubt, distinguished barrel from stock, lock from trigger.

Enough of this. The boat could at last use her sails; my friends the sailors, turn and turn about, kept the vital spark from quite going out or off by hard rubbing and drenching me with pure alcohol; and at about two in the afternoon I was carried ashore to a tavern at Douglas, placed in a warm bed where I gradually thawed, and, thanks to judicious treatment, felt after two or three hours quite restored, without loss of nose, fingers, or toes. I was then permitted to

doze off into slumber, from which I was next morning awakened by Mr. James Bunce.

He seemed in high glee. The *Recruit* had fortunately not sailed, but would certainly do so late that evening or at dawn the next day, whatever the quarter the wind blew from, so it blew, and there was no doubt of that. "So that we have just nicked it," he added, rubbing his hands in triumph.

"But have you seen Carr?" I asked.

"I have—I have—unseen by him. Miss Valentine is with him, and two berths have been secured in the *Recruit* for them in the names of Mr. and Mrs. Stanton.

"Confound the villain," I exclaimed, the recollection of the previous day's sufferings rising in my throat. "Why couldn't he stop and be taken in a regular manner at Liverpool? Never mind, we have him now, and if he slips through our fingers I'll forgive him."

"They are both at the 'Earl of Derby' hotel, bless you. Carr has, we know, plenty of ready tin for the present, but I greatly fear we sha'n't find the jewels upon either of them."

"O, that's all bosh, Mr. Bunce. Is it likely, do you think, that a fellow who risked penal servitude for life to get hold of such easily portable plunder would let it go out of his own possession? Bosh, I say again!"

"I fear we shall not find it so. I don't think I mentioned to you before that Carr had given regular notice to Messrs. Samuels that he intended quitting their service, and did not in fact leave till that notice had expired. Now, that being the case, if the jewels are not found upon him, it will be difficult to get a conviction."

"Perhaps so; but that is no affair of mine. I dare say such a cunning rogue will have given the big wigs a hard nut to crack. Still the question returns, who can he have dared entrust gems of such rare value to?"

"To his son, perhaps; a young man from seventeen to eighteen years of age, but looking a couple of years older in my judgment, to whom he is said to be much attached. Charles Carr may have slipped out of the country by another route, after agreeing to a rendezvous with his father in America."

"Possibly so; but that is not our business. The suggestion will, however, neutralise to my mind, coupled with his change of name from Carr to Stanton,

any denial he may make of his guilt grounded upon the fact that none of the jewels can be found upon him or his woman. Do you and Rouse prove his identity, and I'll have him willy-nilly to England, never fear. In the case of the dancing woman, whom it will be most desirable to secure the presence of at an English police-court, I must, I think, resort to stratagem. I'll think the matter over as we walk to the 'Earl of Derby.'"

The worthy couple were still at breakfast when I, followed closely by Messrs. Bunce and Rouse, entered the room.

Carr jumped up from his chair in such haste that he let fall the coffee-cup he was lifting to his lips on the floor. The lady was surprised into a small scream.

"Mr. John Carr, I believe?" said I.

"No—no—sir," he boggled out. My name is—is——"

"Stanton, yes, I know; Stanton is your travelling name, as this lady's stage name is Valentine. I know all about it. But Carr or Stanton, you are my prisoner, charged with stealing precious stones of enormous value from Messrs. Samuels. You know Messrs. Samuels, the eminent City lapidaries?"

"I certainly do know those gentlemen, but——"

"And these gentlemen, Mr. James Bunce and Mr. Rouse."

"I do slightly know them——"

"Slightly know us," laughed Bunce. Come, come, Carr, this is all nonsense. You have played out your hand and lost the game."

"I deny the accusation *in toto*. Search me, search my luggage. As to a temporary change of name, that is nothing to anybody."

"I suppose," said the lady, really a handsome, large, rather scraggy-figured person, as Bunce had described her, with very pretty indignation, "I suppose I may call myself Valentine, Eglantine, or any other name I please. I tell you I am this gentleman's wife—his lawful, married wife."

"I have no right to dispute your word, madam, in that particular at all events; but in that case your husband is certainly the gentleman particularly wanted in London just now. The description tallies precisely with the reality. Five feet, ten inches in height; sallow complexion; bushy black whiskers; thirty-six years of age. Nothing could be more accurate."

"D——n your description, sir," exclaimed Carr *alias* Stanton, with a poor

attempt to lash himself into indignation. "D——n your description, sir. Search me, search my wife and luggage; if you find a single article such as you speak of, I'll willingly consent to return with you to Liverpool, London, anywhere."

"With your consent or without it, I shall take you to Liverpool and London; be quite sure of that."

"You will do so at your peril!"

"Just so, but I shall do it. As to searching you and your luggage, it is possibly that may be labour thrown away—the ceremony will, however, be gone through. I do not wish," I added, "to make any disturbance here; to take you before the Manx authorities for the merely formal authorization, which they cannot refuse, to take you from the island. It would be subjecting you to a useless ignominy. Therefore if you will at once quietly pack up your things, and *with your wife*—this lady—go with me on board the *Harpy* steamer, which leaves for Liverpool this evening, much disagreeable exposure will be avoided."

Ultimately this proposition was acceded to—under protest, of course, and a cloud of big words touching the terrible consequences to myself and the Messrs. Samuels, which we should have incurred. The steamer was at her moorings in the road, and her captain took charge of the prisoner and his wife, as he was bound to do, guaranteeing that they should hold no communication with the shore, nor with any one who might come on board. I had taken the precaution to seal up their trunks, valises, and so on.

I next went on board the *Recruit*. Two best berths had been secured by Mr. and Mrs. Stanton for St. John's, Newfoundland, and the skipper was expecting their luggage on board every minute. He did not express surprise, remarking that such occurrences were very common; he however listened with considerable interest to the details of the robbery, and how by help of Messrs. Bunce and Rouse I had been enabled to trace the criminal.

Somehow or other I did not myself feel quite at ease in the matter. The Stantons, as they called themselves, had made no admission—had not dropped a word criminating themselves; yet, except indirectly, the man had not denied that his real name was Carr, and admitted he knew Messrs. Samuels, Bunce and Rouse. No more. I felt quite sure, too, that none of the stolen stones would be found upon his or his wife's person, if wife she

were, nor amongst their luggage. True, but Bunce and Rouse could not be mistaken as to their identity. Besides, the description handed to the superintendent at Scotland Yard was decisive. What more would I have? I was allowing a hazy prejudice hastily conceived against Mr. James Bunce to obscure my perception of the clearest facts. I could not, however, argue as I might, shake off the hazy impression that I was in some way—what way I could not guess—imagine—being imposed upon—duped!

I would clear my brain by a good smart walk, and was about to ring the bell to ascertain at what time the ordinary dinner at the tavern would be on the table, when a waiter informed me that Mr. Bunce was desirous of speaking with me. He had been suddenly seized with lumbago, was gone to bed, and appeared to be in great pain.

"Ah, my friend," groaned Mr. James Bunce, as I approached his bedside, "Ah, my friend, that dreadful night and day have told upon me—O!—O!—O!—as cruelly, though not so soon as it did—O!—O!—upon you. My old complaint, lumbago.—O!—O!—O!"

"I am sorry for that. The attack has been very sudden!"

"It always is—always. I must have been crazed to expose myself to—O!—O!—O Lord!"

"Then you will not be able to sail this evening in the steamer for Liverpool?"

"No—no—impossible—out of the question! You—you can—O Lord—O!—You can easily get a remand for a few days, or take them on to London—O!—at once. That will be—O!—O!—it—terrible! That will be the best way. I'll follow the moment this terrible lumbago will permit—O!—Oh dear!"

A complicated game this I was engaged in. What might be the significance of the new card so unexpectedly turned up. Yet, what right after all had I to suspect Mr. James Bunce had no more the lumbago than I had? A doctor, who entered the bedroom as I left it, had been sent for. Surely doctors could distinguish real from sham lumbago. I was not so sure of that. Yet why should Mr. Bunce wish to remain at Douglas—be desirous of not going in the *Harpy* steamer? There was the rub, which fretted and worried me as much at the conclusion of a two hours' walk as it did when I set out.

I was still at a considerable distance from the tavern when I suddenly, after

turning a sharp corner, came full butt upon Mr. Rouse. He started—coloured—apologized in a confused way, though the collision was certainly quite as much my fault as his. He then passed quickly on, but not till I had obtained a full view of a pretty, though pale, lady hanging on his arm. A very graceful carriage, thought I, as I turned and looked after them;—a very charming figure, and though not rouged as when I saw her,—the real Miss Valentine or I'm a Dutchman! What in the name of Beelzebub does it all mean?

I was still observing the pair in the fast-increasing distance, when Skipper Parkins came along on the other side of the way, and noticing how intently my gaze was fixed upon the young man and woman, crossed over to me.

"Do you also know something of those two new passengers by the *Recruit* to Saint John's?" he asked.

"What do you say?—The young man and woman who have just turned the corner yonder, passengers by the *Recruit* to Saint John's? You are not jesting, captain?"

"I never jest. The young man has taken and paid for three best berths, one for himself, another for his father, the third for a lady."

"May I ask in what name?"

"The name of Davis. They are to sleep on board this evening, as the *Recruit* will slip her moorings at early dawn. They will not, however, come on board till a quarter-past ten, at which hour I am to send a boat to fetch them off. You seem surprised. Is there anything amiss this time?"

"I *am* surprised—flabbergasted! At a quarter-past ten, you say, they are to be fetched off?"

"Yes, not a moment earlier; the young man wished it to be later indeed, but I refused, as the crew will have turned-in by half-past ten."

"And the steamer sails at ten precisely. O! by Jove, here is a game! You and I must talk together, captain. Let us go in somewhere and have a glass together."

"You think, then, Mr. James Bunce, I had better take the prisoner Carr and his wife right on to London, without making any delay at Liverpool?"

"I do—do—it will be better, much better, to do so. O!—O!—I shall be driven mad!"

"Still in as much pain as ever?"

"More pain, more. Torture!—torture! sir. O—o—oh!"

"Well, lumbago is not, I believe, a dangerous malady. You must console yourself with that. We shall see you, I doubt not, in London before the week is out. Good-bye—I must be gone; it only wants a quarter to ten, and the steamer starts, as you know, at that hour."

"Yes; good-bye, God bless you. Tell Messrs. Samuels I hope soon to be with them. Good-bye."

Precisely at ten the paddles of the steamer turned—she was off. Five minutes afterwards the engine stopped, and she lay-to at about two hundred yards' distance beyond the *Recruit*.

"The *Recruit's* boat is at the steps, sir," said a sailor, ushered by a waiter into the coffee-room of the tavern where I had put up. "Can't wait, sir."

"No occasion to wait, my man; all ready. But little luggage, you see," said Mr. James Bunce, springing up with wonderful alacrity for an elderly gentleman suffering from excruciating lumbago. Mr. Charles Bunce, *alias* Rouse, and his wife Mrs. Charles Bunce, *ci-devant* Miss Valentine, did the same; and the three followed the sailor and porter with luggage to the boat.

"A very dark night, very dark," said Mr. James Bunce; "one can hardly see one's hand before one; but you'll be able to find the brig, I dare say."

"Never fear, sir, if it was as dark as the inside of a tar-barrel. Shove off."

I, to make all sure, had seated myself in the bow of the boat with my face turned seaward, away from the stern, and I wore a sou'-wester and a sailor's pea-jacket.

"There's the brig—why, we are passing her!" exclaimed Mr. James Bunce, with much discomposure.

"Ay—ay, sir!" was the stolid answer.

"Ay—ay, be d—d!" fairly screamed the terrified gentleman, who must by then have descried, dark as it was, the hull of the steamer. "It is the *Recruit* we are going on board of, not the steamer."

"No, sir, no; you are to be taken on board the *Harpy* steamer bound for Liverpool. Must obey orders, sir—must indeed."

Mr. James Bunce dropped down as if shot into the bottom of the boat, and not only his, but his precious son and daughter-in-law's heads, or brains, must have been set spinning like tee-totums.

Mr. James Bunce sprang to his feet, and in tones of piercing supplication offered a thousand pounds—two thousand pounds—anything, to be taken back to the brig.

"It is of no use, Mr. Bunce, I am here," said I, speaking from the bow of the boat; "I thought heavy bribing might be your back game."

Down again drops Mr. Bunce with a compound of yell and groan. A minute or two afterwards the boat was alongside the *Harpy*; the Bunces—that is to say, the Carrs—John Carr, Charles Carr, and Mrs. Charles Carr—were sent up the side; their slender luggage followed; the paddles turned once more, and John Carr and Company's clever plot was blown to the devil.

Stanton, as he called himself, but whose real name was Blake, finding himself in a terrible fix when I informed him of my infallible little scheme for getting hold of Mr. James Bunce, Mr. Rouse, and Mrs. Valentine, and soon arriving at the crafty conclusion that the very best thing he could do for himself, under the very painful circumstances, was to make a clean breast of it—did so to me. An elaborately-planned conspiracy, of which he, Blake—Stanton—was a member, had been organized and worked with singular audacity and success, till all was lost at the final throw of the dice.

Blake and wife, the robbery having been effected, started for Liverpool, where I, as first arranged, was to have seized him; the lumbago dodge was to have been played there, and I to have gone back to London with the supposed culprit, who, as it would have been impossible to have *proved* complicity on his part with Carr, would have been very soon, if not immediately, discharged. The Carrs would have met with no obstacle to their embarkation in the United States mail steamer. The plan was deranged by a very common incident: Charles Carr had courted and betrayed a companion figure of Miss Valentine; the deserted girl, who well knew Carr senior by sight, discovered in some way that her seducer had married Miss Valentine, and intended leaving the country with her in the American mail steamer. Stung with rage and jealousy, aware, moreover, of the robbery at Messrs. Samuels, she left London by the train which reached Liverpool about an hour after that in which pretended Mr. James Bunce and I travelled. The father and son saw her alight from the

train, readily divined her purpose, and by way of parrying counter-stroke, hit upon the Isle of Man expedient. The description of John Carr in the papers given me by the London superintendent was also explained by Blake. The real James Bunce had been intercepted on his way to Scotland-yard, enticed into a tavern, and hocussed. His papers were taken from him, others substituted, and at about four in the morning John Carr, cleverly made-up for the character, presented himself at Scotland-yard. Nothing wrong was suspected, and it was not till the third day after we left London that poor Bunce, still half stupified, was driven to his dwelling in a cab, the driver of which said the gentleman had been placed under his charge, and a written direction given

him by a person he never before saw, and should not be likely to know again, as it was dark at the time.

Stanton, *alias* Blake, was admitted evidence for the crown; the Carrs, father and son, were convicted—the elder sentenced to transportation for life, the younger to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. The property, it will be in the recollection of many, was nearly all recovered. I obtained a good deal of credit, as well as a round sum of ready money, for my share in defeating the conspiracy, though common candour obliges me to confess that the frustration of the audacious plot was far more due to *what* men call accident, than to any particular cleverness on my part.

A VISIT TO THE CHURCHYARD.

Who's knocking at the sexton's gate?

"Come, open quick, old man! 'tis late—

"Come, open quick the door for me,
A dear one's grave I come to see."

A stranger spoke, with grisly beard,
A sun-burnt warrior he appear'd.

"What was the dear one's name, who's won
A pillow in my gloomy home?"

"My mother. Hast thou then forgot
Old Martha's son? Dost know me not?"

"God help us! but how tall and brown!
O no, your face I'd ne'er have known.

"But come and see; here does she lie
For whom you ask so tenderly.

"Here sleeps, beneath the stone and earth,
The mother dear who gave you birth!"

The warrior long stands silent there,
His head bent low, as if in prayer.

He stands bent o'er that grave so dear,
And wets the stone with many a tear;

Then starting—"No, you're wrong," he said;
"This grave can never hold the dead!"

"How could a mother's love be brought
To lie in such a narrow spot?"

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF THE PICTURESQUE.

No. 9.—GUY'S CLIFF, WARWICKSHIRE.



Who is not familiar with the mighty achievements of the renowned Guy, Earl of Warwick? We can remember, in our youth, feeling a strong admiration for that doughty hero, the slayer of the dun cow—a rib of which, by the way, still defies the sneer of the fastidious antiquary, and delights the relic-hunter, in the Porter's Lodge of Warwick Castle—the champion of distressed innocence, the terror of pirates, Turks, boars, and dragons; who thought no more of cutting off a few hundred heads than we do of eating our breakfast. We must confess to a strong weakness for such knight-errantry heretofore, when—

“Youth, with cap and bells of folly,
Shunn'd truth, severe and melancholy.”

And even in a later day, when chance directed our steps to the beautiful spot where the soldier-hermit

“Hew'd a house
Out of a craggy rock of stone,
And liv'd like Palmer poor
Within a cave himself alone,”

as the legend says,—we could not help feeling the sweet influence that tradition can awaken, when allied to the charms of natural scenery. Although the dreams of our childhood were fast perishing from memory, and the long array of giants, dwarfs, knights and distressed damsels, necromancers and fairies, that people the

prolific imagination of unripe years, had long disappeared, we were determined on this, our first visit to Guy's Cliff, to steadily close our reasoning faculties, and greedily imbibe the intoxicating draught of romance that flows from ancient times. We resolved, on this one occasion, to believe everything. We invited the soft imposition of the garrulous attendant. Despite our stubborn convictions, we yielded ourselves willing captives to the spirit of mighty Guy, that no doubt still hovered about his olden hermitage; for we could fancy him present at every step we took.

“What!” we exclaimed, “wander over these fair grounds, every yard of which is consecrated to the hero,—here, the cell—gloomy and chill, it is true—where the penitent, forsaking the vanities of the world, retired, to count over at leisure the skulls he had cracked, and drop a tear over each! there, the spring where, after his slender meal of herbs, he would slake his thirst; here, the solitary walk in which he would meditate over the follies of life, and of knight-errantry in particular, while his disconsolate spouse, Phœbe, unconscious of his retirement, shed tears through the long day, in her neighbouring Castle of Warwick, at the absence of her truant lord,—what!” we again exclaimed, “surrender these romantic associations!—overthrow the vast fabric of

tradition, grown hoary with age, by a cynical—pshaw!—and a dogged unbelief! Forbid it, shades of the past!" And, with this pious resolution, we passed through the quaint gateway represented in our engraving, and found ourselves in the time-honoured grounds of Guy's Cliff. And certainly, nature would seem to have favoured the sweet dreams of ancient days; for a more tranquil and lovely residence could not be found in a country renowned for palatial homes.

Let us hear what Leland, a nice observer of the picturesque, says of Guy's Cliff:—"It is the abode of pleasure, a place meet for the muses; there are natural cavities in the rocks, shady groves, clear and crystal streams, flowery meadows, mossy caves, a gentle murmuring river running among the rocks, and, to crown all, solitude and quiet, friendly in so high a degree to the muses." It is a lover addressing his mistress, and praising the qualities of mind and person of which such individuals can so "eloquently discourse."

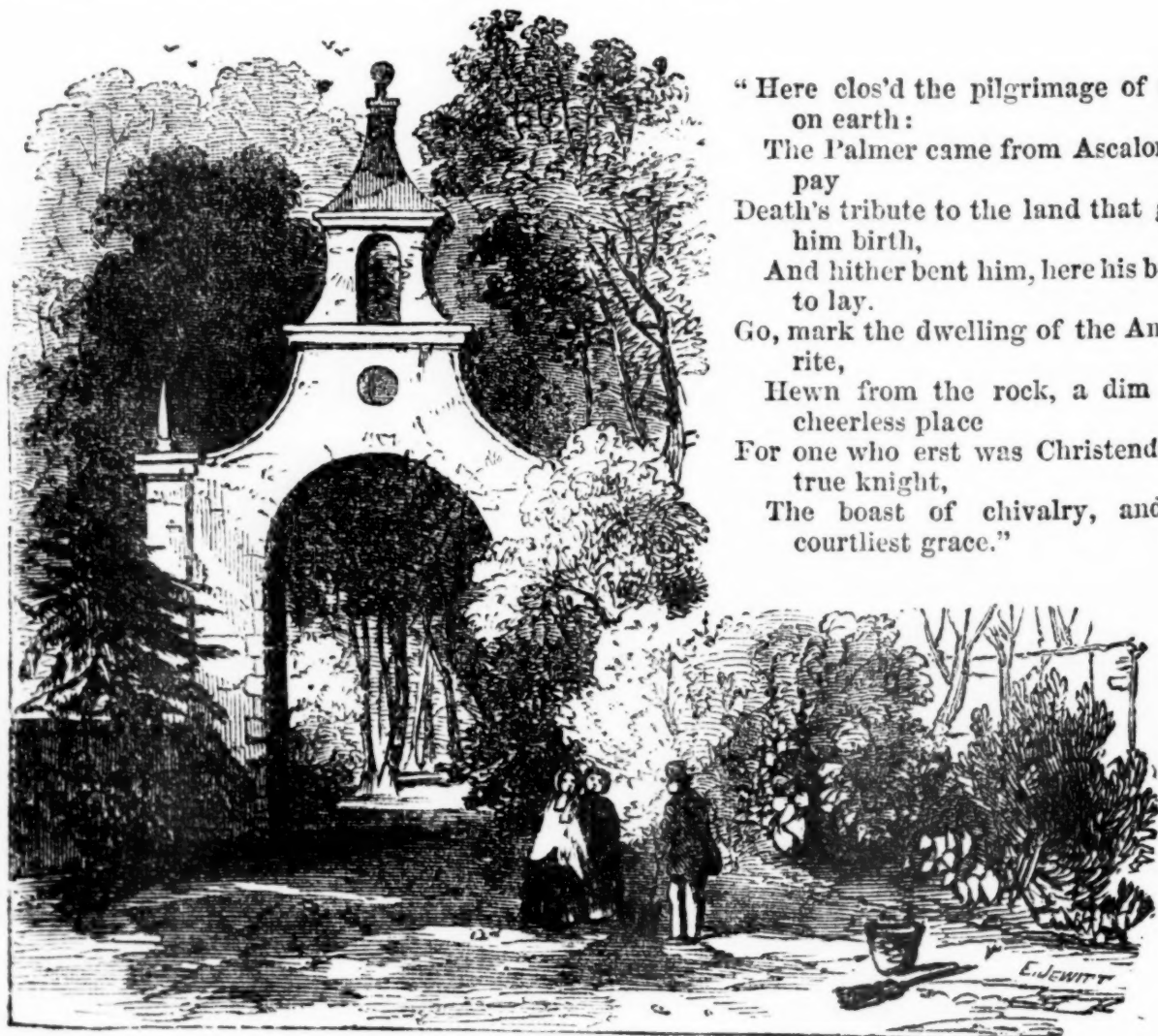
Passing over a host of admirers, let worthy George Fuller give his meed to Guy's Cliff:—"It is," he says, "a most delicious place, so that a man, in many miles riding, cannot meet so much variety as there one furlong doth afford." Quaint old chronicler, what wisdom and poetry in his homeliest phrases! Miles of beauty concentrated in some few acres of fertile loveliness! Ay, and such indeed is the case; for the eye is never wearied with the variety of prospect that meets it. The Avon, escaping from the trammels of an ancient flour-mill that occupies a picturesque position opposite the mansion, gently bathes the greensward bordering it on either side; and in sinuous course adds an additional charm to the grounds. Groves of dark firs clothe the sides and summit of the rock, amidst which the cozy old house peers, thickly draperied with ivy; and the huge trees, bending heavily and sternly in the wind, seem watchful guardians of the peaceful dwelling. Large masses of rock are everywhere, with dark, lofty chambers perforated within them, the work of chantry priests, who selected this spot for the same prayerful exercise as that which had, ages before, engaged the hermit Guy. Yonder, at an angle of the house, is the small chapel of the Magdalen, with its ivied tower, founded for the use of the same priests, and now the repository of a statue worthy for size—being upwards of eight feet—of

the doughty Saxon champion it rudely represents. Strangely is it mutilated by time, aided perhaps by the profane mace of some drunken man-at-arms in former days, when demolition was good sport, and the evidence of a strong arm. Turn we now to the house; and certainly it is with a reluctant step the pilgrim to this shrine of antiquity quits the ground consecrated to romance, and enters the comparatively modern building which is graced with such associations. Great is our dislike to show-houses, and we doubt not we have many sympathizing readers; so this must plead our excuse for not describing small drawing-rooms and large drawing-rooms, vestibules, dining-rooms, and the endless turnings and windings of modern-antique houses. But notwithstanding this dread of becoming your *cicerone*, as the guide-book calls itself, we will recommend a very leisurely and careful inspection of the paintings, amongst which are some choice specimens of the old masters, a few of them unique. There is also a small collection of paintings, a family heirloom, by Mr. Greatheed, father of the present Mrs. Bertie Percy—châtelaine of this fairy spot—and which, independent of considerable merit, deserves particular regard for the romantic circumstances connected with them. Every family of any pretension is supposed to possess some startling episode in its genealogical roll, which will prove a "nugget" at a future day to some one curious in such matters. A very simple circumstance will gather strength and point with age, and become an important addition to the family honours. It may even be elevated into the annals of history itself, not generally over-particular in such matters; and sooner than a good story should be lost, tradition is sometimes clothed in the sacred vestments of truth. In the particular case before us, no such doubt exists; for the main story of a young life is depicted on the canvas. We have Italian scenery glowing in the same light which tipped the artist's pencil when he copied from nature. The peculiar character of his mind may be traced in a love for the terrible, which is displayed in the *Cave of Despair*, from the passage so celebrated in the *Fairy Queen* of Spenser; *King Lear and his Daughter with the Physicians and Kent*; *Shylock*, another of the forlorn band; *Lady Macbeth and her Husband*, and a Saint or two, to complete the family. Such a taste for horrors, painted, we must say, with

remarkable vigour, seemed a presentiment of his own fate; for he was killed in an affray with banditti at Vicenza, in Italy, at the early age of twenty-two. The Greatheeds of Guy's Cliff have won some credit for having opened their hospitable mansion to many eminent persons. Here our immortal Siddons found a resting-place for some time; and when the stage had claimed its brightest ornament, a Greatheed penned the "Regent," a tragedy for her especial acting; but the public were more critical than susceptible of gallantry, and the piece fell from its lofty pedestal. Here, also, Dr. Parr, the learned and portly Prebend of St. Paul's, would indulge his narcotic propensities, and the eccentric humours which have rendered his name perhaps more famous than all the laboured productions of his prolific pen. Before leaving the sumptuous apartments, enshrining so many memories of the past, let us glance, for a moment, at the prospect from the windows. Here, indeed, is something to boast. The eye, after gazing on the long line of canvas worthies, turns with delight to the vast and open expanse of country before us. The Avon again meets our view, winding gracefully through the grounds beneath; and from the quaint-looking mill, embosomed in foliage, with

its alpine bridge adjoining, over a cascade, the eye settles on a fir-clad eminence beyond, with a huge stone cross, marking the site where Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward the Second, was beheaded in 1312. A calm unbroken pervades this spot, the scene of such fearful tumult in the days of feudal violence.

From Blacklow Hill we turn to Wootton, and then to Milverton, with its little sanctuary peeping forth among the trees. The green fields stretch before us; the uplands are crowned with luxuriant vegetation; cattle are grazing quietly in the meadows; not a sound is heard, save the gentle dash of the waters beneath, as we sit in the bay-window of Guy's Cliff, and glance at the enchanting panorama without regarding the stealthy approach of evening. Fainter seem the shadows on the wall—a dim veil is rising before the scenes we lately beheld. We must be hence before the night overtakes us. Slowly we now traverse the magnificent avenue of dark cedars as we bid adieu to Guy's Cliff, and pass again by the venerable mill, occupying the site of one built in the Saxon times. As we leave the spot our thoughts resolve themselves into verse, with which we will conclude our pilgrimage to the shrine of Guy, Earl of Warwick:—



"Here clos'd the pilgrimage of Guy
on earth:
The Palmer came from Ascalon, to
pay
Death's tribute to the land that gave
him birth,
And hither bent him, here his bones
to lay.
Go, mark the dwelling of the Ancho-
rite,
Hewn from the rock, a dim and
cheerless place
For one who erst was Christendom's
true knight,
The boast of chivalry, and of
courtliest grace."

THE SCHEMER.

"THAT man Jones, sir? Who is he—what is he—what's he worth?" echoes the steady-going, rotund hero of the breeches-pocket, Brown, to an inquiring friend. "Well, sir, in the first place, he's a social nobody; in the second, a mere schemer; and consequently, in the third, worth nothing—not a dump, not even a good word—a scamp, I may say a scamp, sir," adds Brown, vehemently, slapping the receptacle of his *heredom*.

"God bless me! yet he must be a cleverish sort of a fellow, too; for did he not invent the portable mangle, by which you have realized a fortune?" is the reply.

"Ay, sir, but I patented it at the cost of a power of money: and that's the point, sir, that's the point," says Brown.

"Did he not also bring out the combinative boot-jack and leaf-holder, which our friend Jobson is shipping to the colonies by thousands?"

"He did, sir, all that and more. If the fellow had as much cash as brain he'd do, sir; for, in addition to the articles you have mentioned, I can name a new plough, a machine for making gloves at half the usual cost, a flourishing Brewing Company, and a perfectly novel Assurance Association. But then, sir," adds Brown, again slapping his pocket, "he is a man of ideas, not of capital. The idea is a drop in the water of success—a mere spot on the disc of a commercial sun. The thing is too well known to be questioned. Look to the proof, sir: the man, the hero of a hundred inventions, is now a beggar!—hasn't sense enough to keep an invention to himself; or, what's the same thing, hasn't money enough. And if he had, he'd fool it away on some new scheme directly. A man of ideas, sir, is all very well in his way; so is a finger-post on a country road—it points the proper direction for others to take, and remains stationary itself."

Thus spoke Brown—and Brown is society. Then, is it to be wondered at that when, lemon-like, poor Jones is placed between the jaws of the crusher, Brown, all his juice squeezed from him, and he is left an empty, hollow peel, that he should become internally arid, and outwardly pale and wan? Need we say that we differ from the Brown reasoning, *in toto*.

Before we proceed further, let it be

understood that in this article we make no allusion whatever to the swindler—for albeit that pest may sometimes be classed as a schemer, between it and the animal we are about to depict, there is no more similarity than between a carrion-crow and an eagle. The schemer is a ruminating animal, and chiefly to be found in populated districts, particularly in our huge metropolis; it may, in fact, be described as loving pavements, rejoicing in bricks and mortar, and indulging in blacks and smoke—always supposing that some novel method for the consuming of the latter be not its particular "phobia." This animal is to society what the ivy is to the oak—a parasite; but the simile may not be reversed, for there is but little resemblance between the social Browns and the sylvan oaks; for only a single fibre of the parasite schemer is permitted to cling to the oak of the Browns, and that only till a leaf appears, when it is rudely lopped off, and transferred to Brown's commercial conservatory, to grow by itself in all forgetfulness of its parentage.

As our readers scarcely need be told, the schemer may be found of all sizes—tall or short, thin or muscular, but seldom fat. There is, however, one general *vraisemblance* between them, by which, under any form or size, they may be distinguished: the eyes are for the most part blue, receding beneath overhanging brows, and like gas when it is first lit, now flaming, now nearly extinguished; the forehead is rather broad than high and projecting, over which the hair hangs lank and long, betraying but few symptoms of the brush; his gait is awkward, and his step short and quick,—he goes by jerks, never taking long strides, whatever the length of his legs may be,—when on business of importance (and that is always) his short, hurried steps strongly remind one of the industrious endeavours of a poodle to keep pace with its mistress; his mind is the same, it goes by jerks, and is seldom capable of one long-continued effort. To this rule, however, there are two exceptions, viz., the great man and the madman; there is but one hair's breadth between the two. The man of one idea—to the development of which he devotes a lifetime and a fortune—is always harping, harping on the same string until he strikes a tune: then success

makes the great man—want of it, too frequently the lunatic.

We are acquainted with a Jones—we are speaking seriously—who may turn out a great man or a madman; it is the toss up of a halfpenny which; his friends already deem him the latter. Why, forsooth?—because he has more brains than themselves, and as a natural consequence is always poor. “The idiot,” says one, “to leave his own lucrative profession to turn schemer!” And how numerous these idiots!—Cromwell for not keeping to his brewery; Sir Walter Scott for not keeping to the law alone, which would have made him a lord of session; King Murat for leaving his father’s public-house; Elihu Burritt for leaving his anvil; a celebrated learned lord for quitting the barber’s pole; King Hudson for quitting his draper’s shop; Faraday, and a thousand other great men, whose minds were too large to fit in the worn track of some pursuit wherein circumstances had fixed their entrance into life. We will for a time fancy ourselves possessed of a “phobia” for schemers. Well then, now, as there are no memorials or monuments to these so-called idiots and knaves in this metropolis, by way of novelty (don’t be shocked, good people), we would have survey made of all the public squares and places in the empire, and pedestal therein the numerous defunct idiots for the example of future generations; thus sowing the foundation of a blessed period which should rival the civilization and grandeur of the Hindoos, when every born child should be fastened into a go-cart, and each wheel put in the old tracks—the entire people inheriting professions, as kings once imagined they did thrones, by divine right. A thousand years onwards, there would be lines of tallow-chandlers, dairy-maids (though we don’t exactly see how the latter could be either), shoemakers, and others, as illustrious from length of descent as the Howards, Stanleys, and the Percies. Yes, to get to such a point we would pedestal in the public squares a few idiots who had dared to leave the beaten track—Cromwell would stand a chance for a statue then. We would have a great iron “Guy” in the centre, monumentally sarcastic towards the idiot who founded such a scheme as the hospital of that name. We would try and discover the following scamps, not the men who got fame by—but the first schemers of that bubbling, boiling nuisance—steam; that noisy bully, the steam-engine; that

type of the breath of Satan—gas. Nor would we save even the Bacon of philosophy, but pedestal them all, and adorn the pediment with a few hundred names from old Beckman’s book.

Think, good people, of the consequences to yourself of making this useful animal a Pariah—of hunting him, as you too frequently do, into total obscurity. What schemers the Romans were, who wanted wives, and thereupon formed a public company, every shareholder of which went into the Sabine country and helped himself! Amongst the numerous schemes of the same people was the one to conquer England; and what did the scamps of schemers do, but traitorously sow the seeds of civilization! What a scheme, that of the tailor over the paint-brush! The Goths and the Vandals schemed against Rome, and civilized themselves. And who can deny that, from the scheme of the fig-leaf down to that of the paletot (unquestionably an improvement), the world has been honeycombed with schemes? Well, then, says our reader, all the people individually who have inhabited the world have been schemers: *ergo*, our *animal* friend who heads this paper is nothing in particular. Well, if so, why abuse him? But it is not so. Nature seems to have made minds in batches of millions, and all of the same, or nearly the same, calibre. We will suppose that, like a well-regulated baker, the loaves of a day are baked, and the oven closed till the next batch is prepared: well, nature makes a whole batch of minds for one age, and closes her oven till the next age, when she makes another, and so on; but, improving in artisanship at every age, the last batch is always the most finished and perfect. Now, as nature is never behindhand, she must always have a batch made in advance, which batch we will call batch No. 2; and which, when made, has just one age to wait before it can be used. Well, batch No. 1 is turned out into humanity, and nature discovers at once that this chaos of similarity can’t walk alone—it don’t understand the use of its own legs; in fact, that like newborn babes tossed into a basket, however they may cry, and kick, and bite their thumbs, they are so much alike that they must die from inability to assist each other. To remedy this evil, the good dame picks a few from batch No. 2, or those who ought, properly speaking, not to be born for at least an age to come, and drops down about one No. 2 to a million of

No. 1: No. 2 sets No. 1 on their legs, when the ingrates exhibit their gratitude by running away from their benefactors as fast as possible. The few are the schemers. Whole nations act upon a scheme, as, for instance, the Romans' Sabine scheme, and the others we have mentioned. Nation is a noun of multitude—the many in the one; the nation, in fact, is the schemer, for from the brain of man has sprung the germ of all that's grand in the globe. We had thought of placing schemers under two heads, the theoretical and the practical; but all are real mental workers.

Why are schemers pooh-poohed? We answer, Because they are poor: society, like some—we had almost said other—dogs, always barks at poverty. Why are they poor? Again we answer, Because they are not successful. "Not successful!" says Brown, chuckling; "why, you have been telling us all sorts of heathenish gibberish to prove their success!" Stay, friend Brown; success with our friend Jones means *money* for you, poverty for himself. Cunning must ever have priority of talent; for the latter but too frequently blinds itself to all but the attainment of its object, while cunning uses microscopes for spectacles, and handles talent as it would a spade to dig for gold. Everything in this country—great, glorious, and free as it is—is weighed and measured by a false standard. Mr. Hicks is received by you, Mr. Brown, and pampered and fed from your bloated heaps of these measures of gold. Why? Not that you like him. No; but because he is a ten thousand pound man. While Jones, the ten thousand talented man, and Thompson, the ten thousand virtued man, are first squeezed of their good nature and talents, and then pushed outside the door; and if they have a favour to ask of society, they must stand upon society's mat—the mat upon which every golden calf can wipe its hoofs—with their hats in their hands. Yet, calf-like, the schemer himself casts these golden calves. No, Mr. Brown, I did not from the first like the ingratitude with which you called your patron, the schemer, a social nobody—a scamp; no, you know I don't, Mr. Brown; and you know that although, behind my back, you would go so far as to call even me a scamp, because of my capacity as an author—you wince at print, you know you do, Mr. Brown—and at the same time ask me to dinner, and *fête* and lionize me. Why do you do so, Mr. Brown? Could you muffle

the literary knight-errant's steel lance, that it could not pierce the sides of your wealth-bloated *ten thousand pound* man, you would have your parish bells set a-ringing, and keep me on the mat along with my more talented friend who don't write. Let Jones only possess interest with a certain daily paper, and be able to send a reporter to your public meetings who could make a speech for you, and you would put him at your table and me on the mat. Bah! I am disgusted that men should be valued, like the gingerbread at fairs, for the gilt which covers its inferiority. Away with your ten thousand pound man! Go seek some ten-toed, ten-fingered man, with nails strong enough to dig a hole in your lucre-loving heart, and fill the void with as much humanity as would make gold man's slave, and not his master.

"Oh, oh," says Brown, wincing, "this is a little too bad; you mistake me. I admire talent, when I know it is talent; but then there is so much that glitters, and yet is not gold. And besides, have I not shown my admiration for schemers in the public testimonial I have got up for Mr. Matkin, the originator of the great Gold Company, in Australia, and who has raised himself from a mere pot-boy?"

"Granted that Matkin is a schemer, and a successful one—did you, Mr. Brown, assist the pot-boy or the present managing director, whose wealth would purchase exactly fifteen Mr. Browns, and then leave surplus enough to make a fair offer for their families? No! Again I tell you, you admire success alone—not the talents that have earned it."

Unfortunately for Brown's argument, Mr. Matkin does not come immediately under the category of a schemer, or, if he does, it is under that of a singularly fortunate one. He had been sent out to Australia, and found his way to some mine. On the passage, he had discovered a gentleman going to the same destination; the gentleman had lived in the country for some years, and being a scientific chemist, had devoted much time to mineralogy. Chance led him to a vein of gold on some fields of his own property. This he kept a secret, while he returned to England on business of importance. On his return journey to Australia he met Matkin; within a month from that time he felt himself to be dying; and, in order to secure some of the benefits of the discovery to his family, he imparted the secret to Matkin, at the same time in-

structing his wife as to the sum it should produce for herself and children. To Matkin he bequeathed a legacy of one hundred pounds, in all probability foolishly thinking to purchase a man's gratitude with gold—perhaps it is the only means wherewith to purchase that commodity. Matkin returned immediately to England; set up gentleman on his legacy; got introduced to some capitalists, who formed a company, placing him at the head of it. Matkin was trustworthy and hard-working—it was, commercially, his interest to be so; and thus, in a few years, realized a large fortune for himself, and wealth for all concerned, among whom chiefly was our friend Brown.

Mr. Matkin was not the real schemer. It is a chance if the plodding, scientific discoverer could have worked the thing out so well commercially. And besides, Mr. Matkin's plan was something directly tangible; it was for gold—the raw material—not, as in most discoveries, the mere means to the end—gold; but gold itself, thrust upon men having already sufficient of their own. It flashed across their eyes; it warmed their imaginations; it burned within their brains, soddened their hearts, feverishly expanded their thoughts with ideas of unbounded wealth; and lastly, as they thought, and as they dreamt, caused the muscles of their hands to expand, so that a little hand, that could not in reality hold twenty golden pieces, clutched in imagination thousands. Add to this that the gold mania was raging (when did it not?), and you have the cause of Matkin's success; and he, like another golden calf of human form, in not many years reaped a golden testimonial, for the very reason that he didn't want it. Thus the Browns patronize schemers!

A successful schemer (in the monetary sense) is a rarity, and at first is regarded with wonder and jealousy, like a strange animal—a hippopotamus, or a sea-serpent; but no sensible schemer achieves success (those who do, become lunatics). There

is the fanaticism of the poet about them; the deep, busy longing to do something more than other people. Even as the young phoenix, so is the schemer, who, like a very vampire, lives upon the memories of the dead. How anxiously they peruse and dwell upon every line that tells of the lives wasted—the feverish hopes—the wretched anxieties of men who have died ere the completion of their plans, but whose memories have, and will have, an eternal immortality! Thus the schemer, while plodding for his daily bread, casts his hope on the waters of futurity!

All this may be said of the great genius—the noble inventor, and most of it applies to the smaller one—even to many failures, notwithstanding the miserable maxim that teaches success to be the test of merit. Truth is said to lie at the bottom of a well: what a tremendous depth the well of alchemy must have been, to have held the mass of scientific truths that have been excavated from it! Who, amidst the strait-laced moralists of society would dare to advocate the profession of those schemers who made games of chance their means of living? and yet, true it is, their speculations have resulted in one of the mightiest schemes of the present time, which must confer incalculable benefits on future generations,—so mighty that to let loose the imagination in the region of probabilities, nay, certainties, is to become lost in a conjectural ocean of benefits, that will render the world, in generations not far removed, an Utopia by far exceeding the poet's wildest dreams—need we mention the principle of Assurance?

To the realization of such notable results tends the scheme and schemer. Laugh not, reader, even at the enunciation of the most wild, most ludicrous suggestion—for you may be laughed at yourself in the capacity of a future somebody's ancestor; for remember, the folly of one age becomes the wisdom of the next.

W. D.

ROLAND THE PAINTER.

CHAPTER XX.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

AWAKING early one morning, Roland was the victim of a singular presentiment. A strange feeling of despondency, for which he could not account, possessed him. He got up, and wandered into the fields; but there was a feeling, a tone even in the very landscape, doubtless originating in his own mind, which increased his sadness. What was it, he questioned himself, could thus make a familiar scene look so melancholy? The very wind which rippled the surface of the little river seemed, to his excited imagination, a whisper from the great sea Eternity. The old house, too, looked mournful and desolate in the grey dawn. The fields looked barren; the birds were silent on the boughs; there was an almost unearthly stillness. Could it be, thought Roland, that nature had a secret sympathy with some deed of grief or crime now working towards its accomplishment, that such a solemn hush pervaded the very atmosphere? All the night he had been troubled with strange dreams. He was restless, and could only sleep for a few moments at a time; and even when he did so, he awoke again speedily in a shiver of affright, to fancy himself lying on the verge of a precipice, and unable to move hand or foot. He endeavoured in vain to shake off the depression which had seized him, but it continued during the whole of the day. His father and uncle were much surprised by his absent manners, but forbore to question him. Later in the day, Roland, endeavouring to account for his strange feelings, remembered that he had been thinking much of Louise on the previous day; also of M. Rachelle. Judging from what he had seen of the man, he augured little happiness as the result of this marriage; and this sad prognostication, which continually filled his mind, only added to the grief which he felt in losing Louise.

He passed the greater part of the day alone, meditating and brooding over the past. At last, when the day had nearly passed, a thought crossed his mind which drove the blood with a sudden chill to his heart. What if this sadness of his should be a presentiment of evil—of evil that might be prevented—of evil that related to Louise, still so dear to him, though

separated from him? This suspicion aroused, could not be allayed. Deeper and deeper grew the feeling, till at length he came into the house with a determined resolve. He would leave England at once. He would go to M. Rachelle's residence, and ascertain beyond all doubt that she was well and happy, and that no harm had befallen her; and then, with the memory of that dear face fresh in his heart, turn his steps from Europe nevermore to return.

Sadly, yet firmly, he made known his determination to his father and uncle. All the objections they could urge—all the entreaties they could use—availed nothing. "A secret impulse urged him," he said, "whether he would or not, to this step;" and then for the first time did Roland reveal the whole story of his passionate love and severe disappointment.

Their tenderness and sympathy were excessive. But it was in vain they urged that Roland's determination would only increase his sorrow, if he should find that Louise's marriage with M. Rachelle had not proved a happy one. At last, amidst the tears of Maude and Alice, the regrets of his uncle and father, and the strong objections of Mr. Gaffyr, Roland tore himself away, and was soon on his way to Rotterdam.

Two days after, Roland approached the estate of M. Rachelle. He lingered in the park which surrounded the chateau with an interest beyond what the aspect of the place could claim, though it was not without picturesque charms. There were huge old trees rearing their majestic arms above the thick brushwood and undergrowth, and beneath them ran wild footpaths into deep sylvan recesses, which during the whole summer never admitted more than a shady twilight atmosphere.

Roland, weary in spirit and fatigued, sat down beneath one of the spreading trees, and gave himself up for a moment to the influence of the scene. There are moments when the spirit seems to lose its grosser and earthly characteristics, and nature reveals herself in such a manner as to awaken our highest powers of thought and feeling. Rarely can we give expression to these fleeting sensations. They come to us like glimpses of a far-off happier land, and their faint, evanescent character is almost like the fairy-like

echoes of a dream. Happy must be the temperament of the man who can occasionally shake off the bondage of sense for the wild freedom of feeling! Glory and deep delight falls upon his heart like dew upon the trees and flowers, which, reviving all their latent powers, brings forth afresh their grateful odours. Oft in the earlier moments of the twilight such feelings may come to us, and it was at such a time that Roland sat beneath the trees near M. Rachelle's chateau.

The sinking sun threw with its parting rays a new beauty upon the mouldering stone of the old chateau and the hoary branches of the trees, where through the green vistas the golden beams stream lovingly upon tangled underwood and modest wild flowers. The distant landscape, fading so gently in the purpling atmosphere, threw out in bold relief a ruined tower. At such a moment it was indeed a relief to Roland's mind that he had the power of shaking off the fetters of daily life. Feeling briefly, it was true—but how delicious the feeling while it lasted!—what our life could be (let us hope, may be) when we have the power to see by the unshadowed light of the spiritual eye only, with the weaknesses of our fleshly nature cast aside. How wonderful the charm to feel that we have stepped, if but for a brief moment, within the sphere in which angelic natures may be supposed to dwell! It is only thus that we can fully realize to our minds this dream of perfect love and happiness—this entire forgetfulness of all past sorrow, which we hope for in the future. The soul, at such moments without its grosser fetters, seems to expand and drink in the divine inspiration of nature—to feel capable of comprehending the vast theories of the universe.

It was from such an ecstatic dream that Roland awoke, and suddenly remembered in what neighbourhood he was. The feelings of the last few moments departed; but as he gazed upon the scene before him—the only spot near Rotterdam which was likely to have any charm for an artistic eye—he remembered that it must often have gladdened the eyes of his darling Louise, and he could readily forgive her for choosing such a home. Little did he imagine how near she was to him at that moment, not only in thought, but in person; still less did he imagine that the vague presentiment with which he had been filled lately was rapidly working toward its fulfilment.

Upon a rustic seat not many yards from the spot where Roland had rested himself, Louise was seated in a listless attitude, with her eyes cast upon the ground. She was not less beautiful than ever, but her face was paler, and the traces of deep grief had evidently fastened upon her features. While she sat thus, she was joined by a man of sombre aspect, who came and took a seat by her side in such a stealthy manner, that Louise appeared to be quite unconscious of the fact that she was watched. The person who had seated himself beside her was a man about fifty years of age, with regular features, but which were very long, thin, and pale. Their expression was somewhat ascetic, but modified by a certain calmness and sweetness, which relieved those darker shades. He had large, thoughtful blue eyes; and altogether one would say he was a man of superior intellect and acuteness. His looks were fixed in a keen and penetrating manner upon Madame Rachelle, as though he were endeavouring to read her character thoroughly.

He was a Catholic priest, and appeared to be on intimate terms at the chateau. Madame Rachelle, still sitting as before, gave vent to a deep sigh, when the priest spoke to her.

"You are sad, my daughter," he began.

She looked up, as though surprised to see the priest, and was gradually drawn into conversation with him.

"Will you not confide in me?" he asked.

"You have shown me much kindness and sympathy," Louise answered; "but it is not the custom of the faith in which I have been reared to unburden the secrets of the heart to the priest."

"They do well who seek the consolation of the Church in their difficulties and trials," the priest replied. "When oppressed in spirit, what can afford greater relief than to pour out the sorrows of the soul, and receive the kindly absolution of the Church?"

"Not in the form in which you would offer it to me," said Louise. "The religious consolation afforded by *my* Church (Louise was a Protestant) is not intended to offer through man that mediation which I fear can only injure the soul in after-communing with its Maker."

"I do not wonder you feel this," said the priest, drawing back a little to encourage her; "but, excuse me if I ask in what you have found resource in your moments of trial."

Louise answered simply and emphatically but one word. It was—

"Prayer."

Little more was said then, and the priest left her.

Madame Rachelle had been tempted by the fineness of the evening to go into the open air—the first time she had done so for several days. She was really weak and ill, and the physician had cautioned her against any exposure; and now, being left alone, she hardly felt capable of reaching the house again. In the faint hope that some one might pass along one of the footpaths near at hand, she sat down again and waited. As she did so, the shadow of a man appeared through a vista at a short distance. He was walking slowly, with his eyes fixed earnestly on the chateau. The sight of him was like an electric shock to Louise. In her weak state of body and agitated mind it seemed to her that a phantom had crossed her path. She made a futile endeavour to cry out, but her voice failed her. She fell fainting on the seat with Roland's name upon her lips, but Roland himself had passed without seeing her.

A few moments afterwards some servants coming from the house found her unconscious, and carried her indoors. She was placed in bed, and the physician immediately sent for. For hours Madame Rachelle remained in a state of stupor; but later in the night she awoke refreshed, and requested writing materials.

"Madame must not be agitated," said the physician, gravely, "or I cannot answer for the consequences."

"It may be the last letter I shall ever write," said Louise; "therefore I must beg you will attend to my request."

The materials were brought, and Louise wrote. It was to her father, and ran thus—

"My grief is nearly ended now. I have found peace, but it is the peace which leads me to the tomb. I make one request—perhaps the last I shall ever make, and the time has passed when it could be thought an injustice to my husband to make it. It is this: if ever you should be able to communicate with the young artist, who for a short time lived with you, give him my blessing, and tell him how often the memory of the short but happy time we spent together at Rotterdam flashes like sunlight across the gloomy thoughts that fill my mind daily now. Do not grieve for me, dear father. You would not have me live over again

the sorrows of the past few months. My dearest hopes have been destroyed. I now only look forward to peace and happiness in a purer state of existence."

Louise did not finish her letter. She became rapidly worse, and a few hours after M. Rachelle was called to her bedside by the maid, who believed her mistress was dying.

When her husband came, Louise moved her lips and opened her eyes faintly, as though she would have spoken to him; but whatever she might have wished to say, the effort was now in vain. Even while she looked at him, her gradually drooping eyelids almost closed, a tremulous motion of the lips could be detected, but no sound save a faint sigh escaped her. Her face became pallid, and looked cold and rigid as marble.

Really alarmed, M. Rachelle sent for the physician. He came instantly, and looked at Louise, took her hand, but could feel no pulsation, nor upon placing a mirror upon her lips could he discover any symptom of respiration.

"Madame is no more," said he, in a whisper to M. Rachelle.

He was himself impressed with the suddenness of the event, and spoke with some apprehension of its effect on M. Rachelle. The physician now called was a stranger. He did not know the character of M. Rachelle, and was not so surprised at his apparent coldness at first, having often been witness to scenes where great self-command had been also allied to the deepest devotion. But now that the occasion for such command seemed gone; now that hope itself was hopeless, and nought remained but the blank nothingness of death, he anticipated that the—as he imagined it—forced calmness of M. Rachelle would give way.

No such result, however, took place. It was true he seemed staggered by the intelligence; but whatever self-reproach may have agitated him—how in that brief moment he may have hastily summed up his conduct to his beautiful young wife during their short married life—cannot be told. Whatever it may have been, his agitation passed rapidly away, and he said, in an almost careless tone, to the physician:

"Have you ascertained beyond all doubt that Madame is really dead?"

"Monsieur may rely upon my experience," answered the physician. "My utmost skill could avail nothing now."

M. Rachelle half turned to leave the apartment, when his eyes fell upon the unfinished letter which Louise had written an hour or two ago. It had fallen from the bed upon the floor. He picked it up, glanced over it hastily, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SEPULCHRE.

NEED we dilate upon the misery of Roland when he first learned the fatal intelligence? Life seemed to fade from him—the present was but shadow, the future was entirely dark to him. For two or three days following the death of Louise he was powerless. His soul shrank in horror from the thought of the sudden and awful separation from all he held dear.

He tried to see her once more, if only for an instant, and called at the chateau for that purpose; but his request was steadily refused by M. Rachelle. He then endeavoured, by bribing the servants, to gain access to the chamber of death, but this also was of no avail. He would have given an empire to have glanced once more at those marble features.

M. Rachelle, however, having read the few words which Louise intended for the young artist, and remembering also the difficulty he had to contend with in winning Louise from Roland, took a malicious pleasure in thwarting him now. He could not tolerate it, that this poor foreign youth should come with a devotion he was incapable of feeling.

Madame Rachelle, worldly-minded as she was, yet grieved sincerely for the loss of her daughter-in-law. With all her failings, she was still not without some womanly feeling, and she could not disguise from herself that her son's unmanly conduct to Louise, if it had not actually caused, had certainly hastened her decease.

Indeed, so decided an opinion was formed against M. Rachelle, and such dark rumours began already to be in circulation, that his mother hastened the funeral of poor Louise as much as possible, and had succeeded in persuading her son to sell the chateau, pay off his most pressing creditors, and seek an asylum at Brussels, where a large circle of her former friends would be delighted to welcome them again.

Roland ascertained when and in what

manner the funeral of Madame Rachelle would take place. She was to be buried very shortly after her decease, with considerable state, in the family vault which belonged to the estate M. Rachelle had purchased.

The day for the funeral ceremonies had arrived, and Roland, though he had been unable to obtain a last look of his beloved Louise, had taken his place with the crowd to see the ceremony in the church.

Few readers will deny how much the rites of the Roman Catholic Church are calculated to influence the imagination. As Roland listened to the rich harmonies of the service, he forgot his sorrows for a moment in a happy dream. Indefinite longings seized him—fiery passions and new hopes—as he stood before the altar. The rolling flood of tone from the grand organ and the ringing echoes of the choir, ebbing and flowing through the lofty aisles like the waves of a sea, seemed while he listened to wrap his fancy in Elysium, and to bring to his enchanted ear the sound of the one beloved voice, thrilling his very soul with divine emotions. In this ecstatic state of mind he almost fancied that Louise (an angel now) had descended to consecrate his devotion; that the music to which he had been listening echoed from afar-off sphere, where only sounds of happiness and joy could evermore be heard.

But fainter and fainter grew the voices of the choir, and gradually ceased altogether. The service was over; the coffin was deposited in the vault; the crowd was disappearing, and the shadows of an autumn afternoon began to deepen the gloom of the vaulted aisles.

Roland was passing along with the crowd, but not intending to leave the church. He had come there with a resolve which now upon the point of its achievement thrilled him with an electrical emotion. He had determined to see his beloved one once more on earth, and he was awaiting the opportunity of gratifying this intense desire.

Allowing the crowd to pass him, he stopped before a dark opening which seemed conveniently adapted for the purpose of concealment. Here, then, he would remain secreted till the building was closed.

One by one, the last stragglers had disappeared from the building, and at last he heard with inexpressible relief the great doors of the church shut with a crash that

roused the echoes of the vaulted aisles like thunder. Hardly knowing but that some one having custody of the building might yet remain, Roland lingered some time longer before he began to explore.

Cautiously lighting a taper he had brought with him, he started at length in search of the vaults below. The light of the taper was so faint that he could hardly see a yard before him, but he had chosen it in order that its glow-worm-like reflection might not be observable by any chance loiterer outside the building.

As he passed slowly along the lofty aisles, the flickering light of the lamp threw strange, irregular glimpses of light into the dense gloom of each open space. The arches and columns of the church seemed to tremble as he passed, as though they had been the effect of a mirage rather than a building of substantial stone. Roland was not deficient in courage, but many a man who has cheerfully faced the appalling dangers of the forlorn-hope has yet trembled with involuntary fear of imaginary evils conjured up in the darkness.

He felt there was nothing criminal in the deed he had undertaken, but often when the long shadows of his own figure passed in fantastic procession along the cold white walls of the building, it was not difficult to conjure up in fancy the image of some gigantic demon, creeping to watch and counteract his design. Nor when the light flickered across the statues and images of knights and martyrs of old, was it difficult to conceive that they were suddenly animated with vitality and were in the act of stepping down from their several pedestals to defy the rash intruder upon their dusky loneliness.

But Roland could not be turned from his purpose by any imaginative fears. He only dreaded that he should not find the entrance to the vaults, or, in the event of doing so, have the mortification of discovering that they were fastened in such a manner as to defy his power.

Eventually, after wandering for a length of time about the antique building, and being obliged to proceed very slowly, as the faint light of his taper only admitted of his seeing such a limited space in advance, he suddenly stopped joyfully in front of a dark open space, from which a flight of stone steps led into a vault below. It was quite by chance he had not fallen headlong into this abyss, for such it seemed in the darkness and gloom. He had stopped at this identical moment because

he fancied a change had taken place in the atmosphere, and standing still a moment he easily detected the damp, earthy smell and icy air that came up from the vaults below.

Without a moment's pause, he descended these steps, confidently believing the vaults must be near.

The early evening had been calm and soft, but now, as he reached the lower vault, an angry wind began to howl, and the moon, which had risen shortly before, was obscured occasionally, adding still more to the weird, unearthly effect of the time and place.

One can easily imagine what an influence must have been exerted over the mind of the imaginative young artist. Even those who are least apt to indulge in fantastic flights could hardly have resisted the mysterious influence of such a scene. A thousand strange and monstrous images rose before Rowland's eyes. As he listened to the wind coursing through the long aisles and dim passages, it seemed as though the organ, suddenly touched by a mysterious hand, poured forth a wild, indistinct strain of mystic harmony. Then the echoes of the vehicles rolling along the distant streets reverberated through the building like continued thunder, while the dim reflections of the clouds that hurried past the moon took grotesque and monstrous shapes, and seemed to float through the narrow grated windows like gigantic, but impalpable, phantoms.

A shudder passed through Roland's mind as he recalled the tales of witchcraft and goblin lore he had heard in his childhood round the fireside—forgotten till now; but he endeavoured to banish from his mind all feelings but the one object of his search.

He had come to the bottom of the steps, expecting to find a strong door at the entrance to the vaults. There was a door, but it seemed the workmen, departing in haste from the building, had left it unfastened, and it stood partly open. Evidently there was still some work to be done in the vault, for tools of various descriptions had been left near the door; also a lamp, which had been lately replenished with oil, and which by the appearance of the wick had not yet been lighted.

"This, then, must be the place," thought Roland, with great satisfaction, half repeating the words aloud.

But as he did so he started back with

sudden horror, and the taper dropping from his hand, left him in complete darkness.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE KING OF TERRORS AND HIS VICTIM.

THE cause of Roland's alarm may be briefly explained. Excited by his success, he uttered the few words we have quoted aloud. It was no wonder, then, that he started back with astonishment when he heard the words "the place" repeated in a tone precisely similar to his own. A moment sufficed to give him back his natural courage; and in order to satisfy himself, he did what few would have been tempted to do under similar circumstances—he called again aloud. His words were repeated—once—twice—a third time faintly, and then were lost.

"What folly," thought Roland, "to have been so easily alarmed! 'Twas but an echo in the vault, after all."

So highly wrought was the young artist's mind now, that he would have faced no-matter-what unearthly shapes in order to gain his object; and taking up the lamp left by the workmen, he lighted it calmly, and proceeded to examine the vault.

The first coffin he encountered he saw plainly was that in which his beloved one slept. He had not come unprovided with implements, but the tools left in the vault formed a valuable adjunct; and he immediately set to work to open the coffin-lid.

The first crashing sound of the splintering wood echoed so loudly through the vault that Roland was fain to stay for a moment, in order to allow his ear to become accustomed to the almost supernatural effect. The noise, the echo, the moaning of the wind, seemed as though some presiding spirits of the place were mocking Roland and defying his efforts. But again he plied the tools vigorously, and the lid of the coffin was at length opened.

A moment, and the lamp was uplifted; and there, in the silence of night, the enraptured lover once more gazed upon the rigid features which had been so dear to him.

Overcome by love, anxiety, and despair, he threw himself upon his knees beside the coffin; and his hot scalding tears fell upon the pallid face of Madame Rachelle.

Rising after a time, somewhat more composed, he drew a penknife from his

pocket, and severed one of the beautiful locks of hair from her head. A magnificent ring remained upon one of her fingers: he might have taken that, but the mere golden value of the souvenir was as nothing to him compared with the relic which he now held. Besides, the ring, for aught he knew, may have been a present from M. Rachelle; and, therefore, less highly to be prized in consequence.

Roland, then, had seen his darling Louise once more. He had also taken a memento which he would never put away from him till the latest day of his life; and now nought remained but to close the broken lid in such a manner that no suspicion might be awakened of his intrusion; and then—to leave the silent form for ever.

With a melancholy effort he placed the broken pieces of the lid upon the coffin, and was about to fasten them down again. Some little delay, however, occurred in this; for the splintered pieces would not fit as they had done before. To aid him, he placed the lamp upon that portion of the lid which still remained firm; and then began slowly to arrange the remaining pieces.

And now occurred a circumstance so entirely removed from every-day experience—so extraordinary, that but for the well-authenticated narratives of a few similar occurrences, it might well be denied all credence, or passed over as an extraordinary dream.

Roland, as we have said, in order to see better how to fasten the lid, had so placed the lamp that the light fell full upon the face of Madame Rachelle. Incredible as it may seem, the eyes of the buried lady slowly opened; and with a rigid, stony gaze, hardly more speculative or suggestive of life or vitality than if they had been made of glass, became fixed upon Roland.

How he kept his senses, or was saved from delirium, in that terrible moment—how he contrived to command his faculties so as to be capable of thought or deliberate action—how he succeeded in bearing from the charnel-house the form of his beloved Louise, and depositing it safely on his own bed in the apartment he had hired in the outskirts of Rotterdam—may seem almost a miracle. Such miracles lie only within the scope of such passionate devotion as his. Well has it been said of old, and with a deeper insight into truth than the author of the words probably knew of, and with a wider application than

any heathen doctrine could have foreseen, that "to the pure heart and courageous hand the blessed immortals are swift."

Circumstances—which so rarely favour the deeds of ordinary life, except in some rare instances, which then seem invested with a sacredness that takes away from our minds the mere impression of *chance*—in this case favoured Roland. The fact that the lamp had been left by the workmen was an advantage, but a greater advantage than this remained. Flying with his precious burden through the aisles of the church, Roland suddenly thought that the best chance of escaping unperceived might perhaps be from the belfry. Why, he did not know; but the impulse was sufficient to urge him in that direction. When he arrived there, he saw in a moment the chance that would favour him. A new rope had lately been put to one of the bells. The old rope, probably nearly worn out, had been thrown into a corner of the belfry. Stooping as well as he could, Roland examined it, and found enough of the rope still remained sound to answer his purpose.

There was a window in the belfry at no great height from the ground, but how to reach it he could not guess. A rude flight of stairs, however, ran near it, and by dint of climbing, he at length succeeded in getting the window open. This point achieved, he must first get out the inanimate form of Louise. There was no time for ceremony. A pathway ran through the churchyard. It was not late, and some stragglers might be passing near the spot, and raise an alarm. The moon was still occasionally obscured, and in one of these moments Roland tied the rope round the form of Madame Rachelle, and with the other end in his hand climbed the stairs once more, lifted the body up to the opening of the window, and gently lowered it on a tomb beneath the window outside. Then leaping down himself, he took off his cloak to cover the fair form he carried, and started at a tremendous pace for his lodgings.

The huge bell in the tower above him startled Roland by striking ten, as he glided like a shadow from the massive buttresses which jutted out from the main walls of the building. He knew that the moon would shine forth brilliantly in a few minutes, and that not a moment must be lost.

Reaching his own door, it was opened by an old woman, who carried a light in

her hand. Knowing how slowly this old domestic would open the door, Roland took advantage of the moment of her doing so to blow out the light.

"Ha!" said the dame, "the wind is fierce to-night. Stay a moment, Mynheer, I will get another."

"No matter," said Roland, "I can easily find my way," and he hurried upstairs without waiting a second, and came down himself a moment after for the light.

The light procured, Roland watched Louise for some time in silence. Insensibility still continued, but he fancied he could almost detect a faint breathing; but what gave him most uneasiness, was the fact that no warmth whatever animated the rigid limbs. He was fearfully agitated, hardly knowing still if it could be really *life* that had occasioned these extraordinary symptoms. What rendered his position still more embarrassing was the fact, that he must rely entirely on his own slender knowledge of physic and the anatomy of the human frame for aid. The clammy drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead as he watched the couch and administered some simple restoratives, which were fortunately at hand.

No sign of real animation had as yet taken place. There was only so much life discernible as that which in some kinds of matter has puzzled the scientific student. Remaining alone at such a moment, when the advice of an experienced physician might perhaps snatch his precious idol from the icy clasp of death itself, was terrible. But whom could he make his confidant? He must trust to himself alone. Yet, no; another trust could be reposed. His heart grew lighter with the thought. A moment he sank upon his knees, and implored the help of the All-seeing but Unseen.

When he arose, and looked again at his precious charge, he could plainly perceive that a change had taken place; but such a faint and indefinite one, that but for his microscopic glance directed so constantly toward the beloved object, it would not have been perceived. This change, however, slight as it might appear, was important, and referred to the expression of Madame Rachelle's eyes. From the moment that Roland could detect any breathing, he had not failed to watch the eyes constantly, in the hope that some sympathetic movement might be recognised in them. But the fearful

glassy stare—which could only be compared to that experienced in somnambulism, or in some peculiarities of incipient disease of the brain—still continued. As they appeared when they first opened, so they still remained, but the lids trembled slightly, as though with a tendency to close. Roland had detected this tremulous motion, slight as it was, with intense delight. It was to him the first satisfactory token—the first tangible evidence—that life was slowly returning to the overtaxed frame.

In the midst of this great joy he still remembered that life, if won at all, must be wooed with extreme gentleness. If death had not actually seized Madame Rachelle in his unrelaxing grasp, she had been so near the confines of his grim domain, that the least inadvertence would render up to the King of Terrors what seemed his lawful prey.

At this moment—when Roland, from nervous agitation, was unable to quit the couch, or leave his grasp of Madame Rachelle's icy hand—a thought entered his mind, which almost seemed a revelation.

Much as he had heard of the powers of mesmerism—frequently, also, as its effects had been attested by men whose opinions would appear unquestionable—Roland had always been tempted to ridicule it. Perhaps he had done so in a great measure on account of the extravagant merits assigned to it by some. He had himself tried frequently, but without effect, to mesmerize friends who had discussed it with him. This, he argued now, might have been from his want of earnestness, which would necessarily prevent him from giving to the mesmeric effort the force of will requisite for its accomplishment. But now it would be strange indeed if an effort of the will should be wanting.

Accordingly, he stood up, and throwing as it were the utmost force of his soul into the movement of his hands, he made a few passes. The effect was magical! A sudden motion—a slight spasm—and then the eyelids gradually, softly, and without effort, closed.

But now came the alarming thought, what could Madame Rachelle's malady have been? From all appearances, it seemed that the unfortunate lady must have been buried in a trance; and if so, what relation might mesmerism have with such a state of being? Was it not even probable that the effort of a strong will

over a weak and exhausted frame, if it had any influence at all, would be likely to increase the very disease, if disease it could be called, for which there appeared to be no remedy.

Hour after hour passed away, and still Roland watched, and still no change took place. Louise's breathing was still so faint, that Roland, in his extreme anxiety, fancied it had ceased altogether. The idea then occurred to him of placing a mirror to her lips; but a glance round the bare and poorly-furnished apartment reminded him that there was no such thing in it. Then he remembered the glass which covered a miniature of Louise, which he always carried about with him. That would answer the purpose. But what a rush of conflicting emotions passed through his mind as he drew it from his breast, and thought for a moment of the feelings that had inspired him when the portrait was taken. He held it down to her mouth for some time, but the exceeding faintness of her breath, together with the soft, warm atmosphere, prevented it becoming tarnished. After waiting for a time, he again tried the effect. There was now a slight moisture; it was her breath that dimmed the portrait of herself. Strange contrast! Death still then was kept at bay. Should he try the effect of his mesmeric powers once again? He had not courage to do so, but he felt Louise's hand, and fancied it had lost in some degree the icy coldness which it had when he first brought her into the room.

What an effort it was to be calm at such a moment, but he dared not be otherwise. The least attempt to hasten the gradual operations of nature might be fatal. Of this he felt assured. But the moments passed like ages. Madame Rachelle might have been entombed in an Egyptian pyramid centuries ago, so remote seemed the time since he had believed her dead, so violent had been his transitions of feeling and emotion since then.

The extreme stillness of the place and of the night favoured Roland's speedy detection of any change. He still continued to watch earnestly as the grey dawn broke slowly, and some faint signs of returning animation could be heard in the sluggish city.

At length, so gradually that the difference could only be detected in the course of some hours, a faint warmth could be discerned in the limbs, and Roland even fancied that a shadowy tinge

of colour could be seen in her cheeks. Now, if life were really coming back again, how to prevent the terrible reaction which might take place was the chief difficulty. If Madame Rachelle should so far recover her consciousness as to be capable of recognising him by the coming daylight, how could he answer for the state of mind which such a recognition might induce?

Here Roland had raised an imaginary difficulty. Had he been calm enough to consider well, he would have felt that after such a state of mind and body as that to which Madame Rachelle had been reduced, she would not be very likely for some time either to recognise him or to be able to analyse her own feelings, much less to be impressed by any vivid emotions. The utmost that appeared likely was, that for some time at least she would be able to understand at all in what condition she had been, or to remember any circumstances of her past life. It could hardly be expected but a very dim and hazy conception of all surrounding things would be presented to her mind; and thus nature, providing in Madame Rachelle's weakness and loss of both bodily and mental power, would act in the best possible way as a restorer. Some feeling of this kind also influenced Roland after a time, and convinced him that he could only wait with patience and fortitude till nature kindly brought about the desired result.

What rapid alternations of fear, hope, grief, horror, and anxious expectation passed over his mind as he sat thus! And not only of the present was he agitated as he saw the mental powers of Louise gradually unfolding themselves.

Should she recover, he asked himself, what could he do? Could he influence her to fly with him to his native land? Even then, could he keep from the prying eyes of curiosity a being whom he thus almost miraculously brought from death to life—a being with whom his destiny seemed to be so strangely intermingled; and in the seclusion of a quiet English home hope to make her his wife, when both moral law and religious principle forbade such an union, even supposing he could gain her own consent?

But now the day had fully dawned, and Roland, looking again at Madame Rachelle, was surprised to see her open her eyes—not with that glassy, unfathomable stare which had filled him with such infinite horror on the previous night; for

now her eyes had some speculation in them. She was evidently getting stronger. The blood circulated, and now there was plainly to be seen a faint tinge of colour in her cheeks. But not yet had Roland's fearful doubt passed away; when he saw how rapidly Louise was now recovering life and consciousness, he feared it might not last. "A few moments," he said to himself, "and then perhaps my love will really be gone for ever." It was as though standing on the brink of an unfathomable gulf, down which a sudden light had shone which revealed its full horror. Overcome by the violence of his passionate regret, he had hardly control of himself, and wildly, tearfully upbraided her with having spurned his love. Then, in another moment, melted into tenderness and deep pity, he stooped down and imprinted a kiss upon her pallid cheeks.

Whatever magic there could have been in the touch, or in what way it could have coincided with the half-dreaming state of his mind, can never be told, but Roland, as he rose again, with trembling anxiety heard the echo of his own name.

The terror which he had all along felt lest his movements should have been watched and the deed discovered, now came to him with redoubled power. He did not at first recognise the word as being uttered by Louise, but fancied it was some one calling from without the room, and hesitatingly and cautiously he opened the door and peered anxiously down the deep and gloomy stairs, expecting either to see some one flitting away whose curiosity had been detected, or else, perhaps, an officer of justice in waiting to demand some account of his late act.

But neither sight nor sound met his look or listening ear, and he turned back into the chamber, believing he had been the dupe of his fancy. But as he turned again into the room the same sound was repeated, and then only, for the first time, came the idea whence the sound proceeded.

Not the least doubt now remained in his mind that it was Madame Rachelle who had spoken, and again he stooped over her and watched, waited, and listened for a repetition of the voice, but without effect. He could hardly even now believe that she would recover; but if he could only once more hear his name murmured by those dear lips, what happiness!—Even life itself would seem cheap to obtain such a boon.

But for many weary, irksome hours,

which, measured by the suspense that filled his mind, seemed lengthened into years of horror and despair, did he wait in vain, till his nerves, overtaxed, overcame the calm light of reason, and he grew furiously impatient, nay, almost insane, with the torturing delay, the impotent weariness of his apparently hopeless task; till at length, in his despair, he cursed the folly which had led him to seek the vault and unveil the mysteries of death.

The day passed. Roland had not touched a morsel of food, nor indeed had he left the bedside. It had been a glorious day, but the golden haze of the evening proclaimed the near approach of the autumn. The rich glow of the sunlight upon the water and through the leaves of the trees, already tinged with the mellow hues of the season, subdued and calmed the solitary young artist for awhile, as it had often done before, when he watched the parting day merely for its glowing influence upon his artistic mind. With his outward senses dimmed, and his imagination unduly excited by the influence of the time, he heard once more the sound which had so thrilled him in the early morning.

During the weary hours of the day the physical powers of Louise had been much strengthened. Roland, with the slight but now valuable knowledge he possessed of medicine, had frequently administered in the smallest proportions such stimulants as he knew were likely to assist nature; and the result answered beyond his most sanguine expectations.

Madame Rachelle not only uttered his name, but added a few consecutive words. Roland flew to the bedside with intense eagerness. Taking her thin hand in his, he carried it to his lips, and entreated her to speak again.

"Have you come, then, in my last moments to bid me an eternal farewell—to see me die?" said Louise, faintly.

"Not for death, Louise," answered Roland softly, but with a passionate earnestness in his tone. "I am come to restore you to life—to love."

"That can never be," said Louise. "The past year has been an age of sorrow beyond what I could have conceived. What has my life been? M. Rachelle has seen me pine away daily, but he has watched me with indifference, or occasionally reproached me for my want of spirit and gaiety. Should I be restored to him again, I can hope for no happiness.

Rather I believe he will rejoice that I should die."

"What does this mean?" asked Roland, with painful curiosity. "Have you no recollection of the events which have taken place during the last few days?"

"A little," Madame Rachelle answered, still apparently in ignorance of her supposed death. "I remember the physician came and prescribed for me; I remember also that the weakness which had prostrated me for some weeks increased; and then came a state of mental and bodily feeling such as I have occasionally experienced in dreams. No pain—no disturbance of any feeling annoyed me. I was in a complete stupor."

"And you remember nothing more?"

"Nothing. But why question me thus, Roland? Let us forget the past entirely during the few moments I have to live."

"Dear Louise, I hope and believe the danger of death has already passed away."

She looked up with a vague and dreamy gaze, and suddenly the aspect of the room, the absence of the nurse who usually attended her, the altered shape of the room and its poor, rude furniture, impressed her strongly; and she for the first time became aware of some strange occurrence. From these things her thoughts—now becoming gradually capable of receiving outward impressions—reverted to herself; and she saw with astonishment the strange habiliments in which she was dressed.

Roland allowed her calmly to master these things of herself, deeming it more prudent that she should come to an understanding of what had passed gradually, and without any violent effort of the intellect.

After she had gazed earnestly for a moment, she looked at Roland with a meaning glance; then for a few minutes she became abstracted, as though with the effort to recal the past. Eventually the whole painful truth dawned upon her, and she sank back upon the bed with a melancholy sigh.

"Need I relate all that has happened?" said Roland, tenderly.

"No," answered Madame Rachelle; "I can understand all now. The sooner death comes in reality the better. Any death rather than the death in life of the past year."

"Why speak of death, Louise?"

"What else can I hope for? I spurned your love when it was generously offered me. My fatal pride made me a willing sacrifice to fashion, custom, prejudice, and

conventionality. I have received a just but most bitter punishment."

"Hear me, Louise. The deed I have done has been done secretly. To your husband, to the world, you are indeed as one dead. To his heart and feeling you were, by your own confession, dead within a few weeks after your marriage. You have, as far as I can assume, been buried in a trance. I do not accuse your husband, or his medical man, of any doubtful conduct; but your supposed death, if not actually hastened by unfair means, has without doubt caused little grief to your husband. And with regard to your inheritance—the wealth which your supposed death places at the disposal of so extravagant a man will easily reconcile him to his loss, if indeed he feels any sorrow thereat. In his eyes, I repeat, you are dead; and dead also to your former society——"

"Refrain, Roland, I beseech you," said Louise. "I see what is passing in your mind—of what you dream. It is generous and brave of you, but must not, cannot be. It would be a crime."

"Since you have divined my thoughts, dear Louise, let me speak plainly. It is no crime of which I dream, believe me. Oh, no! In the eyes of God there would indeed be no crime. M. Rachelle has never had any real love for you. I do not rob him of one whose life he desires.

He is welcome to the rich possessions which your supposed death puts in his hands—let them so remain. Poor and lowly as my position may be, I can readily obtain for you all necessary comforts; and I still feel that, if inspired by your presence, I am capable of achieving a work of art that will make me both famous and independent. You have guessed truly, Louise, the sole thought that fills my mind with reference to you."

Louise could only answer with tears.

Fearful of agitating her in her weak state, Roland said no more for the present. Some days passed away, and Louise got rapidly better. It was a lonely house in which Roland had engaged apartments, and being away from the more populous and bustling parts of the town, he had no great difficulty in keeping his abode free from all intrusion. Whatever necessities he purchased he did so at night; but still he feared to linger in the spot, and repeatedly urged Louise to fly with him.

"Wife I cannot be," said Louise, yielding at length to his entreaties that she should leave Rotterdam; "but let me be your sister, and I will go."

"No matter how," said Roland, "so that I never lose sight of your face, nor miss hearing your voice, as long as I live. Be it as sister, if you will. You shall be loved as sister never was loved before."

(To be continued.)

THE BOTANIST.

AN old man lean'd over his volume of plants,
And gazed on the flowers so wither'd;
Now dried up and shrivell'd, like corpses they lie,
Which once in their bloom he had gather'd.

They lie as he found them from year unto year,
Preserved in that book although faded;
Their colour is pale now, and white is his hair,
His brow at that thought becomes shaded.

One plant, as if nourish'd with dewdrops and rain,
Still brightly and fresh seems to blossom;
Yet it is but a little Forget-me-not,
Once placed by his love in his bosom!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.

No. 3.—THE STORM IN WINTER.]

LIFE, they say, sir, always has some enjoyments. Even under the worst circumstances, few of us care to part with it, if we be in our senses. The poor old people in the workhouse groan and grumble, and repeatedly talk about dying, as though they wished the last day had dawned; but let a sharp attack of sickness come, and they are very glad when signs of amendment appear, and death once more spares them. And, really, it is a great mercy there should be this feeling. When you look around at many of the inmates of a workhouse—old, sick, and infirm, full of pains of body, and with minds so utterly barren that they cannot furnish their owners with the slightest amusement—you certainly are tempted to marvel how life can be in the least degree tolerable under such conditions. And if this short-sighted view were correct, self-murder would be the rule, not the exception. But we know that in some way we cannot understand, even these poor creatures, though not, perhaps, very buoyant, are, nevertheless, not despondent, and occasionally brighten up into positive happiness. I hope I may never come to be a pauper, sir; but if I should, I have not the least doubt I should not be one-tenth part as miserable as I might fancy I should, if I were asked to look steadily at the contingency now.

Sunday afternoon in winter. The rain beating against the windows, the light waning fast, the cold almost freezing the blood in the veins. Most people would feel not over-lively at such a time, and under such circumstances. But now, sir, bring into the picture the workhouse inmates assembled for afternoon service, each one with his or her particular woe, more or less heavy. The picture is not cheerful, is it? I see their drooping heads now. Many of them will droop more ere another month be passed. Another twelve months, and two-thirds of the "aged adults" will form a portion of the congregation in the old churchyard.

The chaplain begins his discourse. I cannot eulogize it much; it would be strange if I could. He, altogether, has four long services each Sunday—three at his church, two miles off (whereby he obtains the handsome stipend of one

hundred pounds per annum), and one in the workhouse. These are, in addition to minor duties, the reading to, and conversing with, the sick, and so on. My belief is, the chaplain has no dinner on a Sunday. How can he have? He has not half-an-hour unemployed the whole day. I have heard he invariably faints on his return home at night. I should be surprised if he did not. But he never faints in the day. While his duty is on, he shows no sign even of flagging. It is only on his release he faints. The fainting fits come on as a recreation.

Of course the sermon is homely enough; too homely, I think. Instead of hammering righteousness at the poor creatures with such stern, unfaltering voice and crushing vehemence, I think he would do more good if he tried to inform and to convince in the first place, and stayed his exhortation until its true force could be, at least, in some degree, understood. However, sir, I may be right or wrong in that—no matter. The sermon proceeds, the rain patters, the wind howls, the cold penetrates, the darkness gathers. Shivering, the members of that melancholy congregation draw closer together. The tone of the chaplain's voice becomes more and more gloomy. Some of the aged poor have fallen asleep, but the bulk of the congregation is wide awake. Upon those hard lives which so many of them have lived, their thoughts dwell painfully. Upon that better life which, they are told, exists beyond the grave, they are well pleased for the time, at all events, to reflect. The dull, wintry afternoon exhibits this world under an aspect which saddens and depresses them. Does the sun shine in that otherworld concerning which they are now told such bright and pleasant things? And is it really true that from that world darkness is banished evermore?

In an instant every nook and crevice is filled with light. Scared, the whole congregation, the wakened sleepers and all, rise involuntarily, and from some a sharp cry arises. Then, loud and terrible, increasing, diminishing, increasing again, then rolling away to the hills, the thunder shook the building to its foundation. A storm in winter; and such a storm! The preacher halted. His sermon! what power

had it in comparison with *that* sermon just begun? His voice was drowned. He, like his dismayed congregation, stood speechless and appalled. *Was it only a storm?*

The darkness which succeeded that terrible flash of lightning was so intense, that those present could scarcely see one another. Not a word was said. Profound awe had so stricken both the minister and his congregation, that not the least sound was heard for fully a minute. The chaplain then recovering himself somewhat, resumed his sermon.

"Ah, my brethren," he began; "we, who now feel such alarm because unexpectedly the storm bursts upon us; we, who——"

He was interrupted by another blinding flash, and another roar, more fearful than the former. But not even the thunder's terrific roar prevented the whole assembly from hearing one shrill, piercing scream, which rose from their midst, as from a person in mortal agony. Instantly all was confusion. The prevalent idea was, that an inmate had been struck by the lightning. Calls were heard from all sides for the name of the sufferer. Lights were hastily introduced, and then, stretched at length on the floor, was seen the apparently lifeless body of poor old Susan Kantley.

They carried her to bed, and the doctor was quickly in attendance. There was no outward harm, he said; he thought the prostration had been caused by fright alone; but this had been so severe, he deemed her recovery hopeless.

I heard the next morning that Susan was in a dying state, and wanted to see me. I went to her at once. Yes, death was clearly upon her. She felt this, she told me, and she had a communication to make to me before she fell into her final sleep. She confided to me something which rested heavily on her mind; and, as a consequence, I, within half-an-hour, was on my way to a large town some twenty miles from Bramblestone.

I wanted to see a Mrs. Martley, or, rather, a person who went by that name. In a handsome house, in the outskirts of the town, I found her. I gave my name to the servant, and was admitted into the drawing-room. It was a well-furnished room, and the lady sitting there was pleasant to look upon. She was, in truth, a beautiful woman, not more than five-and-twenty; and I could well understand her

having been sought, and won—and, as I knew, sacrificed.

I had some difficulty in addressing her. Certain words I had proposed to myself—words suitable to be spoken to one whom I had known at the age of eighteen, an amiable, good girl, and whom I now saw before me, so changed and fallen—but my tongue failed me. I was taken aback, I confess, at the superior appearance of the woman before me. In spite of her shame, her beauty, her ladylike carriage and demeanour (for in one sense the company she had kept since leaving home was very far above any she had known before), had their natural effect upon me. Somehow the rebuke would not come forth.

She looked at me with surprise.

"Will you be good enough to explain the purpose of your visit?"

"You forget me, Susan Kantley."

She coloured violently, and trembled.

"Seven years have changed you greatly, but I should not have thought they had so altered me you would not know me."

"I remember you now. Mr. Jones, the Relieving Officer of Bramblestone," she said, coldly.

"Yes. You do not seem glad to see me."

"No. What do you want?"

"I want you to come with me to Bramblestone."

She reached out her hand to pull the bell, but stopped.

"If you have nothing more to say, I would rather you quitted the house."

"You think I have taken a liberty in calling on you?"

"I do."

"I bring you a message from your mother. Do you know she is in the workhouse?"

"Yes; I could not prevent it. I have sent her such comforts, from time to time, as I could."

"So she has now told me."

"Then she has done very wrong. I begged her in my letters not to tell any one where I was, nor anything about me."

"But under her present circumstances, she was justified in telling me all."

"Certainly not. What circumstances?"

"She is dying."

Again that beautiful face flushed. She was startled, and I hoped softened.

I would make an effort.

"Let me, Susan Kantley," I said, "for every consideration good and holy, take you away from this place. You, alone, of

five sons and daughters, remain in this world to that poor dying mother. Come to her deathbed, and comfort her in her last moments. She longs for you. She shuts out from her memory all that bitter trouble of your leaving her. She implores you to listen to her for a few minutes ere her voice is hushed for ever. Come with me. Better any poverty than wealth under the conditions upon which you hold it. Come with me, Susan—say you will. May all those old good thoughts rise up within you now, and help you! Say you will.”

She hesitated. I thought I had conquered. She advanced with so much gentleness of manner that I was more than hopeful. She took my hand, and said,

“*It is too late.*”

Too late! How many and many a time have I heard those sad, sad words!

“I cannot possibly leave the gentleman with whom I am staying. He is a kind, good man.”

“Oh, Susan! A kind, good man!”

“You, of course, are prejudiced against him; but I have known him some time. I want for nothing. He idolizes me.”

“He will soon be tired of you, Susan, and will throw you aside like a discarded toy. Your experience should have taught you this certainty.”

“You insult me,” she said haughtily.

“I may have been mistaken in others. Of Mr. Martley I have no fear. I will hear nothing against him. Have you anything more to say?”

She was forcing herself into anger. Her conscience was torturing her. She must and would drown its voice somehow.

“No—what can I say more? I go back to your mother, and will join my prayers with hers in your behalf. You may refuse to come and smooth her dying pillow, but God will help her, Susan, in her final journey, and to God we will appeal for you, you lost, hard-hearted girl!”

I was angry, and left her hastily, intending to return at once to Bramblestone. But, on reflection, I thought I would stay till the next day, and try a second visit. Reflection upon what I had said might bring good result. I had still some hope.

On the following morning, however, news reached me of the poor old woman's death. She must have died at the very time I was holding the foregoing conversation with her daughter. I felt now a second visit to “Mrs. Martley” would be of little use. If she would not accom-

pany me to her mother when that mother lay dying, by what influence could I persuade her to go with me now that her parent was dead? Still I called, and was admitted.

“I will not submit to this persecution,” she said, directly she saw me. “I have only received you, Mr. Jones, to tell you so. Good morning.”

“I mean no persecution.”

“Yes, you do. I tell you again, I cannot and will not come with you to Bramblestone. I am grieved indeed about my mother—lay out this trifle, will you, please, for her comfort; I was about sending it to her by post—but Mr. Martley, I know, will not allow me to leave him.”

“Not allow you to leave him!” I echoed with bitterness. “Your money is useless to your mother, Susan, just as your attendance upon her now would be fruitless.”

“What! you do not mean—”

“She died yesterday.”

She controlled her emotions with an effort.

“Better so,” she said, after a pause.

“Once more, Susan, abandon this miserable life. Come with me to Bramblestone. I will ensure you shelter and assistance for the future.”

It was quite singular how ill she received these entreaties of mine. It evidently seemed to her an intolerable degradation to throw aside her present life!

“Mr. Jones, I tell you again, I will not be insulted any more with this gratuitous advice. You, no doubt, mean well, but you would do me a serious mischief. I will never leave Mr. Martley—*never*.”

“Then, Susan, I leave you. We will lay your mother decently in the grave, Susan, and as we put her there, I will say a prayer—not for her, no prayer can avail her now—but for you. Good-bye.”

And so I departed. But I did not quit the town immediately. It was nearly afternoon, and I dined at the inn. Then I took my small carpet bag, and proceeded to the railway station.

On my way I had to pass the house where Susan lived. To my surprise I saw outside a number of persons in conversation. The door was open, and the passage was filled with people. I pushed my way in.

“What is the matter?”

“A lady poisoned herself.”

A ghastly fear seized me.

"What lady?"

"The lady of the house."

I struggled through the crowd. I was in the room I had quitted only two hours since. And there—yes—there, stretched on the sofa, surrounded by terror-stricken neighbours, lay that unfortunate woman—dead. A note which they had found, explained the mournful scene. It ran thus:—

"Dearest—I must leave you. Think no more of me. Circumstances are over-

powering. *I enclose you a Five Pound note. You have a good friend in Captain O'Leary.*"

And this was the final farewell (handed her shortly after I had quitted her) of the man against whom she would hear nothing—who idolized her—who would not allow her to leave him even to attend her dying mother! No wonder the shock had maddened her, and in her madness she had sought death.

No. 4.—MR. OLIVER HAYRIGG.

I HAVE said to you, sir, that a Relieving Officer has his dangers. He has also his troubles. His occupation has very little sunshine in it. He has to serve a number of masters, of all sorts of temper; and the poor amongst whom he passes his life, regard him, for the most part, with unequivocal dislike. The benefits which they receive, they know well to be given grudgingly, and while they are compelled to sue for them, they only hate the donor when they get them. Then the parishioners, the payers of poor-rates, view the Relieving Officer with no great favour. In him they behold the medium through which so much of their hard-earned money passes away. They admit the desirableness of preventing people dying in the streets through starvation, but then—then—they abominate poor-rates. No, sir, a Relieving Officer's post is not the most eligible means of getting a living. So far as I am concerned, I, indeed, have very well weathered all the annoyance. On the whole, I do not regret my almost life-long occupation. But then I have always been, to an extent, independent of my berth. I could have left it at any time, and not starved. The guardians have known this, and so I have met with but very little incivility. Had it been otherwise, I should, by a certain few, have been bullied beyond bearing. One worthy I have in my mind's eye, whom I could oftentimes have kicked with the keenest relish. I never had the pleasure; but a harder kick than I could administer he did get at length, and it sent him clean out of Bramblestone. Thus runs the story.

Oliver Hayrigg was the respectable person's name. He was a man of some property, and lived in his own substantial house a mile from the town. In respect of these advantages Mr. Hayrigg treated all persons inferior to him in a manner so

gallingly supercilious as to be nearly unbearable. On the other hand, as is generally the case with such men before men of larger means than himself, he bowed and cringed in a style to the last degree despicable. He was a guardian, and a harsh one, as you may suppose. It is the same thing as saying he was a foolish one. By refusing temporary out-relief, because he knew that was the mode of assistance the poor best liked, he would often force a large family into the work-house; and the ultimate cost to the parish would be as many pounds, as, had the other course been adopted, it would have been shillings. Altogether, Mr. Oliver Hayrigg enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being the most disliked guardian on the board. To me he was especially obnoxious. To insult and annoy me was his pastime; and though the chairman always stood my friend, I yet could not help occasionally being sorely troubled. I believe, had not my persecutor been driven forth after a year or two of his guardianship, I must have resigned my appointment.

The guardians were accustomed to dine together once a-year; and, not to be selfish, they subscribed for a ball to be held after the dinner, at which their wives and families, and many friends and acquaintances attended. The dinner and the ball were not held at the same inn, for two reasons. There were but two good inns at Bramblestone, and each had but one large room, and it was neither convenient nor pleasant for the ball to take place in the room in which a large party had just ceased dining. Again, as the proprietors of the two inns were equally liked, it was wished to give them both a benefit: so the dinner was held at the Bramblestone Arms, and the ball at the White Hart.

The dinner on the occasion I am about to describe was held under favourable circumstances. There was a very large muster, not only of the guardians and officers, but of friends, and the utmost joviality prevailed. Even Mr. Oliver Hayrigg relaxed. As the feast proceeded, he actually laughed, and before it ended he was positively merry. The fact was, the champagne (for expense was not spared) had circulated freely, and Mr. Hayrigg was elated! Elated? Why should I mince the matter? He was drunk! No doubt about it.

After dinner came the speeches. What dreadful uproar was that? It was Mr. Hayrigg cheering with might and main, he, the silent, ill-tempered man! His eyes glistened, his pallor disappeared, and his face became red as the window-curtains. He shouted and yelled to such an extent, that sundry guardians, finding quiet hints of no avail, were conspiring to lead him from the room. But they were all mellow; none liked to create a disturbance, and so the inebriated guardian was borne with till the time of departure for the ball at the White Hart.

We found our way. There was but one corner to turn, and that we accomplished. Mr. Hayrigg several times preferred sitting on a door-step, but by dint of persuasion and some force, we carried him along with us, and having occupied about twenty minutes in going twice as many yards, we arrived at the White Hart. As we were entering, sounds of a violent altercation somewhere in the background met our ears.

"Leave me alone, you brute, you *brute*, you *brute*!" screamed a woman, hurling her epithet with an increasing energy, which seemed unhappily to imply an increasing cause.

"Murder it shall be, and nothing but murder!" roared a man; and from the scuffling that ensued, and the shrieks and uproar, it seemed as though the threat would be fulfilled.

"What in the world's the matter, Butterboy?" asked Mr. Eardley of the host.

"I really am very sorry, sir, most truly sorry. It is the drunken husband of one of my chambermaids. He's as fond of his wife, when he's sober, as he is of strong grog; and as jealous of her, when drunk, as he is of his grog being weakened. We keep him out of the place as well as we can. Unluckily he's found his way in to-night, half seas over, and, according to

his custom when in that state, he's laid hold of poor Mary, and would kill her outright if we'd let him, on the score that she's been flirting with some man, of which I know she's perfectly innocent. Take care, gentlemen—stand aside one moment, if you please—they're turning him out this way."

Sure enough, the sound of scuffling, mingled with oaths and shouts perfectly dreadful, came nearer, and the next moment, dragged along, like an infuriated bullock, by a perfect mob of men and women, clutching him by the arms and legs, by the hair, by the ears, by the neck, by the throat, by every part of him that could be clutched, the whole party, roaring and yelling to the full power of their lungs, appeared a wretched creature, so bemaused and battered, so red and hideous, that he positively might have been a bullock, for aught at the first glance we could say to the contrary.

"Out with him!" shouted the host, and away, into the middle of the road, the miserable creature was pitched, almost head over heels.

Now they say there's great power in the human eye, and the best mode of meeting a wild beast is to stand and stare him full in the face. The advice, no doubt, is good, the difficulty is in following it. When this frightful object was thus hurled from the steps of the White Hart, I believe the notion that occurred to Mr. Oliver Hayrigg's befogged intellect was, that a certain dreadful malignant, who shall be nameless, was abroad that night, and was bent on making him (Oliver) his immediate prey. At all events, no sooner did Mr. Hayrigg behold the ghastly appearance of "Red-headed Joe" (as the worthy was termed) springing straight towards him with a mighty leap, yelling at the same time curses of the most comprehensive and withering character that can be conceived, than with a cry of horror he darted off at the top of his speed. Just as the wild beast is encouraged and stimulated by an appearance of fear in his victim, "Red-headed Joe" no sooner caught sight of the flying guardian than he rushed after him—when we, the whole posse of us, started to the rescue, and thus a very singular appearance was soon presented by the main street in Bramblestone. Our efforts, I regret to say, were of a most feeble and futile character. We ran against one another, we shouted for help, and without being of the slightest use, we raised a din in

Bramblestone which must have produced serious consequences to all nervous invalids. But the waiters, grooms, and stable-boys soon brought back our luckless companion—not until, however, he had received a laceration on the face which rendered him a truly pitiable object. Poor Mr. Hayrigg! at that moment I really was sorry for him. We bore him back to the White Hart, and there we proposed to put him to bed.

But the truth appeared, there was no unoccupied bed-room wherein to put him.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Butterboy, in dismay, "really, gentlemen, I have not a single room. It is just assize time, you know, and every one of my beds is taken. I have even made up a bed in the bar-parlour for Mr. Snubbem, the barrister, and his clerk has accommodation on the kitchen dresser. What am I to do?"

"Well, you must find room for an hour or two, Butterboy, somehow," replied Mr. Eardley. "Mr. Hayrigg's house is too far off for us to take him there in that state; besides, none of us can just now go with him."

Here Mary, the ill-starred spouse of "Red-headed Joe," stepped forward, and offered her room and bed for Mr. Hayrigg's accommodation. She was sure her husband would not return that night, he always kept out of the way for a time after one of his tremendous displays, and she would make shift anyhow for one night.

The offer was thankfully accepted. The luckless guardian was undressed, his wounds attended to, and then we left him to enjoy the ball.

A very lively affair it was. The prettiest girls and the most amusing men in Bramblestone were there. The dancing was the no less animated because the band was a bad one, the performers drunk, and the instruments cracked. Songs were sung with great effect by gentlemen who illustrated the grand truth that a man never knows what he can do till he tries; and a young lady and young gentleman each so agitated the company by performances on the harp and trombone respectively, that brandy and water and smelling bottles were in free request for half an hour after. Some little fatigue was creeping over the party, and Mr. Serjeant Nobbler, who, in a little back room at the top of the house, had been the whole evening frantically trying to grasp the points of an intricate case standing first on the list for trial, was just beginning

to recover his equanimity, when the appalling circumstance which I am about to relate took place.

It appeared, from statements made subsequently, that "mad drunk" was only a mild description of the condition that evening of "Red-headed Joe." That one idea that always assailed him after his eighth tumbler of stiff brandy and water (rendered more wholesome by draughts of stout in between), that his Mary had proved unfaithful to him, had that evening possessed him to an extent amounting to furious monomania. And when he rushed after Mr. Hayrigg, his insane fancy, it seemed, immediately settled upon the scared fugitive as the villain who had ruined his peace. He managed, as I have related, even in the few seconds during which he had Mr. Hayrigg in his power to do him no slight bodily hurt, and had not a rescue been immediately effected, he assuredly would have inflicted serious mischief; and though balked of his prey at the moment, he determined not to lose sight of him. Thus, somehow or other, he quickly ascertained that the wounded guardian was in the White Hart, and in bed. It appeared that late at night he had come to the inn (as drunk as ever, for he had elsewhere procured more liquor), and openly inquired for the unfortunate gentleman for whose blood he thirsted, but had been turned off the premises. It was conjectured that, tired out at length, and resigning for a time his projects of vengeance, he had, being vastly fatigued, doubtless, with his evening's performances, sought his bedchamber, and fearing to enter it in the ordinary way, he had climbed up a tree outside just by the window, and so had crawled in unobserved. He then undressed, and was about ensconcing himself between the sheets, when O horror! O ample confirmation of all his misgivings! O proof incontestable of his Mary's shame! his hand lighted on the head of a man!

* * * *

"We sha'n't be sorry for our supper," remarked Mr. Eardley, looking round. "Rather warm, and a trifle fatiguing," he added.

"Oh, the fun isn't over yet," cried a lively girl, who at dancing was more than a match for a dozen men.

"Plenty more, plenty mo—mercy on me! murder!"

Yells as of three bereaved lionesses and a dozen or so of half-starved hyænas shook the building. Roars and screams, which

sent the blood out of the cheeks of the boldest men and rosiest damsels, filled the air. And what next? The story can be told to *you*, sir. Why, the next moment a human being in a state of utter nudity, literally without a scrap of clothing on him, was suddenly cast into the very midst of us, propelled by some irresistible force from behind. Scarce had our starting eyes settled upon this appalling object, than another creature, in the very same Adam-

like condition, rushed upon the scene and grasped the first in a strangling embrace. "Murder! murder! save me! mercy! murder!"

The ladies ran shrieking from the room, the men sprang forward, "Red-headed Joe" was conveyed to the police station, Mr. Oliver Hayrigg was carried to bed, and in a week's time he carried himself out of Bramblestone, where he has not been seen since.

SHADOWS.

ALL things earthly vanish and pass—

Vanish as hues o' the morn;

All pass away as the glimmer of day,

While others as fleet are born.

Hush, hush! thou too must fall

Under the coffin shroud;

Stay, stay! thy funeral pall

Is imaged in yonder cloud!

All things vanish and pass away,

Like shadows, that flit at the close of day.

The flowers that bloom in the azure deeps—

The golden stars—must fall;

There is ever a time they cease to climb

O'er the steeps of heaven's blue wall,

Hush, hush! one now goes down

Into the soundless sea;

Fleet, fleet, as that star hath flown,

Are the days of thy destiny!

Like Autumn's shadow, or evening's sigh,

Each star of darkness but gleams to die.

The blossoms that shine in the fields of Spring,

Like jewels sown in the grass,

Have a fate like stars which their glory fling,

And bloom but to wither and pass.

Look, look! as the leaves grow white,

And buds but wither and fade,

The flowers which glimmered in Spring so bright

Have perished in Autumn's shade,

As the voice of the sick when they sink to die,

So feeble and faint do the blossoms lie!

Look down on the infant, whose laughing eyes

Seem mirrors of heavenly bliss;

Look down at him now, as he sickens and dies

'Neath the breath of a parent's kiss!

Hush, hush! we are hastening fast

O'er ripples of Time's dark wave;

And, ere we arrive where our hopes are cast,

We are deep in the silent grave!

So pause, and consider, nor tread so fast;

The moment which follows may be—your last!

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

CHAPTER X.

STRUCTURE OF THE JELLY FISH—THE DISK, OR PULMONIGRADE JELLY FISH: HOW DO THEY MOVE?—RHIZOSTOMS—MEDUSÆ—RIBBED, OR CILIOGRADE JELLY FISH—THE CYDIPPE INFUNDIBULUM—THE PHYSOGRADE, OR TUBULAR JELLY FISH—SOCIALISTIC OCEAN REPUBLICS—THE VELELLÆ—THE CARAVEL, OR PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR—STORY OF A PERUVIAN SAILOR.

AMONG the living wonders of the Ocean is the transparent, gelatinous army of Jelly Fish, or Acalephæ, whose innumerable bands frequently astound the navigator when his vessel, impelled by light breezes, marks its rapidly disappearing furrow for days together through thickly composed masses of bell-shaped Medusæ, or brilliantly-coloured Physophoræ.

Not alone their countless numbers, the variety of their forms, and the splendid colouring which makes many of them true pearls of the sea; but above all, their remarkable structure and strange process of development, are well adapted to recommend the Jelly Fish to our attention.

In walking along the beach, and noticing a Medusa left by the tide, we must not precipitately conclude that it is a disgusting gelatinous mass which demands no further attention; for this shapeless mass was lovely and graceful so long as it swam about in its natural element: and its simple organization evidences the master hand of the Creator equally with that of the more highly gifted animals.

Contempt is in most cases a bad teacher; it therefore seeks and does not find, while a rich reward awaits the attentive observer, who with pious confidence hopes to discover some marvels even in the apparently lowest and poorest things that Nature produces.

Had the naturalists of our days thought like Reaumur, who considered the Medusæ a species of living jelly (*gelée vivante*), about whose internal structure no one need care, we should assuredly have been poorer by many an interesting discovery. Duméril was of a different opinion: he squirted milk into the mouth of the Medusæ, and saw the fluid extending through channels which were arranged with almost mathematical regularity. Other observers then turned their attention to these neglected creatures; and, lo! the structure of these

animals, once considered so simple, appeared the more complicated the closer the acquaintance with it became. Organs of digestion and reproduction were found, vascular systems, artistic apparatus for catching food and motion, until, finally, Professor Ehrenberg proved the existence of nerves and of organs of sensation in the Acalephæ.

All this seems the more remarkable when we reflect that the Jelly Fish are composed almost entirely of water, and dissolve into nothingness when their life has gone. Of a Medusa weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, which dies on



RHIZOSTOMA.

the beach, within a short period, only a few traces remain, which cover the ground like a light varnish; all the rest is swallowed by the thirsty sand.

The genera of Jelly Fish, which extend from almost microscopic size to the diameter of two feet and upwards, in a long succession of families and varieties, inhabit both the arctic and tropical seas. In them, too, the reflection of the bright sunlight, which, in the equatorial regions, endows the whole animal world with brightest colours, is also seen; for while the Medusæ of our seas are principally dull and lustreless, like the waters in which they live, the Medusæ of the tro-

pical zone appear in all the glory of the azure, golden, or ruby tints, with which the ocean adorns them. In stormy weather these tender gelatinous animals, which cannot stand the fury of the waves, sink to those deeper regions which the hurricane cannot affect; but so soon as a calm sets in again, they once more rise to the surface of the water, and delight the eye of the traveller who is sailing over the tropical seas.

The Jelly Fish are of no immediate value to us. All the classes of animals inhabiting the sea which we have as yet examined, from the Ocean Mammalia down to the Holothuriæ, even corals, algæ, and sponges, man makes serviceable to his numerous wants; but the Acalephæ, consisting almost entirely of water, traverse the sea, having no reason to fear his gluttony or greed, and seem in no way to affect him. But the immediate benefit he derives from them is far from inconsiderable. They in fact supply the food of the gigantic Whale, and are converted into oil, which entices thousands of bold sailors to the desolate Arctic Ocean; countless Crustaceans and Molluscs live on them, and in their turn are devoured by the schools of herrings, whose capture employs and enriches entire nations. They, too, produce principally the glorious phenomenon of marine phosphorescence; were it not for the Mammalia Scintillans, one of its smallest representatives, the German Ocean would not shine, and one of the most wonderful natural processes would no longer delight us on its shores.

The Acalephæ are subdivided into the disked, ribbed, and tubed Jelly Fish. Although many large varieties are not strange to the European seas, and some are frequently noticed on our coasts, formerly they were only imperfectly investigated, and those of the tropical specimens unknown. We owe a more perfect knowledge of them to more recent travellers, such as Quoy and Gaynard, Ehrenberg, &c.

The disked or pulmonigrade Jelly Fish are distinguished by their umbrella-shaped, generally transparent body; from whose lower concave side hang more or less deeply fringed vessels and long thread-like tentacles round the mouth. Such an animal resembles an animated crystalline mushroom, with its stalk and gills. The tentacles, though they seem so trifling, are terrible weapons against all the small marine creatures which come

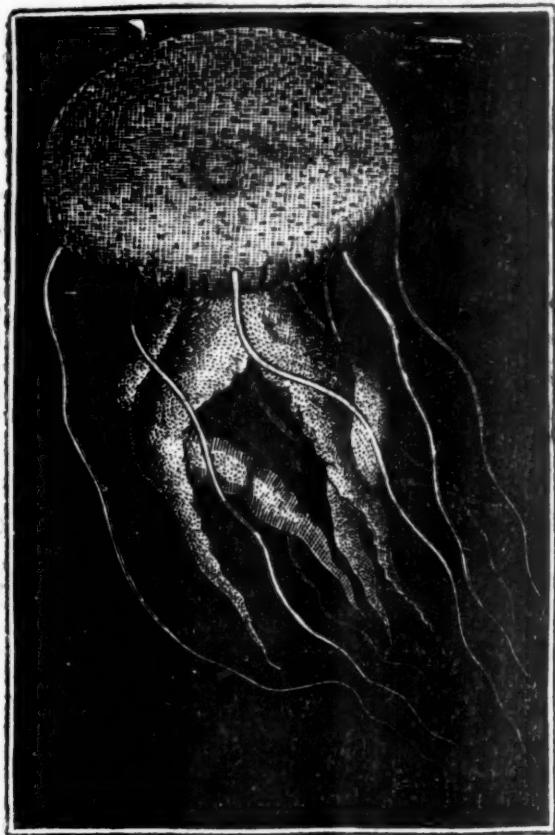
in contact with them. Like the tentacles of the Polypi, which we shall presently describe, they are armed with countless small needle-shaped weapons, which not only wound, but also poison by emitting an acrid fluid, and deprive the stunned animal of all power of resistance. Some varieties produce a burning sensation, even on a man's hand, which at times attains to inflammation, whence they are also called Sea-nettles.

The Disked Medusæ move by alternately contracting and expanding the umbelliferous body. The effect of this motion, which is produced by muscular fibres, is a strong pressure on the water beneath, which raises the body and moves it according to the variation of the pressure. The convex end is always directed forward, while its concave mouth surface, with its numerous appendages, is turned behind.

Among the most remarkable Disked Medusæ, and which are most frequently found on our coast, are the Rhizostoms, which attain a diameter of two feet, and weigh from twenty to thirty pounds. The *Rhizostoma Cuvieri* is generally milk-white, pellucid, often of a corn-flower blue in parts, but at times entirely blue. The edges of the disc are always very handsome with a violet tinge. It is very gregarious, and all swim together in one direction. On touching one, you feel a very unpleasant and long-lasting pricking. In this variety the tentacula on the edge of the disk are absent, and eight arms in the centre are converted into one common stalk. The structure of the mouth displays a remarkable anomaly, for the usual central orifice is missing, while the arms are traversed by separate canals opening direct into the centre of the body, and terminating at the end in numerous small openings. Through these the food is received, which must always consist of very small animals. The true Medusæ, on the other hand, are supplied with a large central mouth on the lower side of the disc, which leads direct into the abdomen. The ribbed or ciliograde Jelly Fish are distinguished from the above only by their external globular or oval shape, and by the peculiar structure of the organs of motion and capture.

The graceful *Cydippe infundibulum*, which is frequently found in summer on the coasts of the German Ocean, is the best known variety. The melon-shaped body, of the size of a hen's egg, is clear as crystal, and divided into eight folds of

equal size by the same number of ribs standing equidistant from each other. These ribs are covered with countless flat small shovels, which lie over one another and obey the will of the animal. If the Cydippe wish to swim backwards or forwards, it places all these instruments in motion, whose united strength



CYDIPPE.

drives the living crystal pleasantly and gracefully through the water; if it wish to turn, it checks the shovels on one side of the body, while the others continue working.

The fishing apparatus of the Cydippe is no less gracefully arranged than the structure of its organs of motion. It consists of long delicate tentacles projecting from the lower side of the body, capable of such extraordinary contraction, that they can be entirely withdrawn into the channel whence they spring. Along one side, and at regular intervals, they are covered with a quantity of shorter and much thinner filaments, which, when the tentacles are drawn in, roll up in a spiral form, and gradually extend on being drawn out. At the extremity these filaments have a sucking apparatus, and the external end of each tentacle also appears to terminate in a sucker.

They extend to an incredible length, and it is difficult to understand where they come from. They do not sting, but attach themselves closely to the finger,

and can then be drawn out for several inches.

This remarkable fishing apparatus is wanting in the Beroë, which has a wide mouth constantly open for swallowing, by which to procure its food. The Cydippes and Beroës can be preserved for a short time in a large vessel filled with sea water, but they soon die and melt away into nothing. Hence there must be in the sea some unknown mysterious powers, indispensable for the existence of many animals, which are lost in an isolated aquarium. Number Four plays as remarkable a part among the Medusæ as Five does in the Echinidiæ and Star Fish. All parts of the body are divisible by four, and arranged in a radiated form round the centre.

Among the strangest of existing animals are indubitably the Tubed Jelly Fish, or Siphonophoræ, formerly regarded as perfectly developed or independent, but which, as the later investigations of Sars and others have shown, are only the highest types of the countless different families of Medusæ. They are composite creatures, true colonies or socialistic republics, where one portion of the individuals is destined exclusively for motion, while another larger portion has undertaken the duty of providing the entire hive with the necessary food, as well as producing the young perfect disk Jelly Fish. The Siphonophoræ themselves are formed of the simple larvæ or eggs of the Medusæ, which develop themselves just as the plant produces its buds. The generations of the Medusæ alternate like those of the Salpæ, so that the young one resembles its grandparents but not its father and mother.

Other marvels have been taught us by the observation of these lower marine creatures; it has been found that the pretty, plant-like, tenderly-plumed forms of the Serpulariæ, Plumulariæ, and other Hydroids formerly counted among Polypi, equally issue from the larvæ of the naked-eyed Medusæ (chiefly the *Cryptocarpæ Eschholzii*), and eventually become perfect Jelly Fish. They are, therefore, nothing further than sessile nurses, just as the Siphonophoræ are nurses swimming about freely. How remarkable is this close relationship, or rather identity of being among creatures whose external shape varies so greatly, and what a triumph for the human spirit of investigation to have reconciled these hidden mysteries of ocean!

The Tubed Jelly Fish are so strangely formed, that no description could possibly furnish an idea of them; in the same way as no artist could depict their crystal transparency and their brilliant colouring. Thus in the *Diphyæ*, the long body consists of two pieces of cartilage of unequal size, fitted into each other; the anterior attached to a thread with numerous suckers, the posterior fastened loosely to it; while the *Stephanomiæ* represent long chains of polished diamonds, some of which form natatory bladders; the others fishing apparatus with numerous tentacles and suckers. At the slightest shock the loosely connected members separate and drift on the surface of the water, where they probably, like other *Polypi*, form a perfect state in process of time.

Among the Tube Medusæ is also classed the pleasing *Velella*. The long transparent body is covered with deep blue spots, a thin pellucid plate rises vertically from the back, and catches the favouring breeze; numerous dark blue tentacles or cilia hang down from the lower surface of the body, and allow the little animal to change its direction, perhaps serving as oars when the calm renders its sail useless. An internal hairy skeleton, of extremely light and spongy nature, and filled with air cells, gives the body some consistence, and seems like the natatory bladder in fish, to aid it in rising and sinking.

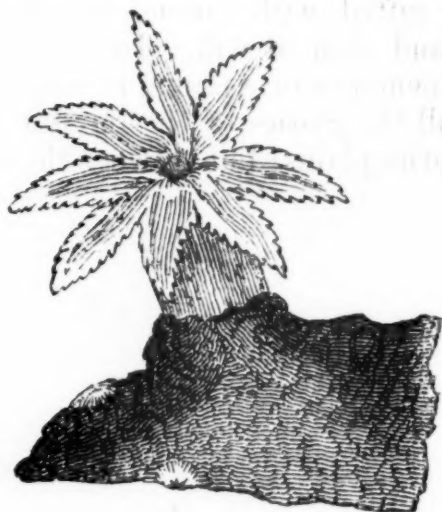
The *Velellæ* have a very extended geographical range. Their chief abode appears to be in the warm regions of ocean, but they are frequently drifted by the currents to higher latitudes. Countless *Velellæ* which the gulf stream has probably carried, are thrown on the western shore of Ireland, especially in summer and autumn. These poor defenceless creatures are incessantly pursued by Crustaceans, who devour all the soft parts, so that at last only the paper-like skeleton drifts about in the water.

The *Velellæ* are far surpassed in beauty and size by the *Physaliæ*, or Sea-bladders, which are also principally found in the hot zone. The *Physalia Caravella*, or Portuguese Man-o'-War, is the most astonishing of all this class, through the brilliancy of its hues. From a bladder a foot in length and three inches broad, whose pellucid glass glistens with purple, violet, and bright blue tints, rises a vertical crest, the topmost edge of which is a burning red. From the stomach depend countless short suckers, and between

them hang long threads, like the tresses of the Medusa's head, in curly, splendidly coloured red and violet locks. The fishing lines can be rolled up at will, or sent out from fifteen to twenty feet with astounding velocity.

In swimming the *Physalia* drags them after it like a long net, and so soon as they touch a fish, which fancies itself safe at such a distance, or a carelessly floating Cephalopod, they surround it with lightning speed, and check all resistance by the poisonous juice that emerges from their funnel-shaped tubercles. In this way the *Physalia* devours many a Bonita or flying Exocete, which far surpasses it in size. But it is not only terrible to the denizens of the sea, but also punishes a man who seizes it carelessly or ignorantly by producing violent pain. The skin grows red and rises in large blisters.

"One day," Dutertre tells us in his *Histoire des Antilles*, "when I was pulling about in a small boat, I saw a Sea-



SEA ANEMONE.

Bladder, and as I was curious to examine its form more closely, I tried to seize it; but my hand had scarce approached it ere a network of filaments surrounded it, and after the first cold feeling, I felt as if I had thrust my arm up to the shoulder in a kettle of boiling oil."

"During the first voyage of the *Princess Louise* round the world," Meyen says, "and when near the equator, a very large and beautiful Portuguese Man-o'-War drifted past the ship. A young sailor, of remarkable courage and great daring, leapt naked into the sea to capture the animal; he swam up and seized it, but at this moment it threw its long suckers, extending for three feet from its body, round the naked swimmer. The young man, being terribly alarmed at this, and probably also feeling the burning pain

over the whole of his body, shrieked for help, and had scarce strength to reach the ship's side and be drawn up. The animal was immediately torn from him

and his skin washed, but the pain and inflammation had grown so severe that a brain fever set in, and there was a doubt as to his eventual recovery."

CHAPTER XI.

POLYPES—SEA ANEMONES—LITHOPHYTES, OR STONE CORALS—CORAL REEFS, BARREN REEFS, ENCIRCLING REEFS, SHORE REEFS, FRINGING REEFS; ATOLLS, LAGOON ISLANDS: THEIR FORMATION, ACCORDING TO DARWIN—HOW DO CORAL REEFS BECOME THE ABODE OF MAN? —CORAL FISHING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE land has its flowers: they adorn our gardens; they exhale their fragrance on the skirts of the woods; they defy the winds, which blow around the lofty mountain-tops; they hide themselves in rifts of the rock, or spring up amid ruins; wherever a plant can take root, Flora makes her appearance with her splendid gifts.

But ocean, too, has its radiated flowers—its asters and pinks—and far more wondrous than those of *terra firma*; for, being gifted with animal life, they can open and close at will. In our seas, the Sea Anemones or Actiniæ principally display all the glories of the rainbow on the submarine plains; but between the tropics,

the gregarious reef-forming Corals cover the ocean bed with a gay carpet.

The glorious picture which the *Astreæ* and *Mæandrinæ* unfold on the bed of the Red Sea, aroused in Ehrenberg the greatest admiration; so that he exclaimed enthusiastically: "Where is the flowery paradise which, in variety and beauty, can rival these living wonders of the ocean?"

Both the Sea Anemones and Corals belong to the widely ramifying class of true Polypes—animals of simple structure, which stand almost on the last stage of animalization. All varieties possess in common a sac-shaped body, surrounding a cylindrical cavity, which opens at top into a wide mouth. This is surrounded by a



POLYPODOM.

fringe of tentacles, which extend and contract voluntarily, and carry food to the hungry predacious animal. Generally, firmly attached to their place of birth, or at the most, capable of only limited motion, the Polypes are unable to procure their food by fighting, personal strength, and cunning. Just as the helpless young of the higher animals are fed by their parents, they exist on what their kind mother, the ocean, conveys to them.

Their prehensile organs are traps, and

not weapons; but, owing to the countless number of creatures with which the ocean swarms, especially on the coasts and in the shallow water where they have taken up their abode, the Polypes are never in want of famous food. No Lazzarone could wish a pleasanter mode of life than that of a Polype, for in it the *dolce far niente* is found in its most beautiful form.

In order that the capturing apparatus may serve its purpose perfectly, it is provided with countless small, needle-like

weapons, which not merely wound the little animals that come within reach, but also poison them with an acid fluid. Woe to the small crustacean or the tiny fish which comes too near the outspread, radiated crown of a Sea Anemone: surrounded in an instant by a hundred arms, it is suddenly stunned, and carried without further ceremony to the gaping abyss.

It is easily to be understood, that animals which require such a slight expenditure of intelligence for existence, have no nerves, or, at any rate, in a most rudimentary state—a negative happiness, for which many a sensitive, hysterical person might possibly envy them.

They neither hear nor see; and, indeed, why should they? Owing to their impossible or defective locomotion, the possession of the higher faculties would be of no aid to them, to escape the attacks of their enemies, just as little as it was necessary to facilitate their capture of booty, which comes to them spontaneously, without their having occasion to see or hear. The sense of feeling, which is mainly concentrated in their prehensile apparatus, and at whose signal they cling round their prey convulsively, or hide themselves with lightning speed on hostile contact, was evidently sufficient for all the demands of their limited existence; the more so, that it is extraordinarily sensitive of various irritating causes. The Sea Anemone *feels* the light: beneath a bright, clear sky, it unfolds all its beauty; but if a dark cloud obscure the brilliancy of the sun, the radiated crown is contracted, and the flower becomes a shapeless mass. But we should greatly err, if we thought it capable of feeling pain.

Only a few Polypes are simple and capable of movement, and among these are the Sea Anemones. Here we see a solitary flower, which springs from a simple stalk containing a stomach. With their broad base, the Anemones attach themselves so firmly to stones and rocks that they can only be separated from them with great difficulty, though, if they feel a fancy for moving, they can change their locality in various ways. They glide slowly and almost imperceptibly along the stalk; or, turning over, they use the tentacles as feet; or, blowing out the body with water, lessen its specific gravity, and allow themselves to be carried by the current, whither it may please.

Their tenacity of life is extraordinary; and for this quality, too, they may be envied by all those who do not at all like

the idea of a separation from the pleasant habit of existing and working. Let them be dipped in water hot enough to blister the hand—let them be frozen and thawed, or place them in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump—their powerful vital principle is victorious over all such trials. If the tentacles are cut off, they grow again; if once more removed, a fresh garland is produced. If the animal be cut in two, after a while the lower part of the body puts forth new arms, nearly as they were prior to the operation; while the upper portion continues to swallow food, just as if nothing had occurred. At first, like Munchausen's horse, it allows the food to fall out again through the open end; but it soon learns to retain and digest it. Johnson (*British Zoophytes*) even mentions an instance in which such an amputated upper body, instead of healing at the base, formed there a new mouth, with tentacles; so that, in this way, a truly gifted double-eater was produced, which could capture and devour food at both extremities.

But these otherwise indestructible animals die at once when dropped into fresh water—for them, as for many other marine creatures, as rapid a poison as Prussic acid to man.

Sea Anemones are found in every sea, and the German Ocean has also several splendid varieties; among others, the purple *A. equina*, which lives on rocks and reefs, and the white *A. plumosa*, whose disk, often measuring four inches in diameter, is covered with close, short, brilliantly white tentacles; but the largest and finest are found in the Tropical Ocean. Their colour is as various as the arrangement of their tentacles: there are some bright red and green, light blue and orange-coloured, yellow and milky white. At times, the tentacles form a Gorgon's head of long thick fibres, covered with the softest velvety lustre; in others, they represent a forest of thin threads.

This race is also compelled to pay tribute to the human palate. Thus, the *Actinia ferdinanda*, a handsome variety, with scarlet tentacles, found in the Mediterranean, is considered a great delicacy in Italy, and thousands of them are eaten among the other *frutti del mare*.

The young of the Actiniae, which are produced from small gelatinous eggs, remain at first in the maternal cavity, where they find a sufficiency of food, and are gradually converted, without any further remarkable changes, into the permanent

form. At birth, or on emerging into the water, the only difference consists in the smaller number of tentacles, and the partition wall of the cavity.

The *Lucernariæ*, distinguished by a remarkable gracefulness of form, are closely allied to the *Actiniæ*. The bell-shaped body rises on a narrow stalk, which is usually found attached to smaller marine plants on a rocky soil. The tentacles are arranged, at regular intervals, in tufts round the edge. The crystalline animal reflects green or red tints, and can move with tolerable rapidity through the water, by alternate contraction and dilatation.

The Sea-pens, and other related varieties, such as the *Virgulariæ*, *Veritellæ*, &c., seem capable of change of locality—they are composite, coralline polypes—which are not firmly attached to the ground, but only have the stalk thrust into the loose sand. The Sea-pens possess the faculty of iridescence. If irritated at any place, the light flashes from one branch and one polype to the other, till it reaches the outermost point, while all the animals beneath the irritated spot remain in darkness. If the *Polypodom* be thrown into a vessel of sweet water, it emits sparks from every branch, which produce a magnificent sight.

These simple or gregarious families of Polypes, like all those found in our waters, are insignificant when compared with the reef-forming Corals of the hot zone. These are propagated partly by producing small, simple, globular or oval larvæ, capable of independent movement by the possession of an external coat, which swim about for a period free, till they attach themselves with one pole of their body, and lay the foundation of a future Polyp colony. Partly, too, they multiply themselves, like plants, by gemmation, and form in this way numerous societies, whose individual members are most closely connected. Each individual has its special mouth and tentacles, and its own stomach, but it has no other specialties; for it is connected with its brethren by interminable canals and webs, so that the juices each Polype evolves benefit the entire hive. This must, therefore, be regarded as a living layer of animal matter, which is fed by numerous mouths, and supported by an equal number of stomachs. It deserves honourable mention, that the firm calcareous skeleton is always covered by the common skin of the colony, through whose numerous openings a rich flora of radiated flowers buds.

As the *Lithophytes*, or Stone Corals, have a growth resembling that of plants, it must excite no surprise to find that they imitate all the forms of vegetation. We find among them mosses and creepers, shrubs and trees, which attain a height of six to eight feet; or graceful vases and symmetrical cupolas, which often have a diameter of ten and even twenty feet.

But all these variously-developed forms spring originally from a single spray, which, proceeding bud by bud, according to its peculiar nature, forms the broad leaf, the thin spray, or the hemisphere.

It may be said of the tropical *Zoophytes*, which form the wall-like Coral-reef, and in the truest sense of the term, that they build for eternity. The skeleton of the higher animals disappears from the earth in a few years; but the stone skeleton of the Polype remains firmly rooted to the spot which it occupied during life, and serves a new generation as the foundation on which it continues building. As a general rule, all the lower strata of the larger Polypodous aggregates are dead masses. Thus, the large hemispherical domes of the *Astreae* are covered with a living layer, which is only half an inch thick; and, in some of the *Porites* of equal dimensions, the entire mass is found to be lifeless, except a thin external crust of about one-sixth of an inch in thickness.

We are amazed at the size of the Pyramids and primeval temples, which a long-vanished race piled up on the shores of the Nile; but what are the colossal structures of the Pharaohs when compared with the mighty walls which are erected by the small weak zoophytes?

According to Darwin, to whom we owe the talented explanation of the strange forms the Coral reefs offer, these animal edifices are naturally divided into three classes, while their physiological mode of structure always remains the same.

One description of reef is immediately connected with the continental or island shores (shore reefs, fringing reefs); to this variety belong all the Coral-banks of the Red Sea, which Ehrenberg and Hemprich investigated during eight months.

A second variety forms, at a greater distance from land, a wall, which either runs along the coasts (barrier reefs), or encloses a central island (encircling reef). Among these is the great Barrier Reef, which lies opposite the north-eastern coast of Australia. According to Flinders, it has a length of nearly a thousand miles, and runs parallel with the coast at a dis-

tance of twenty to thirty miles, which, in some parts, extends to fifty or seventy.

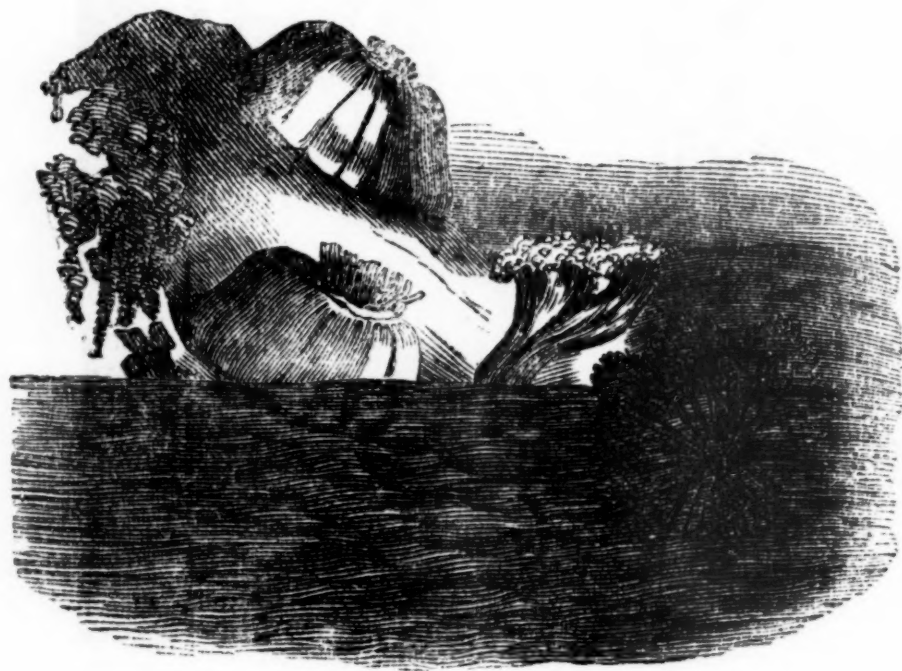
The huge arm of the sea, formed in this manner, has an average depth of ten to twenty fathoms, which at one end, however, increases to sixty, while the open sea beyond the reef is of unfathomable depth a very short distance off. The superficial width of the reef varies, in different parts, from some hundred feet to a mile. Probably this coralline wall, whose dimensions, it will be seen, laugh to scorn every human construction, is the most magnificent erection of the sort which the present epoch of creation has to offer us.

There is a large number of these island-girdling reefs, especially in the Pacific. Such, among others, is Tahiti, the Queen

of Polynesia, with its girdle of palms and bread-fruit trees. This paradisaical mountainous island rises in the midst of a calm sea, which the coral wall cuts off from the violent surf of the ocean.

The encircling reefs are found at a very great distance from the island they protect. Thus, the distance between New Caledonia and its coralline wall is no less than one hundred and forty miles.

The third variety of Coral-banks (Atolls, or Lagoon islands) differs from the former in the fact, that it does not enclose a verdant isle, but merely a central sea, or great expanse of water. Such Atolls are found close together in what is called the Coral Sea, between the northern coast of New Holland, New Caledonia, the Solomon's Islands, and the Louisiadian Archi-



GROUP OF ACTINIE.

pelago; in the low archipelago, formed of eighty islands; at the Feejee, Ellice, and Gilbert Islands; in the Indian Ocean, to the North-east of Madagascar, under the name of the Atoll Group of Sayo de Malha; at the Marshall Islands (Radack and Ralick), to the east of the Ladrones; in the Maldivé and Laccadive Archipelagos, and in many other parts of the Tropical Ocean.

Between the tropics, the constant action of the trade winds on the boundless surface of the sea, produces breakers far more terrible than those of our temperate zone, and of incessant fury. It is impossible to regard these hoarsely-growing waves without entertaining the conviction, that even the hardest rock must eventually yield to such a force. But the low coralline banks victoriously

resist such attacks; for here a new living power enters the lists against blind physical force. The waves may tear from the Coral-reef thousands of blocks; but what does this signify against the piled-up labours of countless myriads of little architects, who are engaged day and night in extracting calcareous atoms from the foaming waves, and arranging them in systematical constructions. Thus we see the vital strength that exists in the soft gelatinous body of a Polype conquering the gigantic power of an ocean, which neither the works of human skill, nor those of inanimate nature, can withstand. The reef-forming Corallines, which in this way defy the utmost efforts of the waves, are, in other respects, extremely delicate and sensitive. They require a warmish water for existence, and only

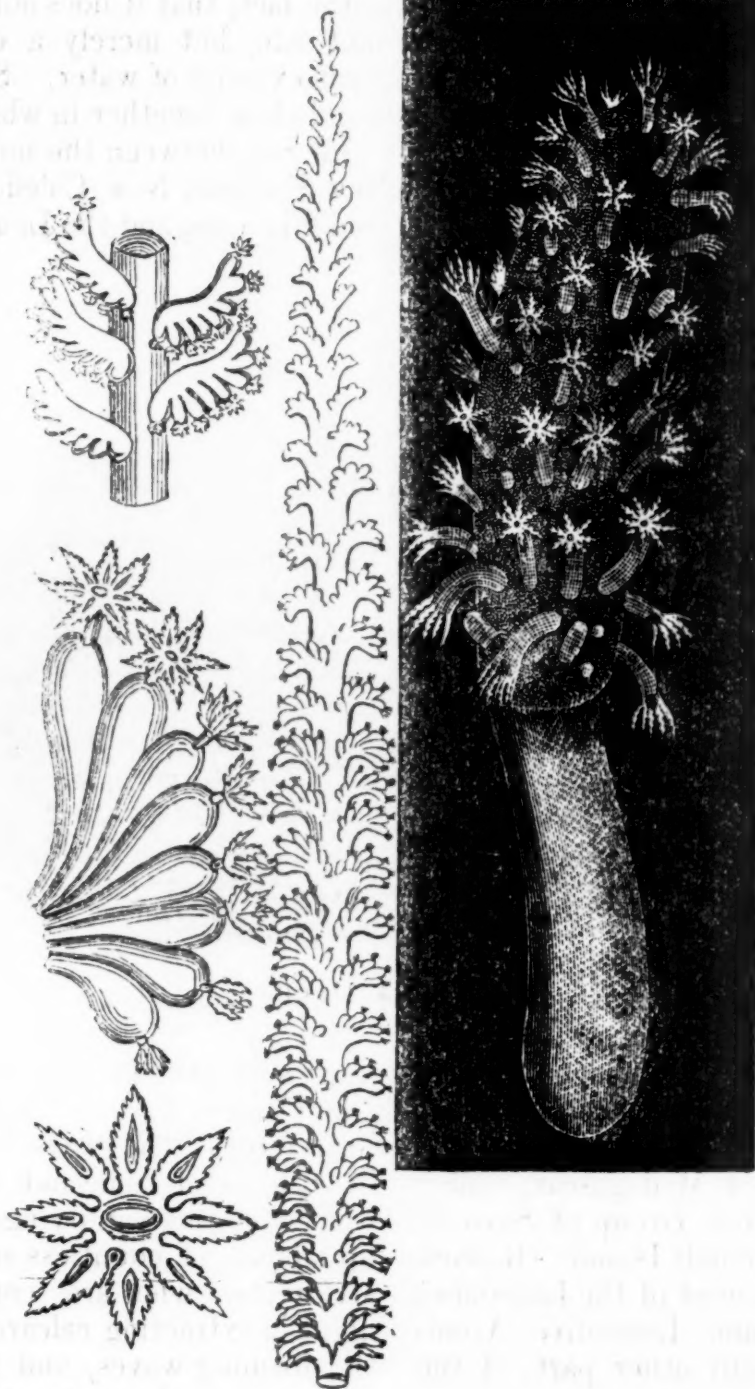
inhabit those seas whose temperature never sinks below 60°.

The effect of the ocean-current has, consequently, a great influence on their appearance. At the Gallipagos, which lie below the equator, but are exposed to the chilling influence of the Peruvian Stream, no Corals are found; while, favoured by the warm Gulf Stream, they are seen round the Bermudas, although those

islands lie from four to five degrees beyond the usual boundaries of the Coral reef.

A clear, unpolluted saline water is also indispensably necessary for their existence. They shun slimy, sandy coasts; and opposite flowing rivers, there are corresponding holes in the reefs they throw up.

There are also many unexplained circumstances which, in some parts of the sea, favour the congregation of building



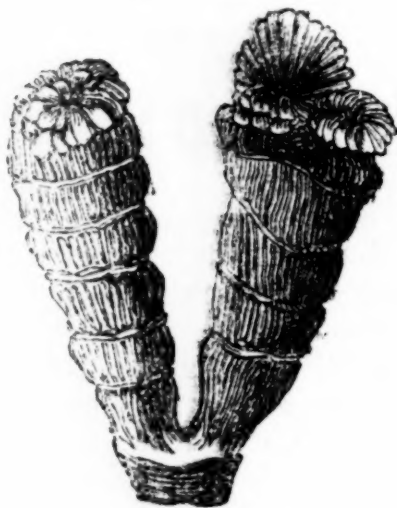
STRUCTURE OF POLYPODOMS.

Polypodom, and in others compel their entire absence. Why, for instance, the north-western coast of Africa, St. Helena, Ascension, San Fernando, the Cape Verde Islands, where the temperature is most suitable, are entirely free from Corals, which are found so frequently on the eastern coasts of Zanzibar, and in the

adjacent seas, no one can satisfactorily explain. As the sea is frequently fathomless at a short distance from the Coral reef—as off the Keeling islands, where Captain Fitzroy found no bottom, with a line of 7200 feet, scarce a mile from land—it was formerly believed that the Lithophytes built up their precipitous

walls from the depths of ocean; an opinion which is no longer tenable, since Quoy and Gaymard, Ehrenberg, Darwin, and other distinguished naturalists, have proved that the depth at which the reef-forming Corallines can exist (*Astrea*, *Porites*, *Millepores*, etc.), is, at the most, twenty to thirty fathoms.

Quoy and Gaymard, who accompanied the circumnavigator Freycinet, on board the *Uranie* frigate, have expressed an opinion that the Corallines merely formed a proportionally thin crust on the crest of submarine chasms of mountains, or the circular edges of volcanoes; and in this manner explained, not only the remarkable appearance of the Atolls, but also the precipitous descent beyond their rings. But this theory has not stood the test of a more careful investigation; for no known crater has ever attained such



LITHOPHYTE.

an expanse as, for instance, several Atolls in the Radack Archipelago, one of which is thirty-two miles long and twenty broad.

Besides, the numerous volcanoes, on whose edges the Atolls were afterwards formed, must have all approached the surface to the slight depth in which the reef-forming Coral varieties can alone exist: a supposition which is most improbable; for where on land can we find large and broad mountain chains, whose elevations attain such an altitude?

Further, the Corals do not grow higher than to the verge of the lowest water-mark at ebb tide, or at the most, four to six inches above it; and though the waves may pile up loosened fragments to a height of thirty feet, still they could not form coral islands sixty feet in height like Tongataboo, or, as at Eua, elevate the reef three hundred feet above the water-mark.

But this fact the Quoy and Gaymardian theory took as little into account as it did the encircling reefs that surround the lofty mountainous islands.

Charles Darwin was the first to find the key to all these geological riddles, by deducing the formation of the varying Coral reefs from the oscillating condition of the bed of the sea, and its periodical elevations and depressions.

Just as it is now undoubtedly proved that some portions of *terra firma* are continually rising (*Scandinavia*, *Chili*), while others are sinking (*Dalmatia*, *Greenland*), there are also rising and sinking regions in the Ocean. Among the latter, for instance, is that space, 4000 miles long and 600 broad, on which the Society Islands and the Lower Archipelago culminate, the Coral Sea, the long chain of the Maldives, Laccadives and Chayos Atolls. If, then, we fix our attention on any one coral-reef island in these slowly sinking regions, we find that while it sinks, the equally sinking coral reef is raised, or at any rate kept in equilibrium by the new perpendicular erections of the corallines, which try to reach the surface. But the Corals lying near the open sea find there better nourishment than those pointing to land; the former grow quickly, while the latter pine away, and thus with time a reef is formed surrounding the island at a considerable distance, between which and the coast the sea is frequently found so deep, that large ships can anchor comfortably in this basin as in a harbour.

At length a period arrives when, by continued sinking, the central island entirely disappears beneath the waves, and the Atoll, or product of the Zoophytes, which labour against the sinking process, is alone left.

Hence, wherever low lagoon islands are now visible, once lofty lands rose from the sea, whose existence would be forgotten, did not the coral erections remain in evidence.

From the present size of the reefs it is calculated that the plateau which was lost in this way from the Pacific, covered at least 2000 square miles; and as there may have been lands whose sinking proceeded too rapidly for the corals to hold their own on the surface, this estimate is probably far beneath the reality.

The length of time needed for the formation of these colossal coral banks may be judged from the fact that D'Urville found the anchors of Prowse's ships lost forty years previously off Vani-

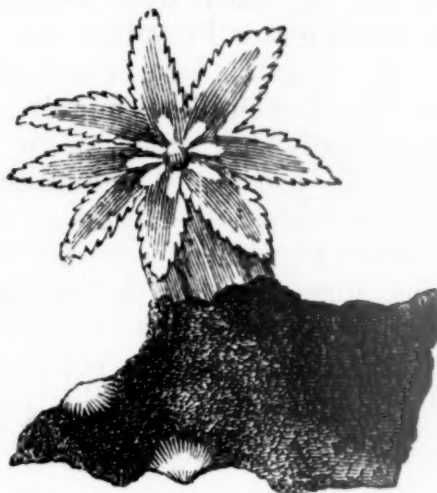
koro at a depth of fifteen feet, covered with only a small crust of coral, and that the anchor which Anson, the circumnavigator, left off the island of Tinian, in a depth of twenty-two fathoms, when found eighty-five years after, was also merely covered with a thin layer of coral. Thus the naturalist is shown the extreme age of our planet by the reefs of the tropical ocean.

While some portions of the bed of the sea are sinking, others again are rising. These masses of raised coral prove that the New Hebrides, Solomon's Islands, New Ireland, the Friendly Islands, &c., are emerging from the bed of ocean.

Round Eua Island runs a coral wall twenty feet high, in which the surf has excavated deep cavities and spouting holes. At such places the in-rolling wave produces intermittent springs, which start from the perforated rock with immense force.

Most interesting is the manner in which lagoon islands and encircling reefs eventually become the residence of man; for the Corals only build up to low water-mark, and therefore every tide necessarily lays their labours under water. But where the living architects falter, the destroying surf displays itself as a creative might. It tears fragments and blocks from the exterior of the reef, and hurls them a long distance over its surface. Corals, shells, and sea-urchin houses are converted, by its crushing, grinding power, into lime, which gradually fills up the interstices of the large, irregularly-piled blocks, and imparts to them greater solidity. In this manner the firm ground rises higher and higher, till at last only the spring-tides submerge it. Soon, too, the tropical sun does its part in the further construction, by bursting and exfoliating the mass rendered torrid by its beams at various places. It is then rolled higher and higher by the fierce tides; and thus a wall is at length formed which even the stormy sea cannot overstep, and behind which the fine coral lime can collect undisturbed. Here the floating seeds and fruit which the ocean currents often bring with them from distant latitudes, find a suitable soil, and begin to cover the glistening lime with light verdure. Trunks of trees washed from their home-forests by floods, also drift on the shores of the newly-formed islands, and bear to it small animals—insects or lizards—as its first inhabitants. Before long palm-groves beautify the new creation, an

army of marine birds has collected on the new place of refuge, and land-birds which have lost their way revel in the shelter of the bushes which grow there. Lastly, after vegetation has completed its task, man makes his appearance on the scene, builds his hut on the fertile soil, which



ISIS NOBILIS.

fallen leaves and rolling weeds have gradually formed, and calls himself lord of this small world.

Thus in the course of ages have been formed all the islands, connected in a link or arranged in circles, which rise upon the coral reefs of the tropical ocean; thus was formed the large territory of the Maldives, whose sultan, Ibrahim, bears the haughty title of King of the thirteen Atolls and the twelve thousand Islands. May his shadow never grow less, or his star set!

With a few words on the valuable Coral (*Isis nobilis*), we will close a chapter which has, perhaps, already grown too long. It is found in the Mediterranean, principally on the coast of Provence, from Cape de la Couronne to St. Tropez, off the islands of Majorca and Minorca, at Stromboli, and on the coasts of Sicily and Algiers. It grows in large banks on the rocky ground. Only the internal parts of the Polypodom consist of the marbled red stony substance, which a large colony of Zoophytes cover with a softer living crust.

At Stromboli, and in the Straits of Messina, according to De Quatrefages, the coral fishery is carried on now just as Marsigli described it 150 years ago.

A large wooden cross, weighted with stones, whose arms of equal length carry nets made of tow, is lowered on to the rocks for a depth of 200 to 300 feet. While one of the fishermen alternately raises and lowers this apparatus, his

comrades row on slowly, so that a considerable distance is swept by it. Then the whole affair is drawn up, and the torn off pieces of coral which are found hanging in the meshes of the net, are taken out. Each boat has a crew of seven or eight men, and the fishery lasts from April to June.

The quantity obtained in these parts,

annually, amounts to about twelve Sicilian quintals, each of 250 lbs. Formerly the price of the raw material was 4s. 6d. the pound. Each bank is only dragged once in ten years, as the corals require that time to grow to perfection again. In Naples many people live by polishing, perforating, and selling this beautiful marine production.

(To be continued.)

THE PAST AGES.

THE past ages! As we repeat the words the pages of history unfold, and the records of times long gone stand openly revealed; and we see the visionary forms of all the great warriors, statesmen, philosophers, and knaves, who strove above their fellows to excel in the great battle of life; and venerable ones, too, are seen, who in their day and time bore to a sinning world the messages of its God. Greece and Rome pass on before us; the soldier, the poet, the orator, are gone! The princely magnificence of Nineveh—its gorgeous halls, its emblematic sculptures, its wide-extended palaces—flit mistily before us—are past us—are vanished. Rude tribes are seen, with flocks and herds, the sole occupants of a fertile soil—those, too, are gone! And still on goes the shadowy panorama; but in vain we look for man, or signs of his all-altering hand. No man! no house! no boat!—all, all untouched—all, all unseen by aught of human kind!

But must we not stop here? Can our adventurous flight go further? Six thousand years have fled before us—the limit assigned to man's history here—has been attained. What more is there to know? On, press on; and as the antehominal world passes in review, mark how strange, how far surpassing all romance, are the marvellous scenes it can show.

See, where the gay city of Paris now stands, a deep ocean rolls its foaming waves! What are those we see on shore? Monkeys skipping up and down, tropical birds and monstrous serpents, opossums, squirrels, and racoons. The fox and the wolf are there, and animals too of now unseen shape—the Anoplothere and the Xiphodon, and a strange-looking creature, a sort of link between the tapir and the

horse, with but three toes on each foot, and provided with a short proboscis to aid it in its search after food: Palæotherium is its name.

But on we go, and lo! new animals appear before us—a creature some twenty feet long, with legs ten feet in length, and a huge, unwieldy body, and a head like that of an elephant, with strong and powerful proboscis, is seen quietly lying on the muddy banks of an inland lake. It slowly stirs its sluggish body, and, without exerting itself, plunges into the water and swims off towards a small island. It lands, and see, now you can perceive the use of its two large tusks, curved downwards, as in the walrus. They are two pickaxes, and well does the monster use them in his researches after his vegetable food.

And now again on! The elephant, the deer, the mammoth, the rhinoceros, are seen living in regions now covered with the ice and snow of a Siberian winter. But here comes another strange monster—a dull, heavy-looking brute, as big as a rhinoceros, but with a monstrous head; and it, too, has a proboscis. You see it feeding on the twigs and branches of trees, and walking leisurely along. Mark its head: it has four horns; one pair in front, like those of a cow, and another pair, palmated like those of an elk, placed behind. Such is the Sivatherium of the Sewalik hills. And here we must stop: we have gone through hundreds, through thousands, through millions of years, and yet we have millions to pass through ere we arrive at the first signs of life. How grand a study to produce such knowledge to carry us back so far into the past ages of our world's history!

There is a romance about the science

that can achieve such things, that can assure us—nay, more, can prove to us, that for ages upon ages ere man trod this earth, it was the habitation of creatures of gigantic size and uncouth form, who enjoyed, without fear of man's taking it away, God's blessing—life!

Having travelled back through the epoch of the pachyderms and gigantic mammalia of the tertiary, before us now, in one vast lengthened sheet, extends the ocean of the chalk. No land is near to break the dread monotony; no graceful palm, no sturdy oak, not even rush or lowly grass—all sea, all deep, all rolling, tossing surge. Truly did our noble Byron address it—

“Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!”

As it rolls now, so rolled it then, when through its dashing spray nought but the sharp-fanged, slimy reptile paddled—fit company for all the varied swarm of powerful fish that thronged its waters. And mark; there's one—in haste we pass, for ages yet untold loom in the distance. How quick and agile in his motions! Swiftly he stems the wave with the strong help of powerful paddles and large vertical tail; his mouth, wide open, seems filled with teeth. Gone is the Mosasaurus, and quickly, too, the rest. See, there's a fish, one-third of which is head; and, oh, what hordes of sharks! But, stay; what's this so quietly swimming along, just like a little bag, with animated strings at its mouth? The Marsupite: the bag is its stomach, and the strings are as many arms expanding in search of prey, and when they have found any, bringing it into the mouth or stomach entrance.

Did you not mark that fish? One bound, one plash, and down it sank like lead; and there, another and another. What ails them? Ah, look there!—See those full eyes, that horrid beak, more like a parrot's than aught else, those powerful arms, each studded as it were with sharp barbed fish-hooks. One moment watch the wily monster; down he sinks, but still his eyes glare up. A fish swims slowly over him—up in an instant: with wide-spread tentacles he seizes the unsuspecting prey; deep sink the hooks into the soft belly, and the Belemnite can at its ease tear off and feed upon its finny victim's flesh.

And here, too, are creatures of forms well known—we pass the turtle and the

crab, the starfish, and sponges in abundance; but still on—and again a change!

Far on the bright horizon, again land comes to view; but still the sea rolls on and breaks upon the shore, as if it madly felt a check, and could not rest while it was not o'ercome. And so it dashes on, and all the while works its own loss; for while it wears away, all that it *does* wear down goes but to form new bounds, new limits to its empire.

Had man, one solitary man, lived then, would he have ever thought that all the life around him would become extinct—that fishes turned to stone, that sponges changed to flint, and, stranger still, that animalcules, so minute that twenty-two thousand in a row would measure but an inch, and turned to chalk, could by any possibility be of utility to any living creature? Assuredly not; and yet, so it is. Flint and chalk are both used in no inconsiderable degree, and from them and their imbedded fossils comes one page of the vast history of the past we are endeavouring to unfold. Cavil against it who may, aloud these fossil bones proclaim the fact that God's wisdom framed our planet, and caused it to receive its fit inhabitants, at a period so remote, that man's poor, puny thought can but wonder at, without understanding its immense antiquity.

And now the sea is past, and the green-clothed shore appears, bright with tropical vegetation, and animated with the still strange forms of antehominal monsters. Tall pines and ferns of varied shape, and a dense growth of underwood, are seen clothing the distant scene; and as we pass, the quiet hum of the golden beetle and the quick buzz of the swift dragon-fly exulting in the freedom of life, are borne to our ears by the gentle breeze.

Let us stay a moment at yon point, and gaze upon the tranquil scene. How lovely all appears! So quiet—all so undisturbed. Here is the point we are to rest upon. Ah! we have been wrong. Did you not hear that shriek of pain? What was it?

No longer do we gaze upon a tranquil, lovely picture; but on one where life to live has to destroy life, and where the existence of one depends on the death of another. That horrid monster yonder, small though he be, has just devoured the little quadruped that played without fear by that green tree. What jaws the thing has got—sharp-pointed teeth show what it feeds upon. Look at it! after another victim. Away it runs, for in its turn a larger reptile is pursuing it. See! it will

be caught. No! How extraordinary a monster! It throws its crocodile-like head back, bends its long neck, and spreading out its wings, upward it goes. Could man have ever thought of aught more horrible than this? Mark its flight. It's off to sea; and now recovered from its fright, down quick it swoops, and carries up—snatched from the deep—a fish. Now down again, you see it swimming on the waves. But its career is near an end. Behind it comes a reptile of huge size and wondrous form. One powerful effort with its paddles, a quick snapping of the jaws, and before the Pterodactyl can be off, it has become the prey of the Plesiosaurus—another monster, approximating to the crocodile, its neck four times as long as its body, its spoon-shaped jaws containing no less than a hundred teeth; its neck swells gradually down until it joins the body, and the body again tapered off until it forms the tail—the whole, perhaps, some thirty feet in length; and to propel it in the water, and probably to assist its locomotion on the land, it has four strong paddles, by which it can surprise its living prey. Such is the Plesiosaur.

Turn again to the land. Crash, crash, crash, and the ferns and lowly shrubs are trodden down beneath the feet of some approaching animal—an enormous body elevated some fifteen feet above the ground, and extending some forty feet in length. Supported on powerful legs, appears an enormous body; but though so big, so vast in size, and having such sharp and awful-looking teeth, the creature does not live on flesh, satiates its appetite on no quivering limbs, but nipping off the tender plant, the monstrous-sized Iguanodon can rank itself among the “vegetarians.”

But on again: sharks in abundance, more Belemnites; and see that pretty shell, the Ammonite—ay, whole fleets of them—and Nautili, too. Examine for a moment the curled-up Ammonite. There, now we've caught one. It is just like a cuttle-fish inside a shell. How it flings its cold and slimy tentacula about, and all the rest are gone; frightened at the loss of their companion, they drew their bodies into their shells, and sank for safety to the bottom of the deep. Oh, what a splendid shell, “sculptured all over with Nature's chisellings!” Let the creature go; that dead shell floating by will satisfy abundantly all our curiosity. You see where the dead animal dwelt, the shell does not seem all hollow; for, but a

little way in, there is a shelly partition that stops us, and in it there is a small hole near the top of the shell. Just break it open—ah! it is fashioned inside like some of our own boats, divided into watertight boxes; these made it float, or rather helped it; but what is the use of the tube running through these chambers? That tube is called the siphuncle, and kept up the vitality of the shell; without which it would have dried and broken off, and thus destroyed the buoyancy of the creature. When it wants to swim it protrudes its body, and the increased surface offered to the water, aided by the chambers, straightway brings it to the surface; and when again it wants to sink, in it goes, and the increased gravity speedily sends it down. As Richardson says:

“The Nautilus and the Ammonite were launch'd
in friendly strife,
Each sent to float in its tiny boat on the wild
wide sea of life.
And each could swim on the ocean's brim,
and when weary its sail could furl,
And sink to sleep in the great sea deep, in
its palace all of pearl.”

Again, who can gaze on the vast profusion of reptile life in the past ages, and on the singular combinations of structure that are united in so many of the powerful saurians, for the purpose of providing for the gratification of their carnivorous appetites, and at the same time believe that God is a god of love; unless he sees that the fierce and terrible attacks of their powerful assailants were but merciful dispensations towards the animals destroyed, and that “the speediest fate, though violent and terrible, is best.”

With such feelings only can we look on the voracious monsters of the Lias in a proper spirit, for otherwise disgust and horror take possession of our minds and almost efface our astonishment at these ancient monarchs of the deep.

One more only, of this period, can we notice; for while we gaze in awe, and with almost unconscious eye, new scenes loom on in the distance, and a dark fringe on the horizon betokens the advent of fresh epochs.

Meet playmate for the Plesiosaur, fit inmate for the abode dwelt in by the fierce shark and bulky Cetiosaur, was the dreadful Ichthyosaurus. See where the ocean foams in crimson waves—sure evidence of death. Ay, there he comes—the huge black head, some eight feet long, and the teeth-encircled jaws appear above the foam, and as the monster slowly paddles

past we see his glaring eye fixed on us. But what an eye—what extent would an orbit of forty inches in circumference not embrace? Nor is it merely its size that makes it wonderful; but, like the owl, the outer-coat of it is made up of moveable, thin, bony plates, by which its sight can be adapted to near or distant objects, as the creature wills. Note, too, his length,—full forty feet: his black and slimy skin, his paddles, and his tail. But see, the water boils, as off he goes, propelled by the quick-striking paddles, to some new scene of carnage. Our last glimpse is had of the Liassic Ichthyosaurus. Well could we say of him, as a great poet sang of a character of still blacker hue:—

“With head uplift above the waves, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts, be-
sides,
Prone on the flood extending long and large,
Lay floating many a rood.”

Again the shore is reached—a broad, flat strand, where the gently-rippling tide plays softly on. Ah, here again we find inhabitants before us; unlike all we have ever seen—new combinations of “kind Nature’s plan.” Here at our feet, the Rynchosaurus (*ῥύγχος*, a beak; *σαῦρος*, a lizard), with the body of a lizard, the feet of a bird, and the beak of a turtle. Birds, as big as ostriches; crocodiles, and tortoises, are here and there discernible; and among them, just on the shore, watch yon strange object; something like a frog, of immense size, as large as the rhinoceros, but with head like a crocodile, teeth like ivory lancets, and skin covered with bony plates; it travels on along the shore, and leaves as it goes the impress of its hand-like feet on the sandy beach. Ah, who would think that those fugacious markings shall remain, and that in future ages, when that sand shall have become sandstone, and busy man be digging it to supply his wants, he shall in amazement come upon them, and shall from them discover the form and structure of the creature now before us, and giving it a title descriptive of its structure, shall call it Cheirotherium. We are now at the period of the Trias. The dark fringe on the horizon has developed into a glorious mass of vegetation, extending further than the eye can reach. Quick, let us pass the intervening space, and enter on the boundaries of the luxuriant epoch of the carboniferous.

There is something beautiful in the aspect of a forest, when the sun, glancing

down his life-giving beams, casts a flood of brightness over the quaint, fantastic shapes which the clusters of leaves assume, and vivifying what it touches, like a few bold strokes on a tame picture, yet but increases the gloom—heightening, by contrast, the sombre appearance of the shade.

Varied, indeed, is the scenery we are passing through! See yon large swamp, with waving trees growing among fogs and vapours, like the rank long grass in a damp churchyard, and flourishing in mighty beauty in a semi-liquid mass of stagnant, putrid water, and decaying, rotten leaves.

Straight, with tapering stem, from out the pulpy ground, strikes up toward heaven the graceful Calamite, with bright green, linear leaves; and all around the surface of the swamp, in rich abundance, mark the different ferns and smaller plants, that, by their fragile frame and quick decay, serve to increase the soft morass. Sustained, too, on a firm basis—matted, as it were, to the ground by its wide-spreading roots, the lofty Sigillaria towers high above the waters. Pass closer to it, and note its elegantly-fluted stem, marked with the scars of long-dead leaves. But now we reach a brighter scene. “Soft mossy bowers beneath these canopies extend.” Bright flowers and gorgeous plants bloom ’mid the old gray trunks of ancient trees; and round yon lofty stem the busy insect flies. Another sculptured tree, rising up some seventy feet, with linear leaves ranged round the stem: it is the *Lepidodendron*.

But hark yon distant rumble!—Haste on! for see the lightning flashing down among the tall, rank-growing forest!—And darker still it grows! How horrible!—the damp, decaying smell—the sombre vegetation—and, worse than all, the solemn, awful stillness, unbroken by aught but the undulating breeze, that seems to stir and move some plants, and to avoid the rest; or the quick-repeated thunder-roll,—all go to form a scene too terrible for man’s endurance.

Through miles and miles of forest on we go; and here again the sea!—It is the ocean of the Old Red Sandstone.

Cast down your glance into the sparkling deep, and you will see the objects of his study. There goes the *Cephalaspis*, clad in strong armour, with head defended by a large enamelled plate of bone, and appearing in outline like a bright crescent, with a shining sword inserted in the concave side, as swift it swims about among

its strange companions. And there is another animal—a fish, too—*Plerichthys* is its name. It is not large—not many inches long—and nothing is it like. Imagine the carapace or shield of a small tortoise to be furnished with a gradually-tapering tail, a head of no large size, but flat, and from the junction of the head and body a pair of long, hard paddles to extend. Paddles, however, they are not, but weapons of defence; and the fish progresses only by its tail.

But we must pass them all, and give our parting look at all the varied forms that

“—sporting with quick glance, show to the sun
Their waved coats dropp'd with gold.”

And now the fishes are more scarce, and over the muddy bottom we can see strange creatures crawling. We have entered the last scene of our journey, and the Silurian ocean's billows roll calmly on. Before us, where the foaming waves rise up in quickened swell, the coral Zoophyte works at its endless task:—

“We see the living pile ascend,
The mausoleum of its architects.”

Further on, too, in the crystal waters, we can see the feathery Graptolite waving its elegant stems; and crawling on the bottom of the clear sea, we can notice the most extraordinary feature of the Silurian fauna—the Trilobite; of all sizes are they, from one inch to six—a strange animal truly—crustaceous, too—covered with a shell composed of a number of plates or moveable segments, something like the horny covering of the shrimp. Notice its prominent eyes, one on each side of the head. Strange eyes are those—the cornea of each contains no less than 400 divisions or lenses; and thus each of those small creatures is provided with 800 eyes.* Carnivorous, like so many of the creatures

* According to Kirby and Spence, vol. iii., 25,000 have been counted in a beetle.

we have passed, we see them feeding on the worms and polyps with which they are surrounded.

But look a little further on at that elegant creature, gracefully bending its jointed stem. Did we not know that it is one of the Crinoideæ, we would at once pronounce it to be a beauteous plant. Covered over with a delicate, almost transparent substance, similar to the covering or living gelatine of the mushroom coral (*Fungia actiniformis*), it flourishes at the bottom of the ocean.

“Shrunk down within its purple stem to sleep,
Now feels the water, and again
Awakening, blossoms out
All its green anther necks.”

A long stem, with its roots in the soft mud, throws itself upwards, and supports a cup-like head, from which proceed its jointed arms. And see the use it makes of them, as bending to-and-fro with the gentle wave, its outstretched arms seize on the prey brought within reach by the current.

But here we close. Millions on millions of years have passed in review before us, and millions on millions still lie unexplored—but naught that we can enter on. Stern rocks of granite—upheaved mountains—volcanoes—earthquakes—convulsive throes of bubbling rock—till all ends in one vast chaos.

What strange knowledge has our journey taught us! True, too, its revelation—that ages on ages—time incalculable, ere man was seen on earth, creatures of exquisite beauty and surpassing strangeness existed—as, too, did others, of bulk so huge, of proportions so enormous, of aspect so terrific, that, before their restored forms, imperfect though the restorations be, all poetic legends of dragons and fiery serpents sink into utter nothingness; and the astonished imagination halts appalled at the gigantic structure and uncouth forms presented by the relics of antehominal life.

THE MUTE.

DEATH hath its vanities, and Mutes are of them!—Which of us has not been startled, on some bright midsummer morning, when the sunshine streams as with a vengeance on the glowing pavement, or on one of those still more gorgeous days of autumn, devised to shed their rays on dahlias, sunflowers, hollyhocks, and other gauds,—by the contrast of two masses of gloom, stationed in steadfast sadness on either side the entrance of some human habitation; types of the sorrow that weepeth within; or, it may be, indications to the hearse and mourning coaches at what door they are to stop, to receive as a senseless burden what was wont to step forth, animate and cheerful into the sunshine, over that accustomed threshold?

These sable statues are the Mutes of a funeral ceremony. Habited from top to toe in suits of sables, their faces composed to decent sympathy with the ceremonial of the day, they assume their lugubrious post shortly after daylight, to preserve tranquillity round the house of mourning; an aim accomplished by hanging out a banner of woe, that never fails to collect upon the pavement before the door the errand boys and idle apprentices of the neighbourhood; the young children to gaze with wondering eyes upon those mysterious symbols of death; the elder ones to gossip over the name and nature, demise and sepulture, of the defunct:—of what doctors he died,—to what heirs his lands and tenements must descend.

The milkwoman stands, open-mouthed, to listen; while into the basket of the transfixed greengrocer's boy (whose eyes are fascinated by those living signposts of the dwelling, whose wine-cup is a chalice of tears) dive the cunning fingers of a ragged unchin, to whom green codlings are forbidden fruit; whereon a squabble ensues between the juvenile delinquent and careless errand-boy. Some of the bystanders take part with the victim, some with the thief. Like the debates of a higher place, argument degenerates into vociferation. All threaten, all bawl, all bellow. The tumult demands the interference of a policeman. And all this uproar, because the vain-gloriousness of human nature requires that a door whence the dead are about to be borne forth to decay, should be pointed out to vulgar notice by the attendance of those twins

of Erebus, a couple of undertaker's Mutes!

Yet, how wondrous the genius of these professionals! Throughout the street-brawl that grew, shouted, and subsided before their eyes, not a token of human frailty in their steadfast countenances. They took no part with either the Capulets or Montagues of the mob; the *Neri*, or chimney-sweeps, the *Bianchi*, or bakers' boys. They looked on unmoved, like marble effigies upon a tomb. Their eyes so much as blinked not; their very noses refrained from contemptuous commentation: they kept silence, even from good words:—*they were Mutes!*

Let it not be inferred, however, that Mutes are an inevitable fringe on the sable garment of death. On the continent of Europe, their office is performed by proxy. On the day of burial, funereal draperies (black or white, as the sex and age of the defunct may be) are suspended, at early morn, across the ground floor of the house of death; which, level with the causeway and undivided from it by an area, is easily attainable. This drapery is of serge or velvet, plain or garnished with silver, according to the means of the family. For the noble, it is adorned with heraldic escutcheons; by the opulent, it is over-scattered with tears and palms.

For though "dust to dust" is the universal sentence of mortality, there is dust *and* dust!—There is the dust of Rothschilds, and the dust of paupers. There was the dust of Dryden, which was bandied about for burial between the poverty of his family and the brutal jests of an insolent lordling. There was the dust of Frauenlob, the Minnesinger, borne forth by the fairest damsels, clad in white, chanting his own sweet songs to the place of interment. There was the dust of Sheridan, snatched from the hands of the bailiff to be escorted to the immortality of the Abbey, by dukes and earls, eager to catch the reflection of the last gleam of his renown. And there is the dust of those whose coffins are made the rallying point of the seditious; who shake their clenched fists at government and spit their venom at the throne, under sanction of a hat-band and weepers.

But there is also the dust of the poor and nameless:—people, whose career on earth has been one of duty and sub-

mission;—people, over whose casual coffin the hearts that loved them have not leisure to break, lest those should starve who depend upon their labour for daily bread. These must be thrust into the grave in haste. These leave no memory to the multitude. In foreign lands, they boast no drapery above their doorway; from the *pompes funèbres* at home, no nodding plumes. No ragged throng gathers before their threshold to see the coffin, covered with a parish pall, paraded beneath the “lidless eye of heaven.” The holiness of solitude is there, even amid the crowded city. Nature herself hath stationed beside their door the unseen Mute.

It is often said that a man must be born an artist. Surely a Mute also must be a Mute by imprescriptible right? There is no accounting for tastes,—there is no accounting for trades. To be a butcher, a dentist, a surgeon, a scavenger, may be “the gift of fortune;” but to be a Mute at a funeral, must come by nature.

What but the decree of Providence can create that rigid immobility of feature, that leadenness of eye, that stoniness of brow, that more than military uprightness of deportment; not altogether like the African, “God’s image cut in ebony,” but an abstraction of sable woe, scarcely vivified by the touch of life? A mummy has more animation than the accomplished Mute in the discharge of his duties; and, when stationed beside some aristocratic doorway in St. James’s-square (to bespeak reverence for the ennobled clay, covered with crimson velvet glittering with cherubim of gold), the black marble figure of a knight templar upon his tomb in some mildewed cathedral is not more rigidly motionless than the well-drilled Mute.

Accident, however, sometimes creates the singular individual which might be supposed a forethought of Providence.

In a cheerful, sunshiny cottage on the Severn side, there once rolled upon the floor a chubby child, whose skin was glossy with healthfulness, whose eyes were bright with joy; whose voice was a carol, whose cheek red as the apples clustering in the tree that spread its knotty, shapeless branches beside the little homestead.

Jem Willet was a pledge of joy to his parents. For he was a first-born; a ray of the sun of promise, which, in the early days of matrimony, beams alike for rich

and poor; and he was dandled by his father, and hugged by his mother, till a little Jack came to claim a share in the family endearments.

Still Jem was the favourite. He was the first: and such a merry, lightsome-hearted fellow. Nor was it till a whole tribe of Toms and Neds, Bets and Salls put forth equal rights with himself to slices of the brown loaf, that poor Jem’s humble garments were suffered to go ragged, and he was allowed to crawl to bed with the rest, unblest by the caresses of a parent. For what leisure had father or mother for domestic love? Their bread was embittered by its scantiness. The staff of life was a slender staff in their hands. Taxed to support the waste and wantonness of the great castle whose towers were visible from their cottage door, the loaf, which was their luxury, scarcely sufficed their wants: and how could they be expected to love the children whose cries of hunger distracted their poor hovel? The caress became a cuff; the tender word, a curse. The children were sent out to work. It was something that they were not sent out to beg!

Yet, in spite of these clinging cares, there was an inborn joyousness in poor Jem Willet’s nature that would not be repressed. He seemed to whoop and halloo the louder for his rags; and even want sat so lightly on him, “that his cheek so much as paled not.” A better fortune seemed reserved for him than for his brother and sister starvelings. While one or two were draughted into a factory-team, while Jack became a cowboy, Bill a climbing boy, and Tom the drudge of a collier’s barge, Jem (who was growing up what the linendrapers’ advertisements call “a genteel youth”) was apprenticed to a carpenter: apprenticed by the benevolence of the parish, which was now sole proprietor of Richard Willet’s lame widow and fifteen children, the husband and father having fallen a victim to small gains and a large family,—high rent, and low fever.

Jem was now the happiest of boys; that is, he had as much bread as he could eat, and a little more work than he could do. But a humane, intelligent master put him in the way of doing it in the best manner. He was an improving lad. By the time he was out of his apprenticeship, he became a good workman. Bill had been put out of his miseries by opportune suffocation in a narrow flue, belonging to

the county member, at Marrowbone Hall. Tom had *fallen* overboard, after a severe banging from his tyrant, and was gone to feed the lampreys of the Severn. Jack was becoming almost as great a brute as the beasts he tended;—and the factory brother and sisters were slaved, gassed, and drubbed into a transfiguration tripartite of the yellow dwarf. But Jem was gay and rubicund as ever; well-grown, well-fed, well-taught;—a good-humoured, good-looking fellow as ever breathed.

Unluckily, the result of this even temper and comely aspect was an early marriage. On finding that he could earn eighteen shillings a week, one of the prettiest lasses in Gloucestershire persuaded him that it was too large a sum for his single enjoyment; and Jem Willet, like Richard Willet before him, became a father at so early an age, that there was little chance of his surviving to become a grandfather. He chose to gird on the crown of thorns, without allowing time for the previous expansion of its roses; and jump from boyhood to middle age, without allotting a moment to the pleasures of youth.

Nevertheless, the plane and chisel sped prosperously. Jem was never out of employ; never sick—never sorry. Children came; ay, and on one occasion, twins, who seemed to bring a blessing with them; for Jem Willet's household thrived in proportion to its increase.

But, alas! the sin which, "ere the foundations of this earth were laid," marred the harmony of primeval heaven, is still predominant. The Willets were ambitious! Jem's pretty wife had been three years in service in London, before a visit to her friends in Gloucester converted her into the wife of the handsome young carpenter; and poor Mary could not forget Cheapside, and had a hankering after St. Paul's Churchyard. The High-street of Gloucester was not worthy to hold a candle to the Strand, among whose gay haberdashers' shops, her green and salad days had passed. In the clear atmosphere of her country home she pined after the smother of the metropolis, and like others of her sex, from Eve modernwards, contrived to win over her partner to her fault.

Her faithful Jem was accordingly taught to believe that there was no promotion for him in a country town; that so good a workman might enjoy, in London, the wages of a cabinet-maker; and that a journey from Gloucester was

all that was wanting to convert his eighteen shillings per week into six-and-thirty. They were beforehand with the world. They had seven-and-forty pounds to draw out of the savings' bank to establish them in London. It showed a poor heart, according to Mary Willet, to sit down contented with their humble fortunes, when "happiness courted them in its best array."

After some prudential misgivings on the part of Jem, the woman persuaded him, and he did go. Their goods and chattels were sold off at considerable loss, but still so as to add some pounds to their capital; and having put money in their purse, away they sped to the metropolis. Within eight miles of London a railway accident occurred, and Jem was all but crushed into nothingness by the weight of a huge bale of merchandise.

The infant in his arms never breathed again! The mangled father was transported upon straw in a light cart to St. George's Hospital, with his family, all of whom were more or less injured by the accident; and, at the expiration of a year from their departure from the country, the Willets were settled in a squalid lodging of a by-street in Chelsea, with three out of their five children remaining, and two pounds ten, out of their forty-nine.

There was misery in the little household—past, present, and in expectation. It was in vain that poor Mary cursed her restless spirit as the cause of all. Her self-accusations yielded no fuel to their empty grate, no food to their hungry mouths. A severe injury received by Jem in the right shoulder at the time of his accident, incapacitated him for the carpenter's bench, and all other manual labour; nor could the poor people devise any mode of gaining a living for a man who was no scholar, and had not connexions to back him in applications for employment as light porter to some house of business.

It was a sorry time. The winter was a hard one,—their money gone; even the last half-crown in their little treasury had been changed to purchase provisions for the day. Mary was eager with her husband to make an application for parochial relief, such as might be the means of getting them passed back into Gloucestershire. She knew they should be no better off there than in London. But it was their *own place*. They should hear familiar voices; their eyes would rest upon familiar spots; their hands be

clasped in those of the humble friends of their childhood. There would be somebody to look upon their half-starved babes, and say, "God speed them!"

But Jem resisted. Though his early condition had familiarized him with the shame of pauperism, the independence his exertions had since achieved had taught him pride. It was pleasanter to hope—it was almost pleasanter to starve, than confront that bitter tribunal, a Monday board.

Another day came, and Mary, who had looked so wistfully upon the last half-crown ere she could make up her mind to change it, found herself looking, with exactly the same shuddering, upon their last sixpence! In the interim their prospects had darkened. Jem had been refused work in various quarters, where he had flattered himself his crippled powers were still available.

"You don't look strong enough!" was the universal reply; and on returning from a grocer's in Whitechapel, to whom he had taken a recommendation for employment in his warehouse, he found the eldest girl, a delicate slip of a thing, unable to bear up against the squalor and wretchedness with which she was surrounded, suffering under a violent attack of ague; the disease, of all others, requiring the administration of wholesome nourishment.

"She will die,—she will follow her brother and sister!" faltered the poor fellow, rushing from the house, determined to seek for his sick child the parochial aid he had been too proud to seek for himself; and as he went along the temptation was almost too strong to escape from the slow agonies of life, by plunging himself headlong into the Thames, that ran temptingly within reach.

It was December, and the dingy waters rippled on like the waves of an unclean element under a heavy fog that shut out all prospect of the sky. How different from the dancing waters of his translucent Severn, the friend and companion of his childhood!—The reminiscence brought back careful thoughts of his dead brothers;—of his old mother, inmate of a poor-house,—of toil and sorrow, hunger and cold;—till Jem Willet could not help feeling that it was a sorry world for those who, like himself, were born to work out the penalty of the first human sin.

His eyes were red with unshed tears, his nose blue with heart-chill and a north-

west wind, his features pinched, his looks meagre; it might almost be added his "bones were marrowless—his blood was cold." Yet a sort of fierce striving against evil fortune caused him to maintain a firm demeanour, and erect his head to the utmost stretch, as he was about to enter the workhouse-gate.

Such was the origin of the after-fortunes of Jem Willet!—Ere he crossed the fatal threshold he found himself civilly accosted by a solemn individual, who announced himself as "Mr. Screw, the eminent Knightsbridge upholsterer;" and the long rambling conversation that ensued ended in Jem Willet's quitting the premises, "attached to the establishment" of his new acquaintance, with twelve shillings a-week wages, and the promise of advancement.

Alas, and woe is me!—He was about to be converted into a MUTE!

Jem was to enter upon his functions on the morrow. He was in fact as great an acquisition to Screw, as Screw to him. The Knightsbridge undertaker having been bereaved of one of his standard Mutes by the great master and commander of his gloomy trade, was sadly at a loss for a fellow of sufficiently doleful countenance to match the fine funereal face of the survivor.

"Poor Bill Hobbs, who was dead and gone, was a treasure; a man whom it brought tears into the eyes of the multitude to look on. He confessed he never expected to find an adequate substitute for Bill Hobbs. All he could expect of his new adherent was to do his best,—that is, look his worst; and if he gave satisfaction to the customers, he might count upon eighteen shillings a-week at the close of the winter. Perhaps if the influenza was about, and it proved a good burying season, something might be done sooner."

Poor Jem was beside himself with joy! Such an unexpected stroke of good fortune,—such manna in the desert, such corn in Egypt! His wife wept for gladness when she heard of his promotion. To be sure, it was not exactly the line of employment he would have solicited; not exactly the duty that the fair, chubby, laughing Jem seemed brought into the world to perform. But misery brings down the spirits to an incalculably low level; and Jem seemed to fancy it might be satisfactory to his poor disabled frame to array itself in a decent garb of woe, and stand sentinel at the gates of Death.

During the first week he gave unqualified satisfaction. No advance having been made to him by Screw, whose name was prophetic of his nature, Jem had to endure the torment of taking up his position, on a foggy morning, without having broken his fast, after sitting up all night beside the pallet of his groaning child; and so piteous was his countenance, under sorrows and privations thus accumulated, as to excite the envy of his sable brother, as well as the admiration of his new master.

Screw looked upon him as a Mute of genius. His countenance was something between that of Quixote, Reynolds's Ugolino, and the man who "drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night." His stomach was empty; his heart sinking with the idea of the family affliction, of which he was the outward and visible sign; his soul sickening at the whispered allusions of his professional brother on the opposite side of the door, to "stiff uns and black jobs, shrouds and winding sheets, pickaxes and shovels!" The last funeral in which Jem had borne a part, was that of one of his own beloved babes; and he could not hear a coffin made a theme for jesting.

Mr. Screw and his men, when they drew up the hearse and mourning-coaches to the door, were as much struck with the appropriate air and features of the new Mute, as some might be by the proportions of the Venus de Medicis. He was an honour to the profession;—tall and solemn as a cypress;—a frontispiece, foretelling the nature of a tragic volume. Screw even went so far as to advance him eight shillings, for the use of his family, on the Thursday night: an act of liberality unprecedented in the annals of his establishment. Nay, as the scarlet fever was rife in Chelsea, before the close of the month, the new Mute was raised to the promised modicum of eighteen shillings per week.

All now went well in his little household. The young ravens were fed, and Mary's clothes gradually returned from the pawnbroker's; and though Jem's vocation was still loathsome to him,—though he could scarcely restrain his tears when he saw white feathers nodding over the vehicle that bore forth the little coffin of some only hope from the roof of its parents, to be cast into the wintry earth,—the sensibility which made his calling thus distasteful, rendered him invaluable to his master.

While the Mutes of other establishments, or former Mutes of his own, degraded their scarfs and hatbands, by tossing off a glass of gin or a well-crested pot of porter, with their insignia of office fluttering about them, thereby bringing into discredit the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious undertakership, Jem was always dumb as death, and moulded in clay that required no wetting. He was, in fact, a model-Mute.

The merits of the man perhaps contributed something to the prosperity of the master; for, in the course of a year or two, Screw removed from his suburban abode to one of the handsomest streets at the west end; set up a shop, with a gothic front, on whose door, in lieu of panes, there figured two funeral escutcheons; with death's head, cross-bones, and "*Resurgam*," painted, achievement-wise, on one; and a street door, guarded by two Mutes, holding handkerchiefs to their eyes, on the other. For the off-Mute of this pictorial representation, Jem Willet was supposed to have sat to the artist. Above the escutcheons was inscribed in letters of gold, "Funerals Performed." On the other windows were pasted announcements of "Houses to Let, furnished or unfurnished;" Mr. Screw having taken upon himself the trade of providing mansions for the quick, as well as for the dead.

Upon his removal to this aristocratic warehouse, Screw felt in conscience bound to raise the wages of his Mutes to the level of other fashionable purveyors to the last wants of humanity; and Jem, in the enjoyment of thirty shillings per week, lost all recollection of his former woes.

"Who was it persuaded you to come to Lon'on, I should like to know?"—was now the fond query of his wife. "How would a workman, with his bread-winner disabled, have found means of earning thirty shillings a-week in Gloucester?"

And if Jem refrained from replying that, had he never come to Lon'on, his shoulder would never have been broken in the socket, when he might have enjoyed the same wages, with a less noisome occupation, it was because he was too good-natured to cause vexation to his wife.

The Willets had now their share of the good things of this world. They ate, drank, and were merry. After burial hours, Jem might be seen taking his pipe and glass, in winter at "The Undertakers' Arms," in summer at "The Adam and Eve" tea-gardens. Care came no longer

near him. He said to himself, "Soul, take thine ease;" and his soul did as it was bid.

But, alas! ruin was laying a train under his feet. Amid all this jollification, his features lost their sharpness; his complexion, its pallor; his limbs, their dignified gauntness. The ruddy tints of his Severn days came back in undiminished brilliancy; nay, his very nose became "celestial rosy red." An incipient paunch was rounding. Othello's occupation was gone!

In the overflowing of his heart he could not forbear, now and then, a jovial word with his brother mute; and, in the awful discharge of their duties at the doors of defunct peers of the realm or ministers of state, he was betrayed, by absence of mind, into humming snatches of a tune, haunting his imagination after the carouse of the preceding night. The starveling Mute had become a jolly dog. It was no longer "Willow, willow," with him; but "Wine, mighty wine!"

Under such circumstances, it was scarcely wonderful that Screw and Co. should demand his resignation. One Saturday night, in midsummer time (when the morning sun shines with tell-tale brightness on the minutiae of the rites of sepulture), Willet was requested to give his receipt in full, on receiving his final one pound ten. The "establishment" required his services no longer. He was

superseded—not superannuated, but super-gladdened.

"The foreman said to him, like Apollo, in the song, to 'Voice, fiddle, and flute,' 'No longer be Mute!'"

His jolly face reflected discredit on the house. At a funeral, he was the impersonation of a practical joke—a figure of fun—a parody upon the tragedy—a jest upon a grave subject. He was like *Æsop's* weasel in the meal-tub; the only difference, that Jem was turned *out* of his luxurious berth, while the weasel was forced to remain *in*. Though twice the man he was when taken into Screw's establishment, he was not half so good for the undertaker's purpose. He was as much out of place as a fat harlequin or gouty rope-dancer. He was, in short, a merry Mute!

Poor Jem is, at this moment, looking out for a new place. He is too tender-hearted for a beadle, though the gold-laced hat would mightily become him. But our friend is unconsciously dwindling into such a condition as may entitle him, a second time, to the honours of Muteship. As Napoleon became a second time emperor, it is by no means impossible that the now sorrowing father of four needy children may shortly return to the establishment of Messrs. Screw and Company—thin, lanky, and dolorous of form and feature as may become—a Mute!

A VISIT TO A SUGAR CAMP.

It was that season when approaching spring is already recognised by nature in her secret preparations for remedying the devastations of winter, and clothing the earth anew with verdure, although as yet no token of the outward change be visible. The snow still lay upon the ground, deep, white, and dazzling, and the trees still stretched their leafless branches to the winter wind, while from their roots the sap was rising, to carry life and vigour throughout the exhausted frame, and, arousing the long dormant energies, bid fresh leaves shoot forth to cover them anew with foliage. But the ingenuity of man has found means to turn aside from its original destination, and convert to his own use, a large portion of the revivi-

fying juice intended for the support and invigoration of one species of the many splendid trees crowding the transatlantic forests, and thus of rendering it the most valuable of all to the half-civilized Indian, as well as to the settler on or near the wilder lands.

At that particular period, however, we were surrounded rather by the former than the latter mentioned class, and when called on to join a party of friends bound on a visit to a Sugar Camp, it was to the temporary dwelling of a half-Indian female, well known to most of us, that our course was to be directed. The sun was bright, the air was calm, the snow crisp enough to permit our horses with the light vehicles they drew, to speed

swiftly onward; so wrapping ourselves in our winter mufflings, and welcoming as additional barriers against cold, the large warm buffalo-robcs belonging to the carriages, (as it was the custom in that part of the world to call such sleighs as answered the purposes of carriages for personal conveyance,) we resigned ourselves to agreeable anticipations. On, on we went, the bells usually affixed to the harness, to give notice of that approach which no sound of horses' tread, or rattling of carriage-wheels announces, and which afford much room for selection as to sweetness and harmony of tone, ringing merrily and musically as we proceeded, awakening the echoes of the wilderness with that far-spreading warning, to which, for many a mile, there were none save its furred and feathered denizens to hearken. On, on we went, gliding spirit-like through the dark woods, and over deeply-frozen bays, and across fairy islets, in their winter garb scarce distinguishable from the thickly-iced sections of one of America's most mighty lakes, which offered an equally safe passage to our party. Swiftly sped we over all, in our progress owing much to the rude road cut through the forest to permit the transit of wood-sleighs, without which our purpose would have proved impracticable; for, as we have already intimated, the axe or spade of the emigrant had been but little employed on the dense woods and fertile soil of that portion of our Canadian possessions, where immense tracts of unoccupied land, and capabilities, such as few countries can compete with, offer a new and pleasant home to those who seek one. The hare often started from her form as we passed by, and fled deeper into the wilderness, and occasionally a deer bounded across the track, braving more nearly the danger he sought to shun. But none of our own species met our view, from the beginning of our journey to the end, save one solitary being whom we espied at a distance, examining his fishing-lines, which, as is customary, were set through a hole broken for such purpose in the ice.

At length, after a few hours' rapid travelling, we reached the vicinity of the Sugar Camp, and leaving the carriages, which could not advance nigher, we threaded our way on foot some one or two hundred yards through the primeval forest, to a partial clearing, where three large lodges were erected, each inhabited by a family, or by more than one, when

the individuals composing it were unable without assistance to undertake the business of sugar making, that occupation which engrosses for the period, not merely the time and labour, but also the energies and thoughts of all engaged in it, as much as the harvest in other countries or seasons. And with good reason, too, for to most of the number, the amount of produce during this short period of arduous exertion, is of vital importance, and in a great measure determines the degree of their prosperity for the year. In speaking thus, we of course allude, not to the British or Irish emigrant, who has, or should have, other sources of gain to rival this in amount, though they can scarcely equal it in facility or certainty of acquisition; but to the Indians, half-Indians, frontier-French-Canadians, &c., who pay but little attention to farming. As the hunter of those regions depends on the success of his rifle, so do those unfitted by sex, age, or other circumstances depend on the product of their Sugar Camp, for paying their yearly debt to the traders, from whom all parties are generally improvident enough to receive goods in advance, at the dealer's own valuation, (which, as may be supposed, is not trifling,) to be paid for with the fruit of their labours, taken likewise at the same person's valuation, in this case low enough, and thus depriving them of all freedom of action or power, either to dispose of the produce of their exertions to any other trader, or endeavour to obtain a better price, since almost the entire quantity, whether of furs or sugar, unless they have indeed been fortunate, has been bespoken, and in fact paid for, long before. We mention this merely to show that the advantages which nature bountifully offers to her children, are not improved by them to the extent to which they might be, and if it is of such infinite service to them, the settler, who to equal opportunities should unite more prudence, might easily realize a double profit—we mean not with reference to the quantity, but the net produce of the sugar manufactured by his family, at a season of the year when all of farm business relative to the cultivation of the earth must of necessity be at a stand-still, and time be consequently to spare.

Our hostess for the time being, met us at some distance from her lodge, and before accompanying her thither, we wandered awhile over the partial clearing already mentioned, where almost every

tree, excepting the valuable sugar-maple, had been cut down for fuel, on this and former occasions; the neighbourhood of a "sugar-bush" always tending greatly to the thinning of the surrounding woods; but not one of the stately maples had fallen beneath the axe, though each bore tokens of the hand of man—or possibly of the hand of woman—in the perforation of its trunk, and abstraction of the sap designed for the nourishment of its branches; and far into the forest their brethren displayed similar signs of the busy work proceeding at the camp. The trees are tapped by an incision being made a few feet above the ground, whence, by means of a small spout of wood or thick bark, the sap falls, under the name of sugar-water, into a vessel formed of the smooth imporous birchen bark, which answers so many useful purposes in the land where it is plentiful. As a matter of curiosity, we drank some of the sugar-water, a sweet, pleasant-tasted liquid, which, if procurable in summer, would indeed be coveted, and as it is, many of our friends have gladly welcomed it for mixing with the contents of their hunting-flasks, whenever, while shooting in the forest, accident has brought them near enough a Sugar Camp for such robbery of its occupants.

We then proceeded to the lodge, whither, sooth to say, *we* were impatient to bend our steps, having a greater attraction, it must be confessed (so little utilitarian were our then ideas), in the companion with whom our old acquaintance shared her dwelling and her labours, than in the sugar preparation. She was of pure Indian lineage, but we had often heard how, in days gone by, her unusual beauty had attracted numerous suitors, not only among her own race, but other nations. Europeans, with the birth and fortune of gentlemen, had sought her hand; chiefs of fame and influence had wooed her in the soft accents of more than one Indian dialect; and rich traders had cast their thousands of dollars at the feet of the hard-hearted and scornful maiden, who, rejecting all prouder offers, united herself to a young French-Canadian hunter, with no more wealth than his canoe and rifle, and a few coins left over the purchase of powder and shot for the next season's hunting. However, they braved the storms, and enjoyed the sunshine of the world together for some years, very contentedly and happily, and might have continued so to do until the

very time then present, but for the revengeful jealousy of a chieftain, whose addresses had been declined by the young Indian beauty—we have forgotten her name in her native tongue, but the signification was Summer-Morn. The slave of his vindictive passions, the fierce chief selected a few of his bravest warriors, and proceeded on the sanguinary path of vengeance. Many a long mile of forest-land they traversed, many a watery league did their fleet canoes glide over, till at last they reached the spot where the Canadian had fixed his abode during the bright summer of that year, on an island of Lake Huron, and of this the chief had gained intelligence from a wandering hunter of his tribe, whom chance directed thither. Night came, the solitary cabin was invaded, and Summer-Morn awoke to behold herself surrounded by armed and painted warriors, and to see her husband struck down dead at her side. An infant of a few months lay swathed in an Indian cradle; the unwonted noise aroused the helpless little creature, but the blow of a tomahawk silenced its cries for ever. The horror-struck mother instinctively caught an elder child to her bosom—the hand of her rejected lover sought to tear it from her embrace, but in vain; and the knife which he then aimed at its heart, merely grazed its shoulder, and passed through her arm. Summer-Morn now made a rush from the cabin, and though many a dark hand was stretched forth to stay her passage, the rapidity of her flight, and possibly their anxiety not to injure her, ensured her success. Still with the child in her arms, she gained the lake, and plunging in, holding it with one hand, she swam to a neighbouring island. The darkness of the night, contrasting with the flames in which her late home was enveloped, favoured her escape, and having concealed herself with Indian skill and caution, she eluded discovery. After three days of almost starvation, she swam back to her ruined dwelling, mended with bark and gum the canoe which her enemies had damaged, and paddled it many miles to where a small village was formed by whites and Indians, near a detachment of British troops, supporting herself and her child on a few fish caught during the journey.

With this story in our mind, we entered the lodge. What a contrast to the cold and wintry atmosphere without! here, though there was little more than bark and matting to exclude it, one might

fancy such rude breath would never venture; for the air was warm as that circulating through the fire and stove-heated abodes of comparative luxury, perhaps warmer; the only wonder was that no feeling of suffocation or unpleasantness was occasioned by the process of sugar-boiling which was so rapidly progressing; but no disagreeable sensation was perceptible. The lodge itself was of great length, but narrow, and a fire was burning right along the centre, nearly the whole extent; a stake formed of the trunk of a small tree being driven firmly into the ground at each extremity, supporting a third, placed transversely upon them. To this were suspended, at the least, seven or eight kettles, or boilers, of various sizes, from the huge caldron, which might have taken a couple of sheep in whole, down to a mere preserving-pan, containing from four to five gallons—all of brass, and all boiling and steaming away with the sap in its several stages of preparation. We viewed the entire process, and nothing could be more simple, or more easily conducted.

The sugar-water is first poured into the largest of these brass receptacles, and boiled down to a smaller quantity, when it is transferred to a vessel of less dimensions, to be yet further reduced, and again placed in a smaller pan, demanding, as the syrup thickens, more attention, and frequent stirring with a large wooden ladle, as well as greater caution in the application of heat, until in one of the smallest pans, sometimes on, sometimes off, an extremity of the fire, where it is burning very low, the transformed maple-sap undergoes its concluding process, by being rubbed into a lightish powder, with a wooden implement much resembling a very small paddle. And thus within the space of a few hours, with no greater intricacy or trouble, the seemingly useless liquid is converted into what has become, we may say a necessary of civilized life—the community at large being benefited by its production in greater quantity, and the individual, not merely by the saving all outlay for as much as may be required for his own family's consumption, but being enabled to turn to his own profit the general demand for the article.

In this last, which is the most arduous part of the whole proceeding, an Indian woman was busily engaged when we entered; and intent on her employment, she merely glanced now and then at the strangers, and still went on with her

work—rub, rub, rubbing most indefatigably, for the faster she rubbed the more heat the sugar would bear, and the sooner the pan be emptied, and ready for the reception of a fresh supply. We peered, as far as we could, into all the steaming boilers, stirred the frothing syrup, asked all possible questions—in short, made ourselves as troublesome as visitors on similar occasions commonly do, when there is no fear of their being led to understand they are troublesome; and finally brought ourselves up for a time beside the stranger squaw, to watch her labours, and observe how rapidly the brownish mass was converted into dry, pale-coloured sugar beneath their influence. The sugar-maker answered our remarks in a lively, good-humoured tone, and told us that, but for the heat, she could rub on nearly all day without inconvenience, but it was warm remaining so long near the fire. She did, indeed, appear of frame well calculated for such exertion, for though of but medium height, her breadth was more than proportionate, and indicated a considerable extent of muscular power; otherwise she was common-place enough in appearance—a middle-aged, hard-featured squaw, with a tanned and weather-beaten countenance, such as may be seen in one half of the Indian wigwams. And there was no other stranger in the lodge. What could have become of Summer-Morn?—We were impatient to see her, and whispered the inquiry to our hostess.

With a smile, she pointed to her industrious companion. Impossible! We gazed on the laughing, chattering squaw, as she looked up merrily, with an answer to some question from our friends. Could *she*, the very antidote to all romance, be the heroine of that romantic tale, whom we had so often pictured to ourselves, we need not say how differently? Could it be *she*, whose willow-like form and lovely face had won the admiration of so many hearts? whose affection had proved so fatal to its possessor? We would not believe it; and yet 'twas but too true. Alas! for beauty, romance, and sentiment! all seemed to have departed. The loveliness and the sorrows of Summer-Morn appeared alike to have passed away, as a dream of bygone hours, and the heroine of former years was now the bustling, cheerful, every-day creature of this world. Was this other than it should be? ought we to regret the change? Assuredly not; and yet we did regret it.

We were disappointed, and had not found the being we sought, but another. Had she been pale, attenuated, and melancholy, we might have pardoned her vanished beauty; but lively, happy, talkative, even fat—it was a crime against all sentiment. And while regarding her with certain sceptical ideas as to her having ever possessed the charms ascribed to her, the thought passed through our mind, that could the unfortunate Canadian and revengeful chief have looked forward but a few years, and beheld her as we then did, one might have saved his life, and the other been spared the commission of a crime.

Yet such is but too frequently the fate of Indian beauty, which, sometimes brilliant as the wild flowers which gem the sunny glades of western forests, is often nearly as evanescent—a gift of early youth, fleeting by even with the years of girlhood. And there had been much in the latter years of Summer-Morn to work that change, as well as to sweep from her mind the deadening influence of grief, as we acknowledged when, her task being for the present ended, she sat down on the matting spread along the sides of the lodge, where an agreeable temperature prevails, and with a little encouragement from our hostess, related the story of her life. Tears stood in her dark eyes as she spoke of her husband's and infant's fate, but disappeared as she went on to tell how she had afterwards maintained herself and child, solely by her skill in the fabrication of the various articles formed of ornamented deer-skin and birchen-bark, of which there is so great a demand on the Canadian frontier, both for use and as curiosities, and by her exertions in sugar-making. But the last had been her principal means of support, and she told us that some years she had gone alone to the sugar-bush, and toiled through the entire season, with none to assist save her little daughter, who could then do no more than collect the sap from the trees—a part of the work well fitted for children, as it requires merely activity. Indeed, the labours of a sugar-camp are admirably adapted for a family, since there is not one of its members, from infancy to helpless old age, who cannot be made of use.

It is in this manner the Indians and Canadians set about the business. The entire family desert their usual habitation, and moving in a body to the sugar-bush, build a lodge much larger frequently than

that we visited, permitting the manufacture to be conducted on a scale proportioned to the number of persons engaged. None are idle; all work, according to their years and strength; and still, as in the harvest time, to which we have already likened the sugar-season, all is happiness and merriment; and at its conclusion they return enriched or freed from debt, as the case may be, by the result of their labours, and, despite their recent exertions, looking healthier and better than at their departure—both children and dogs growing quite fat with eating sugar.

Though aware that they contribute to the quantity brought into the market, we know not exactly to what extent the settlers in Canada are engaged in the preparation of maple-sugar, which is an article of general consumption throughout its provinces, as well as in the more northern states of the American Union; but this we will say, that by no one who is afforded the opportunity should it be neglected. Many years must elapse before it can be otherwise than that a great number of those emigrating to that country must be located on land which requires the axe of the woodsman. We must not here be understood to refer to parts as nigh to the colonial frontier as that where we were then sojourning, but to those in the more immediate vicinity of towns and cities, near many of which the land retains much of its original appearance and condition. Within two or three days' journey even of Toronto, there lie vast tracts of country as wild, as richly wooded, as unpenetrated by the foot of white man, as any beyond the borders of civilization; and yet where the Indian rarely wanders, having long since moved away, and left them open for the occupation of his European successors. Under these circumstances, it is very unlikely but that the neighbouring forest will contain a sufficient quantity of maple to render the vicinity of consequence.

What, then, can be easier than at a period when little or nothing else can be done, to select a spot a few miles deep in the forest, where the requisite number of trees are to be found within a small circumference; then let the adventurer transport his family and most indispensable possessions thither on sleighs. A lodge may be as speedily constructed by them as by the Indians and French-Canadians, and of the same materials,

and this in the shelter of the woods affords all that is demanded for comfort and protection against the elements. No hardships greater than in their own homes need be undergone. We knew of one old Chippewa who used to have his temporary dwelling arranged so comfortably that it had even glazed windows. But the very cold is an advantage, since it prevents inconvenience from the fires which are obliged to be so continually kept burning, and renders the whole process less fatiguing than it would be felt at any other season. The entire of this simple process we have described, and every one must, we think, admit that nothing could be easier; at the most, a few hours spent in a sugar camp should be sufficient to render any person of moderate intelligence fully competent to manage one of his own. When made, the sugar is enclosed in mokoks (deep vessels, or boxes, of oblong shape, narrowing as they approach the top, on which a lid is fastened), formed of birchen bark, and universally used for the purpose all over the colony, from the tiny porcupine-quill-wrought mokok of two or three inches long, holding a few ounces of maple-sugar, and designed merely for ornament or curiosity, to that containing thirty or forty pounds weight; and *their* construction also is a branch of the business quite within the province of any women or half-grown children that we can fancy making the attempt. On the whole, we say confidently, that he who being placed in circumstances permitting of so large an addition to his resources, and yet neglects to take advantage of it, is not only most unjust towards himself, but guilty of an offence against that principle of reason which teaches us not to cast aside the bounties of nature, or fail to improve to the utmost of our power those which she beneficially confers upon mankind.

Some such train of thought followed the relation of Summer-Morn, which she concluded by telling us proudly, that now she was free as the pigeon which flies where it will, that she cared not an inch of wampum for any trader, could sell her sugar to whom she pleased, and what was yet better, need not make a single mokok-full more than she chose. But it was evident the spirit of industry or gain possessed the lively Indian, and that she *chose* still to make as much as she could.

Just then her daughter entered, having made the circuit of the more distant sugar-trees, and brought in a supply of sap. She was fifteen; a bright-cheeked, black-haired maiden, with the step of a fawn, and eyes like southern stars. Though much fairer than her mother, they who could judge, said she possessed not half the beauty of Summer-Morn's youth. It seemed difficult to believe it then! However, we contented ourselves with hoping, that, with less loveliness, less calamity might be her portion. At a whisper from her mother, Annette gathered some snow in a small bark vessel, and having poured on it some boiling syrup, placed it outside the lodge, whence it was soon brought back, and presented to the guests under the name of sugar-gum (than which none could be more appropriate), answering the purpose of a confection in this woodland retreat. Another ladleful of syrup, more nearly approaching the finished state, was poured simply on a flat piece of bark, and after exposure to the outer air, made its appearance in a firm, crisp form, under the denomination of sugar-cake, also sufficiently descriptive; and both are agreeable varieties in the use of maple sap, particularly attractive to children. For our own part, we own to having been in that respect a child.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXI.

LITTLE GEORGEY LEAVES HIS OLD HOME.

"I AM going to take your grandson away with me, Mr. Maldon," Robert said, gravely, as Mrs. Plowson retired with her young charge.

The old man's drunken imbecility was slowly clearing away like the heavy mists of a London fog; through which the feeble sunshine struggles dimly to appear. The very uncertain radiance of Lieutenant Maldon's intellect took a considerable time in piercing the hazy vapours of rum-and-water; but the flickering light at last faintly glimmered athwart the clouds, and the old man screwed his poor wits to the sticking-point.

"Yes, yes," he said, feebly; "take the boy away from his poor old grandfather; I always thought so."

"You always thought that I should take him away?" asked Robert, scrutinizing the half-drunken countenance with a searching glance. "Why did you think so, Mr. Maldon?"

The fogs of intoxication got the better of the light of sobriety for a moment, and the lieutenant answered vaguely:

"Thought so—'cause I thought so."

Meeting the young barrister's impatient frown, he made another effort, and the light glimmered again.

"Because I thought you or his father would fetch 'm away."

"When I was last in this house, Mr. Maldon, you told me that George Talboys had sailed for Australia."

"Yes, yes—I know, I know," the old man answered, confusedly, shuffling his scanty limp grey hairs with his two wandering hands—"I know; but he might have come back—mightn't he? He was restless, and—and—queer in his mind, perhaps, sometimes. He might have come back."

He repeated this two or three times in feeble, muttering tones; groping about on the littered mantelpiece for a dirty-looking clay-pipe, and filling and lighting it with hands that trembled violently.

Robert Audley watched those poor, withered, tremulous fingers dropping shreds of tobacco upon the hearth-rug, and scarcely able to kindle a lucifer for their unsteadiness. Then walking once or twice up and down the little room, he

left the old man to take a few puffs from the great consoler.

Presently he turned suddenly upon the half-pay lieutenant with a dark solemnity in his handsome face.

"Mr. Maldon," he said, slowly, watching the effect of every syllable as he spoke, "George Talboys never sailed for Australia—that I know. More than this, he never came to Southampton; and the lie you told me on the 8th of last September was dictated to you by the telegraphic message which you received on that day."

The dirty clay-pipe dropped from the tremulous hand, and shivered against the iron fender, but the old man made no effort to find a fresh one; he sat trembling in every limb, and looking, Heaven knows how piteously, at Robert Audley.

"The lie was dictated to you, and you repeated your lesson. But you no more saw George Talboys here on the 7th of September than I see him in this room now. You thought you had burnt the telegraphic message, but you had only burnt a part of it—the remainder is in my possession."

Lieutenant Maldon was quite sober now.

"What have I done?" he murmured, helplessly. "Oh, my God! what have I done?"

"At two o'clock on the 7th of September last," continued the pitiless, accusing voice, "George Talboys was seen alive and well at a house in Essex."

Robert paused to see the effect of these words. They had produced no change in the old man. He still sat trembling from head to foot, and staring with the fixed and stolid gaze of some helpless wretch whose every sense is gradually becoming numbed by terror.

"At two o'clock on that day," repeated Robert Audley, "my poor friend was seen alive and well at —, at the house of which I speak. From that hour to this I have never been able to hear that he has been seen by any living creature. I have taken such steps as *must* have resulted in procuring the information of his whereabouts, were he alive. I have done this patiently and carefully—at first, even hopefully. Now I know that he is dead."

Robert Audley had been prepared to witness some considerable agitation in

the old man's manner, but he was not prepared for the terrible anguish, the ghastly terror, which convulsed Mr. Maldon's haggard face as he uttered the last word.

"No, no, no, no," reiterated the lieutenant, in a shrill, half-screaming voice; "no, no! For God's sake, don't say that! Don't think it—don't let *me* think it—don't let me dream of it! Not dead—anything but dead! Hiding away, perhaps—bribed to keep out of the way, perhaps; but not dead—not dead—not dead!"

He cried these words aloud, like one beside himself; beating his hands upon his grey head, and rocking backwards and forwards in his chair. His feeble hands trembled no longer—they were strengthened by some convulsive force that gave them a new power.

"I believe," said Robert, in the same solemn, relentless voice, "that my friend never left Essex; and I believe that he died on the 7th of September last."

The wretched old man, still beating his hands amongst his thin grey hair, slid from his chair to the ground, and grovelled at Robert's feet.

"Oh! no, no—for God's sake, no!" he shrieked hoarsely. "No! you don't know what you say—you don't know what you ask me to think—you don't know what your words mean!"

"I know their weight and value only too well—as well as I see you do, Mr. Maldon. God help us!"

"Oh, what am I doing? what am I doing?" muttered the old man, feebly; then raising himself from the ground with an effort, he drew himself to his full height, and said, in a manner which was new to him, and which was not without a certain dignity of its own—that dignity which must always be attached to unutterable misery, in whatever form it may appear—he said, gravely:—

"You have no right to come here and terrify a man who has been drinking; and who is not quite himself. You have no right to do it, Mr. Audley. Even the—the officer, sir, who—who—" He did not stammer, but his lips trembled so violently that his words seemed to be shaken into pieces by their motion. "The officer, I repeat, sir, who arrests a—a thief, or a—" He stopped to wipe his lips, and to still them if he could by doing so, which he could not. "A thief—or a murderer—" His voice died suddenly away upon the last word, and it was only by the motion

of those trembling lips that Robert knew what he meant. "Gives him warning, sir, fair warning, that he may say nothing which shall commit himself—or—or—other people. The—the—law, sir, has that amount of mercy for a—a—suspected criminal. But you, sir, you—you come to my house, and you come at a time when—when—contrary to my usual habits—which, as people will tell you, are sober—you come, and perceiving that I am not quite myself—you take—the—opportunity to—terrify me—and it is not right, sir—it is——"

Whatever he would have said died away into inarticulate gasps which seemed to choke him, and sinking into a chair, he dropped his face upon the table and wept aloud. Perhaps in all the dismal scenes of domestic misery which had been acted in those spare and dreary houses—in all the petty miseries, the burning shames, the cruel sorrows, the bitter disgraces which own poverty for their common father—there had never been such a scene as this. An old man hiding his face from the light of day, and sobbing aloud in his wretchedness. Robert Audley contemplated the painful picture with a hopeless and pitying face.

"If I had known this," he thought, "I might have spared him. It would have been better, perhaps, to have spared him."

The shabby room, the dirt, the confusion, the figure of the old man, with his grey head upon the soiled table-cloth, amid the muddled *débris* of a wretched dinner, grew blurred before the sight of Robert Audley as he thought of another man, as old as this one, but, ah, how widely different in every other quality! who might come by-and-by to feel the same, or even a worse anguish, and to shed, perhaps, yet bitterer tears. The moment in which the tears rose to his eyes and dimmed the piteous scene before him, was long enough to take him back to Essex and to show him the image of his uncle, stricken by agony and shame.

"Why do I go on with this?" he thought; "how pitiless I am, and how relentlessly I am carried on. It is not myself; it is the hand which is beckoning me further and further upon the dark road whose end I dare not dream of."

He thought this, and a hundred times more than this, while the old man sat with his face still hidden, wrestling with his anguish, but without power to keep it down.

"Mr. Maldon," Robert Audley said, after a pause, "I do not ask you to forgive me for what I have brought upon you, for the feeling is strong within me that it must have come to you sooner or later—if not through me, through some one else. There are——" He stopped for a moment, hesitating. The sobbing did not cease; it was sometimes low, sometimes loud, bursting out with fresh violence, or dying away for an instant, but never ceasing. "There are some things which, as people say, cannot be hidden. I think there is truth in that common saying which had its origin in that old worldly wisdom which people gathered from experience and not from books. If—if I were content to let my friend rest in his hidden grave, it is but likely that some stranger, who had never heard the name of George Talboys, might fall by the remotest accident upon the secret of his death. To-morrow, perhaps; or ten years hence; or in another generation, when the—the hand that wronged him is as cold as his own. If I *could* let the matter rest; if—if I could leave England for ever, and purposely fly from the possibility of ever coming across another clue to the secret, I would do it—I would gladly, thankfully do it—but I *cannot*! A hand which is stronger than my own beckons me on. I wish to take no base advantage of you, less than of all other people; but I must go on; I must go on. If there is any warning you would give to any one, give it. If the secret towards which I am travelling day by day, hour by hour, involves any one in whom you have an interest; let that person fly before I come to the end. Let them leave this country; let them leave all who know them—all whose peace their wickedness has endangered; let them go away—they shall not be pursued. But if they slight your warning—if they try to hold their present position in defiance of what it will be in your power to tell them—let them beware of me, for when the hour comes, I swear that I will not spare them."

The old man looked up for the first time, and wiped his wrinkled face upon a ragged silk handkerchief.

"I declare to you that I do not understand you," he said. "I solemnly declare to you that I cannot understand; and I do not believe that George Talboys is dead."

"I would give ten years of my own life if I could see him alive," answered Robert,

sadly. "I am sorry for you, Mr. Maldon—I am sorry for all of us."

"I do not believe that my son-in-law is dead," said the lieutenant; I do not believe that the poor lad is dead."

He endeavoured in a feeble manner to show to Robert Audley that his wild outburst of anguish had been caused by his grief for the loss of George; but the pretence was miserably shallow.

Mrs. Plowson re-entered the room, leading little Georgey, whose face shone with that brilliant polish which yellow soap and friction can produce upon the human countenance.

"Dear heart alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Plowson, "what has the poor old gentleman been taking on about? We could hear him in the passage, sobbin' awful."

Little George crept up to his grandfather and smoothed the wet and wrinkled face with his pudgy hand.

"Don't cry, gran'pa," he said, "don't cry. You shall have my watch to be cleaned, and the kind jeweller shall lend you the money to pay the taxman while he cleans the watch—I don't mind, gran'pa. Let's go to the jeweller—the jeweller in High-street, you know, with golden balls painted upon his door, to show that he comes from Lombard—Lombardshire," said the boy, making a dash at the name. "Come, gran'pa."

The little fellow took the jewelled toy from his bosom and made for the door, proud of being possessed of a talisman which he had seen so often made useful.

"There are wolves at Southampton," he said, with rather a triumphant nod to Robert Audley. "My gran'pa says when he takes my watch that he does it to keep the wolf from the door. Are there wolves where you live?"

The young barrister did not answer the child's question, but stopped him as he was dragging his grandfather towards the door.

"Your grandpapa does not want the watch to-day, Georgey," he said, gravely.

"Why is he sorry, then?" asked Georgey, naively; "when he wants the watch he is always sorry, and beats his poor forehead so"—the boy stopped to pantomime with his small fists—"and says that she—the pretty lady, I think, he means—uses him very hard, and that he can't keep the wolf from the door; and then I say, 'Gran'pa, have the watch;' and then he takes me in his arms and says, 'Oh, my blessed angel! how can I rob my blessed angel?' and then he cries,

but not like to-day—not loud, you know; only tears running down his poor cheeks, not so that you could hear him in the passage.”

Painful as the child's prattle was to Robert Audley, it seemed a relief to the old man. He did not hear the boy's talk, but walked two or three times up and down the little room and smoothed his rumpled hair and suffered his cravat to be arranged by Mrs. Plowson, who seemed very anxious to find out the cause of his agitation.

“Poor dear old gentleman,” she said, looking at Robert. “What has happened to upset him so?”

“His son-in-law is dead,” answered Mr. Audley, fixing his eyes upon Mrs. Plowson's sympathetic face. “He died within a year and a-half after the death of Helen Talboys, who lies buried in Ventnor churchyard.”

The face into which he was looking changed very slightly, but the eyes that had been looking at his shifted away as he spoke, and Mrs. Plowson was obliged to moisten her white lips with her tongue before she answered him.

“Poor Mr. Talboys dead!” she said; “that is bad news indeed, sir.”

Little George looked wistfully up at his guardian's face as this was said.

“Who's dead?” he said. “George Talboys is my name. Who's dead?”

“Another person whose name is Talboys, Georgey.”

“Poor person! Will he go to the pit-hole?”

The boy had that common notion of death which is generally imparted to children by their wise elders, and which always leads the infant mind to the open grave, and rarely carries it any higher.

“I should like to see him put in the pit-hole,” Georgey remarked, after a pause. He had attended several infant funerals in the neighbourhood, and was considered valuable as a mourner on account of his interesting appearance. He had come, therefore, to look upon the ceremony of interment as a solemn festivity; in which cake and wine and a carriage drive were the leading features.

“You have no objection to my taking Georgey away with me, Mr. Maldon?” asked Robert Audley.

The old man's agitation had very much subsided by this time. He had found another pipe stuck behind the tawdry frame of the looking-glass, and was trying

to light it with a bit of twisted newspaper.

“You do not object, Mr. Maldon?”

“No, sir—no, sir; you are his guardian, and you have a right to take him where you please. He has been a very great comfort to me in my lonely old age, but I have been prepared to lose him. I—I—may not have always done my duty to him, sir, in—in the way of schooling and—and boots. The number of boots which boys of his age wear out, sir, is not easily realized by the mind of a young man like yourself; he has been kept away from school, perhaps, sometimes, and has occasionally worn shabby boots when our funds have got low; but he has not been unkindly treated. No, sir; if you were to question him for a week, I don't think you'd hear that his poor old grandfather ever said a harsh word to him.”

Upon this, Georgey, perceiving the distress of his old protector, set up a terrible howl, and declared that he would never leave him.

“Mr. Maldon,” said Robert Audley, with a tone which was half-mournful, half-compassionate, “when I looked at my position last night, I did not believe that I could ever come to think it more painful than I thought it then. I can only say—God have mercy upon us all. I feel it my duty to take the child away, but I shall take him straight from your house to the best school in Southampton; and I give you my honour that I will extort nothing from his innocent simplicity which can in any manner—I mean,” he said, breaking off abruptly, “I mean this. I will not seek to come one step nearer the secret through him. I—I am not a detective officer, and I do not think that the most accomplished detective would like to get his information from a child.”

The old man did not answer; he sat with his face shaded by his hand, and with his extinguished pipe between the listless fingers of the other.

“Take the boy away, Mrs. Plowson,” he said, after a pause; “take him away and put his things on. He is going with Mr. Audley.”

“Which I do say that it's not kind of the gentleman to take his poor grandpa's pet away,” Mrs. Plowson exclaimed, suddenly, with respectful indignation.

“Hush, Mrs. Plowson,” the old man answered, piteously; “Mr. Audley is the best judge. I—I—haven't many years to live; I sha'n't trouble anybody long.”

The tears oozed slowly through the dirty fingers with which he shaded his bloodshot eyes as he said this.

"God knows, I never injured your friend, sir," he said by-and-by, when Mrs. Plowson and Georgey had returned, "nor ever wished him any ill. He was a good son-in-law to me—better than many a son. I never did him any wilful wrong, sir. I—I spent his money, perhaps, but I am sorry for it,—I am very sorry for it now. But I don't believe he is dead—no, sir, no, I don't believe it!" exclaimed the old man, dropping his hand from his eyes, and looking with new energy at Robert Audley. "I—I don't believe it, sir! How—how should he be dead?"

Robert did not answer this eager questioning. He shook his head mournfully, and walking to the little window looked out across a row of straggling geraniums at the dreary patch of waste ground on which the children were at play.

Mrs. Plowson returned with little Georgey muffled in a coat and comforter, and Robert took the boy's hand.

"Say good-bye to your grandpapa, Georgey."

The little fellow sprang towards the old man, and clinging about him, kissed the dirty tears from his faded cheeks.

"Don't be sorry for me, gran'pa," he said; "I am going to school to learn to be a clever man, and I shall come home to see you and Mrs. Plowson, shan't I?" he added, turning to Robert.

"Yes, my dear, by-and-by."

"Take him away, sir—take him away," cried Mr. Maldon; "you are breaking my heart."

The little fellow trotted away contentedly at Robert's side. He was very well pleased at the idea of going to school, though he had been happy enough with his drunken old grandfather, who had always displayed a maudlin affection for the pretty child, and had done his best to spoil Georgey, by letting him have his own way in everything; in consequence of which indulgence, Master Talboys had acquired a taste for late hours, hot suppers of the most indigestible nature, and sips of rum and water from his grandfather's glass.

He communicated his sentiments upon many subjects to Robert Audley, as they walked to the Dolphin Hotel; but the barrister did not encourage him to talk.

It was no very difficult matter to find

a good school in such a place as Southampton. Robert Audley was directed to a pretty house between the Bar and the Avenue, and leaving Georgey to the care of a good-natured waiter, who seemed to have nothing to do but to look out of the window, and whisk invisible dust off the brightly polished tables, the barrister walked up the High-street towards Mr. Marchmont's academy for young gentlemen.

He found Mr. Marchmont a very sensible man, and he met a file of orderly-looking young gentlemen walking townwards under the escort of a couple of ushers as he entered the house.

He told the schoolmaster that little George Talboys had been left in his charge by a dear friend, who had sailed for Australia some months before, and whom he believed to be dead. He confided him to Mr. Marchmont's especial care, and he further requested that no visitors should be admitted to see the boy unless accredited by a letter from himself. Having arranged the matter in a very few business-like words, he returned to the hotel to fetch Georgey.

He found the little man on intimate terms with the idle waiter, who had been directing Master Georgey's attention to the different objects of interest in the High-street.

Poor Robert had about as much notion of the requirements of a child as he had of those of a white elephant. He had catered for silkworms, guinea-pigs, dormice, canary birds, and dogs, without number, during his boyhood, but he had never been called upon to provide for a young person of five years old.

He looked back five-and-twenty years, and tried to remember his own diet at the age of five.

"I've a vague recollection of getting a good deal of bread and milk and boiled mutton," he thought; "and I've another vague recollection of not liking them. I wonder if this boy likes bread and milk and boiled mutton."

He stood pulling his thick moustache and staring thoughtfully at the child for some minutes before he could get any further.

"I daresay you're hungry, Georgey," he said, at last.

The boy nodded, and the waiter whisked some more invisible dust from the nearest table as a preparatory step towards laying a cloth.

"Perhaps you'd like some lunch?"

Mr. Audley suggested, still pulling his moustache.

The boy burst out laughing.

"Lunch!" he cried. "Why, it's afternoon, and I've had my dinner."

Robert Audley felt himself brought to a standstill. What refreshment could he possibly provide for a boy who called it afternoon at three o'clock?"

"You shall have some bread-and-milk, Georgey," he said, presently. "Waiter, bread-and-milk and a pint of hock."

Master Talboys made a wry face.

"I never have bread-and-milk," he said; "I don't like it. I like what granpa calls something savoury. I should like a veal cutlet. Granpa told me he dined here once, and the veal cutlets were lovely, granpa said. Please may I have a veal cutlet, with egg and bread-crumbs, you know, and lemon-juice, you know?" he added to the waiter. "Granpa knows the cook here. The cook's such a nice gentleman, and once gave me a shilling, when granpa brought me here. The cook wears better clothes than granpa—better than yours even," said Master Georgey, pointing to Robert's rough great-coat with a depreciating nod.

Robert Audley stared aghast. How was he to deal with this epicure of five years old, who rejected bread-and-milk and asked for veal cutlets?

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you, little Georgey," he exclaimed, after a pause—"I'll give you a dinner!"

The waiter nodded briskly.

"Upon my word, sir," he said, approvingly, "I think the little gentleman will know how to eat it."

"I'll give you a dinner, Georgey," repeated Robert—"some stewed eels, a little Julienne, a dish of cutlets, a bird, and a pudding. What do you say to that, Georgey?"

"I don't think the young gentleman will object to it when he sees it, sir," said the waiter. "Eels, Julienne, cutlets, bird, pudding—I'll go and tell the cook, sir. What time, sir?"

"Well, we'll say six, and Master Georgey will get to his new school by bedtime. You can contrive to amuse the child for this afternoon, I dare say. I have some business to settle, and shan't be able to take him out. I shall sleep here to-night. Good-bye, Georgey; take care of yourself, and try and get your appetite in order against six o'clock."

Robert Audley left the boy in charge of the idle waiter, and strolled down to

the water-side, choosing that lonely bank which leads away under the mouldering walls of the town towards the little villages beside the narrowing river.

He had purposely avoided the society of the child, and he walked through the light drifting snow till the early darkness closed upon him.

He went back to the town, and made inquiries at the station about the trains for Dorsetshire.

"I shall start early to-morrow morning," he thought, "and see George's father before nightfall. I will tell him all—all but the interest which I take in—in the suspected person, and he shall decide what is next to be done."

Master Georgey did very good justice to the dinner which Robert had ordered. He drank Bass's pale ale to an extent which considerably alarmed his entertainer, and enjoyed himself amazingly, showing an appreciation of roast pheasant and bread-sauce which was beyond his years. At eight o'clock a fly was brought out for his accommodation, and he departed in the highest spirits, with a sovereign in his pocket, and a letter from Robert to Mr. Marchmont, enclosing a cheque for the young gentleman's outfit.

"I'm glad I'm going to have new clothes," he said, as he bade Robert good-bye; "for Mrs. Plowson has mended the old ones ever so many times. She can have them now for Billy."

"Who's Billy?" Robert asked, laughing at the boy's chatter.

"Billy is poor Matilda's little boy. He's a common boy, you know. Matilda was common, but she——"

But the flyman smacking his whip at this moment, the old horse jogged off, and Robert Audley heard no more of Matilda.

CHAPTER XXII.

COMING TO A STANDSTILL.

MR. HARCOURT TALBOYS lived in a prim, square, red-brick mansion, within a mile of a little village called Grange Heath, in Dorsetshire. The prim, square, red-brick mansion stood in the centre of prim, square grounds, scarcely large enough to be called a park, too large to be called anything else—so neither the house nor the grounds had any name, and the estate was simply designated Squire Talboys'.

Perhaps Mr. Harcourt Talboys was the very last person in this world with

whom it was possible to associate the homely, hearty, rural, old English title of squire. He neither hunted nor farmed. He had never worn crimson, pink, or top-boots in his life. A southerly wind and a cloudy sky were matters of supreme indifference to him, so long as they did not in any way interfere with his own prim comforts; and he only cared for the state of the crops inasmuch as involved the hazard of certain rents which he received for the farms upon his estate. He was a man of about fifty years of age, tall, straight, bony, and angular, with a square, pale face, light grey eyes, and scanty dark hair, brushed from either ear across a bald crown, and thus imparting to his physiognomy some faint resemblance to that of a terrier—a sharp, uncompromising, hard-headed terrier—a terrier not to be taken in by the cleverest dog-stealer who ever distinguished himself in his profession.

Nobody ever remembered getting upon what is popularly called the blind side of Harcourt Talboys. He was like his own square-built, northern-fronted, shelterless house. There were no shady nooks in his character into which one could creep for shelter from his hard daylight. He was all daylight. He looked at everything in the same broad glare of intellectual sunlight, and would see no softening shadows that might alter the sharp outlines of cruel facts, subduing them to beauty. I do not know if I express what I mean, when I say that there were no curves in his character—that his mind ran in straight lines, never diverging to the right or the left to round off their pitiless angles. With him right was right and wrong was wrong. He had never in his merciless, conscientious life admitted the idea that circumstance might mitigate the blackness of wrong or weaken the force of right. He had cast off his only son because his only son had disobeyed him, and he was ready to cast off his only daughter at five minutes' notice for the same reason.

If this square-built, hard-headed man could be possessed of such a weakness as vanity, he was certainly vain of his hardness. He was vain of that inflexible squareness of intellect which made him the disagreeable creature that he was. He was vain of that unwavering obstinacy which no influence of love or pity had been ever known to bend from its remorseless purpose. He was vain of the negative force of a nature which had

never known the weakness of the affections, or the strength which may be born of that very weakness.

If he had regretted his son's marriage, and the breach, of his own making, between himself and George, his vanity had been more powerful than his regret, and had enabled him to conceal it. Indeed, unlikely as it appears at the first glance that such a man as this could have been vain, I have little doubt that vanity was the centre from which radiated all the disagreeable lines in the character of Mr. Harcourt Talboys. I dare say Junius Brutus was vain, and enjoyed the approval of awe-stricken Rome when he ordered his son off for execution. Harcourt Talboys would have sent poor George from his presence between the reversed fasces of the lictors, and grimly relished his own agony. Heaven only knows how bitterly this hard man may have felt the separation between himself and his only son, or how much the more terrible the anguish might have been made by that unflinching self-conceit which concealed the torture.

"My son did me an unpardonable wrong by marrying the daughter of a drunken pauper," Mr. Talboys would answer to any one who had the temerity to speak to him about George, "and from that hour I had no longer a son. I wish him no ill. He is simply dead to me. I am sorry for him, as I am sorry for his mother who died nineteen years ago. If you talk to me of him as you would talk of the dead, I shall be ready to hear you. If you speak of him as you would speak of the living, I must decline to listen."

I believe that Harcourt Talboys hugged himself upon the gloomy Roman grandeur of this speech, and that he would like to have worn a toga, and wrapped himself sternly in its folds, as he turned his back upon poor George's intercessor. George never in his own person made any effort to soften his father's verdict. He knew his father well enough to know that the case was hopeless.

"If I write to him, he will fold my letter with the envelope inside, and endorse it with my name and the date of its arrival," the young man would say, "and call everybody in the house to witness that it had not moved him to one softening recollection or one pitiful thought. He will stick to his resolution to his dying day. I dare say, if the truth was known, he is glad that his only son has offended him and given him the

opportunity of parading his Roman virtues."

George had answered his wife thus when she and her father had urged him to ask assistance from Harcourt Talboys.

"No, my darling," he would say, conclusively. "It is very hard, perhaps, to be poor, but we will bear it. We went go with pitiful faces to the stern father, and ask him to give us food and shelter, only to be refused in long Johnsonian sentences, and made a classical example for the benefit of the neighbourhood. No, my pretty one; it is easy to starve, but it is difficult to stoop."

Perhaps poor Mrs. George did not agree very heartily to the first of these two propositions. She had no great fancy for starving, and she whimpered pitifully when the pretty pint bottles of champagne, with Cliquot's and Moët's brands upon their corks, were exchanged for sixpenny ale, procured by a slipshod attendant from the nearest beershop. George had been obliged to carry his own burden and lend a helping hand with that of his wife, who had no idea of keeping her regrets or disappointments a secret.

"I thought dragoons were always rich," she used to say, peevishly. "Girls always want to marry dragoons; and tradespeople always want to serve dragoons; and hotel-keepers to entertain dragoons; and theatrical managers to be patronized by dragoons. Who could have ever expected that a dragoon would drink sixpenny ale, smoke horrid bird's-eye tobacco, and let his wife wear a shabby bonnet?"

If there were any selfish feeling displayed in such speeches as these, George Talboys had never discovered it. He had loved and believed in his wife from the first to the last hour of his brief married life. The love that is not blind is perhaps only a spurious divinity after all; for when Cupid takes the fillet from his eyes it is a fatally certain indication that he is preparing to spread his wings for a flight. George never forgot the hour in which he had first been bewitched by Lieutenant Maldon's pretty daughter, and however she might have changed, the image which had charmed him then, unchanged and unchanging represented her in his heart.

Robert Audley left Southampton by a train which started before daybreak, and reached Wareham station early in the day. He hired a vehicle at Wareham to take him over to Grange Heath.

The snow had hardened upon the ground, and the day was clear and frosty, every object in the landscape standing in sharp outline against the cold blue sky. The horses' hoofs clattered upon the ice-bound road, the iron shoes striking on ground that was almost as iron as themselves. The wintry day bore some resemblance to the man to whom Robert was going. Like him, it was sharp, frigid, and uncompromising; like him, it was merciless to distress and impregnable to the softening power of sunshine. It would accept no sunshine but such January radiance as would light up the bleak, bare country without brightening it; and thus resembled Harcourt Talboys, who took the sternest side of every truth, and declared loudly to the disbelieving world that there never had been, and never could be, any other side.

Robert Audley's heart sank within him as the shabby hired vehicle stopped at a stern-looking barred fence, and the driver dismounted to open a broad iron gate which swung back with a clanking noise and was caught by a great iron tooth planted in the ground, which snapped at the lowest bar of the gate as if it wanted to bite.

This iron gate opened into a scanty plantation of straight-limbed fir-trees that grew in rows and shook their sturdy winter foliage defiantly in the very teeth of the frosty breeze. A straight, gravelled carriage-drive ran between these straight trees across a smoothly-kept lawn to a square red-brick mansion, every window of which winked and glittered in the January sunlight, as if it had been that moment cleaned by some indefatigable housemaid.

I don't know whether Junius Brutus was a nuisance in his own house, but amongst other of his Roman virtues, Mr. Talboys owned an extreme aversion to disorder, and was the terror of every domestic in his establishment.

The windows winked and the flight of stone steps glared in the sunlight, the prim garden walks were so freshly gravelled that they gave a sandy, gingery aspect to the place, reminding one unpleasantly of red hair. The lawn was chiefly ornamented with dark, wintry shrubs of a funereal aspect, which grew in beds that looked like problems in algebra; and the flight of stone steps leading to the square half-glass door of the hall was adorned with dark-green wooden tubs containing the same sturdy evergreens.

"If the man is anything like his house," Robert thought, "I don't wonder that poor George and he parted."

At the end of a scanty avenue the carriage-drive turned a sharp corner (it would have been made to describe a curve in any other man's grounds) and ran before the lower windows of the house. The flyman dismounted at the steps, ascended them, and rang a brass-handled bell, which flew back to its socket with an angry metallic snap, as if it had been insulted by the plebeian touch of the man's hand.

A man in black trousers and a striped linen jacket, which was evidently fresh from the hands of the laundress, opened the door. Mr. Talboys was at home. Would the gentleman send in his card?

Robert waited in the hall while his card was taken to the master of the house.

The hall was large and lofty, paved with stone. The panels of the oaken wainscot shone with the same uncompromising polish which was on every object within and without the red-bricked mansion.

Some people are so weak-minded as to affect pictures and statues. Mr. Harcourt Talboys was far too practical to indulge in any such foolish fancies. A barometer and an umbrella-stand were the only adornments of his entrance-hall.

Robert Audley looked at these while his name was being submitted to George's father.

The linen-jacketed servant returned presently. He was a spare, pale-faced man of almost forty, and had the appearance of having outlived every emotion to which humanity is subject.

"If you will step this way, sir," he said, "Mr. Talboys will see you, although he is at breakfast. He begged me to state that he had imagined that everybody in Dorsetshire was acquainted with his breakfast-hour."

This was intended as a stately reproof to Mr. Robert Audley. It had, however, very small effect upon the young barrister. He merely lifted his eyebrows in placid deprecation of himself and everybody else.

"I don't belong to Dorsetshire," he said. "Mr. Talboys might have known that, if he'd done me the honour to exercise his powers of ratiocination. Drive on, my friend."

The emotionless man looked at Robert Audley with the vacant stare of unmitigated honour, and opening one of the

heavy oak doors, led the way into a large dining-room furnished with the severe simplicity of an apartment which is meant to be ate in, but never lived in; and at the top of a table which would have accommodated eighteen persons, Robert beheld Mr. Harcourt Talboys.

Mr. Talboys was robed in a dressing-gown of grey cloth, fastened about his waist with a girdle. It was a severe looking garment, and was perhaps the nearest approach to a toga to be obtained within the range of modern costume. He wore a buff waistcoat, a stifly starched cambric cravat, and a faultless shirt collar. The cold grey of his dressing-gown was almost the same as the cold grey of his eyes, and the pale buff of his waistcoat was the pale buff of his complexion.

Robert Audley had not expected to find Harcourt Talboys at all like George in manners or disposition, but he had expected to see some family likeness between the father and the son. There was none. It would have been impossible to imagine any one more unlike George than the author of his existence. Robert scarcely wondered at the cruel letter he had received from Mr. Talboys when he saw the writer of it. Such a man could scarcely have written otherwise.

There was a second person in the large room, towards whom Robert glanced after saluting Harcourt Talboys, doubtful how to proceed. This second person was a lady, who sat at the last of a range of four windows, employed with some needlework, the kind which is generally called plain work, and with a large wicker basket, filled with calicoes and flannels, standing by her.

The whole length of the room divided this lady from Robert, but he could see that she was young, and that she was like George Talboys.

"His sister!" he thought in that one moment during which he ventured to glance away from the master of the house towards the female figure at the window. "His sister, no doubt. He was fond of her, I know. Surely, she is not utterly indifferent as to his fate?"

The lady half rose from her seat, letting her work, which was large and awkward, fall from her lap as she did so, and dropping a reel of cotton, which rolled away upon the polished oaken flooring beyond the margin of the Turkey carpet.

"Sit down, Clara," said the hard voice of Mr. Talboys.

That gentleman did not appear to address his daughter, nor had his face been turned towards her when she rose. It seemed as if he had known it by some social magnetism peculiar to himself; it seemed, as his servants were apt disrespectfully to observe, as if he had eyes in the back of his head.

"Sit down, Clara," he repeated, "and keep your cotton in your workbox."

The lady blushed at this reproof, and stooped to look for the cotton. Mr. Robert Audley, who was unabashed by the stern presence of the master of the house, knelt on the carpet, found the reel, and restored it to its owner; Harcourt Talboys staring at the proceeding with an expression of unmitigated astonishment.

"Perhaps, Mr. —, Mr. Robert Audley!" he said, looking at the card which he held between his finger and thumb, "perhaps when you have finished looking for reels of cotton, you will be good enough to tell me to what I owe the honour of this visit?"

He waved his well-shaped hand with a gesture which might have been admired in the stately John Kemble; and the servant understanding the gesture, brought forward a ponderous red-morocco chair.

The proceeding was so slow and solemn, that Robert had at first thought that something extraordinary was about to be done; but the truth dawned upon him at last, and he dropped into the massive chair.

"You may remain, Wilson," said Mr. Talboys, as the servant was about to withdraw; "Mr. Audley would perhaps like coffee."

Robert had eaten nothing that morning, but he glanced at the long expanse of dreary table-cloth, the silver tea and coffee equipage, the stiff splendour and the very little appearance of any substantial entertainment, and he declined Mr. Talboy's invitation.

"Mr. Audley will not take coffee, Wilson," said the master of the house. "You may go."

The man bowed and retired, opening and shutting the door as cautiously as if he were taking a liberty in doing it at all, or as if the respect due to Mr. Talboys demanded his walking straight through the oaken panel like a ghost in a German story.

Mr. Harcourt Talboys sat with his grey

eyes fixed severely on his visitor, his elbows on the red-morocco arms of his chair, and his finger-tips joined. It was the attitude in which, had he been Junius Brutus, he would have sat at the trial of his son. Had Robert Audley been easily to be embarrassed, Mr. Talboys might have succeeded in making him feel so: as he would have sat with perfect tranquillity upon an open gunpowder barrel lighting his cigar, he was not at all disturbed upon this occasion. The father's dignity seemed a very small thing to him when he thought of the possible causes of the son's disappearance.

"I wrote to you some time since, Mr. Talboys," he said quietly, when he saw that he was expected to open the conversation.

Harcourt Talboys bowed. He knew that it was of his lost son that Robert came to speak. Heaven grant that his icy stoicism was the paltry affectation of a vain man, rather than the utter heartlessness which Robert thought it. He bowed across his finger-tips at his visitor. The trial had begun, and Junius Brutus was enjoying himself.

"I received your communication, Mr. Audley," he said. "It is amongst other business letters: it was duly answered."

"That letter concerned your son."

There was a little rustling noise at the window where the lady sat, as Robert said this: he looked at her almost instantaneously, but she did not seem to have stirred. She was not working, but she was perfectly quiet.

"She's as heartless as her father, I expect, though she is like George," thought Mr. Audley.

"If your letter concerned the person who was once my son, perhaps, sir," said Harcourt Talboys, "I must ask you to remember that I have no longer a son."

"You have no reason to remind me of that, Mr. Talboys," answered Robert, gravely; "I remember it only too well. I have fatal reason to believe that you have no longer a son. I have bitter cause to think that he is dead."

It may be that Mr. Talboys' complexion faded to a paler shade of buff as Robert said this; but he only elevated his bristling grey eyebrows and shook his head gently.

"No," he said, "no, I assure you, no."

"I believe that George Talboys died in the month of September."

The girl who had been addressed as Clara, sat with work primly folded upon her lap, and her hands lying clasped together on her work, and never stirred when Robert spoke of his friend's death. He could not distinctly see her face, for she was seated at some distance from him, and with her back to the window.

"No, no, I assure you," repeated Mr. Talboys, "you labour under a sad mistake."

"You believe that I am mistaken in thinking your son dead?" asked Robert.

"Most certainly," replied Mr. Talboys, with a smile, expressive of the serenity of wisdom. "Most certainly, my dear sir. The disappearance was a very clever trick, no doubt, but it was not sufficiently clever to deceive me. You must permit me to understand this matter a little better than you, Mr. Audley, and you must also permit me to assure you of three things. In the first place, your friend is not dead. In the second place, he is keeping out of the way for the purpose of alarming me, of trifling with my feelings as a—as a man who was once his father, and of ultimately obtaining my forgiveness. In the third place, he will not obtain that forgiveness, however long he may please to keep out of the way; and he would therefore act wisely by returning to his ordinary residence and avocations without delay."

"Then you imagine him to purposely hide himself from all who know him, for the purpose of——?"

"For the purpose of influencing me," exclaimed Mr. Talboys, who taking a stand upon his own vanity, traced every event in life from that one centre, and resolutely declined to look at it from any other point of view. "For the purpose of influencing me. He knew the inflexibility of my character; to a certain degree he was acquainted with me, and he knew that all ordinary attempts at softening my decision, or moving me from the fixed purpose of my life, would fail. He therefore tried extraordinary means; he has kept out of the way in order to alarm me; and when after due time he discovers that he has not alarmed me, he will return to his old haunts. When he does so," said Mr. Talboys, rising to sublimity, "I will forgive him. Yes, sir, I will forgive him. I shall say to him: You have attempted to deceive me, and I have shown you that I am not to be deceived;

you have tried to frighten me, and I have convinced you that I am not to be frightened; you did not believe in my generosity, I will show you that I can be generous."

Harcourt Talboys delivered himself of these superb periods with a studied manner, that showed they had been carefully composed long ago.

Robert Audley sighed as he heard them.

"Heaven grant that you may have an opportunity of saying this to your son, sir," he answered, sadly. "I am very glad to find that you are willing to forgive him, but I fear that you will never see him again upon this earth. I have a great deal to say to you upon this—this sad subject, Mr. Talboys; but I would rather say it to you alone," he added, glancing at the lady in the window.

"My daughter knows my ideas upon this subject, Mr. Audley," said Harcourt Talboys; "there is no reason why she should not hear all you have to say. Miss Clara Talboys, Mr. Robert Audley," he added, waving his hand majestically.

The young lady bent her head in recognition of Robert's bow.

"Let her hear it," he thought. "If she has so little feeling as to show no emotion upon such a subject, let her hear the worst I have to tell."

There was a few minutes' pause, during which Robert took some papers from his pocket; amongst them the document which he had written immediately after George's disappearance.

"I shall require all your attention, Mr. Talboys," he said, "for that which I have to disclose to you is of a very painful nature. Your son was my very dear friend—dear to me for many reasons. Perhaps most of all dear, because I had known him and been with him through the great trouble of his life; and because he stood comparatively alone in the world—cast off by you who should have been his best friend, bereft of the only woman he had ever loved."

"The daughter of a drunken pauper," Mr. Talboys remarked, parenthetically.

"Had he died in his bed, as I sometimes thought he would," continued Robert Audley, "of a broken heart, I should have mourned for him very sincerely, even though I had closed his eyes with my own hands, and had seen him laid in his quiet resting-place. I should have grieved for my old school-fellow, and for the companion who had been dear to me. But this

grief would have been a very small one compared to that which I feel now, believing, as I do only too firmly, that my poor friend has been murdered."

"Murdered!"

The father and daughter simultaneously repeated the horrible word. The father's face changed to a ghastly duskiness of hue; the daughter's face dropped upon her clasped hands, and was never lifted again throughout the interview.

"Mr. Audley, you are mad!" exclaimed Harcourt Talboys; "you are mad, or else you are commissioned by your friend to play upon my feelings. I protest against this proceeding as a conspiracy, and I—I revoke my intended forgiveness of the person who was once my son."

He was himself again as he said this. The blow had been a sharp one, but its effect had been momentary.

"It is far from my wish to alarm you unnecessarily, sir," answered Robert. "Heaven grant that you may be right and I wrong. I pray for it, but I cannot think it—I cannot even hope it. I come to you for advice. I will state to you plainly and dispassionately the circumstances which have aroused my suspicions. If you say those suspicions are foolish and unfounded, I am ready to submit to your better judgment. I will leave England; and I abandon my search for the evidence wanting to—to confirm my fears. If you say go on, I will go on."

Nothing could be more gratifying to the vanity of Mr. Harcourt Talboys than this appeal. He declared himself ready to listen to all that Robert might have to say, and ready to assist him to the uttermost of his power.

He laid some stress upon this last assurance, deprecating the value of his advice with an affectation that was as transparent as his vanity itself.

Robert Audley drew his chair nearer to that of Mr. Talboys, and commenced a minutely-detailed account of all that had occurred to George from the time of his arrival in England to the hour of his disappearance, as well as all that had occurred since his disappearance in any way touching upon that particular subject. Harcourt Talboys listened with demonstrative attention, now and then interrupting the speaker to ask some magisterial kind of question. Clara Talboys never once lifted her face from her clasped hands.

The hands of the clock pointed to a

quarter-past eleven when Robert began his story. The clock struck twelve as he finished.

He had carefully suppressed the names of his uncle and his uncle's wife in relating the circumstances in which they had been concerned.

"Now, sir," he said, when the story had been told, "I await your decision. You have heard my reasons for coming to this terrible conclusion. In what manner do those reasons influence you?"

"They don't in any way turn me from my previous opinion," answered Mr. Harcourt Talboys, with the unreasoning pride of an obstinate man. "I still think, as I thought before, that my son is alive, and that his disappearance is a conspiracy against myself. I decline to become the victim of that conspiracy."

"And you tell me to stop?" asked Robert, solemnly.

"I tell you only this:—If you go on, you go on for your own satisfaction, not for mine. I see nothing in what you have told me to alarm me for the safety of—your friend."

"So be it, then!" exclaimed Robert, suddenly; "from this moment I wash my hands of this business. From this moment the purpose of my life shall be to forget it."

He rose as he spoke, and took his hat from the table on which he had placed it. He looked at Clara Talboys. Her attitude had never changed since she had dropped her face upon her hands. "Good morning, Mr. Talboys," he said, gravely. "God grant that you are right. God grant that I am wrong. But I fear a day will come when you will have reason to regret your apathy respecting the untimely fate of your only son."

He bowed gravely to Mr. Harcourt Talboys and to the lady, whose face was hidden by her hands.

He lingered for a moment looking at Miss Talboys, thinking that she would look up, that she would make some sign, or show some desire to detain him.

Mr. Talboys rang for the emotionless servant, who led Robert off to the hall door with the solemnity of manner which would have been in perfect keeping had he been leading him to execution.

"She is like her father," thought Mr. Audley, as he glanced for the last time at the drooping head. "Poor George, you had need of one friend in this world, for you have had very few to love you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CLARA.

ROBERT AUDLEY found the driver asleep upon the box of his lumbering vehicle. He had been entertained with beer of so hard a nature, as to induce temporary strangulation in the daring imbiber thereof, and he was very glad to welcome the return of his fare. The old white horse, who looked as if he had been foaled in the year in which the carriage had been built, and seemed, like the carriage, to have outlived the fashion, was as fast asleep as his master, and woke up with a jerk as Robert came down the stony flight of steps, attended by his executioner, who waited respectfully till Mr. Audley had entered the vehicle and been turned off.

The horse, roused by a smack of his driver's whip and a shake of the shabby reins, crawled off in a semi-somnambulant state, and Robert, with his hat very much over his eyes, thought of his missing friend.

He had played in these stiff gardens, and under these dreary firs, years ago, perhaps—if it were possible for the most frolicsome youth to be playful within the range of Mr. Harcourt Talboys' hard grey eyes. He had played beneath these dark trees, perhaps, with the sister who had heard of his fate to-day without a tear. Robert Audley looked at the rigid primness of the orderly grounds, wondering how George could have grown up in such a place to be the frank, generous, careless friend whom he had known. How was it that with his father perpetually before his eyes, he had not grown up after the father's disagreeable model, to be a nuisance to his fellow-men? How was it? Because we have some One higher than our parents to thank for the souls which make us great or small; and because, while family noses and family chins may descend in orderly sequence from father to son, from grand-sire to grandchild, as the fashion of the fading flowers of one year are reproduced in the budding blossoms of the next, the spirit, more subtle than the wind which blows among those flowers independent of all earthly rule, owns no order but the harmonious Law of God.

"Thank God!" thought Robert Audley; "thank God! it is over. My poor friend must rest in his unknown grave; and I

shall not be the means of bringing disgrace upon those I love. It will come, perhaps, sooner or later, but it will not come through me. The crisis is past, and I am free."

He felt an unutterable relief in this thought. His generous nature revolted at the office into which he had found himself drawn—the office of spy, the collector of damning facts that led on to horrible deductions.

He drew a long breath—a sigh of relief at his release. It was all over now.

The fly was crawling out of the gate of the plantation as he thought this, and he stood up in the vehicle to look back at the dreary fir-trees, the gravel paths, the smooth grass, and the great desolate-looking, red-brick mansion.

He was startled by the appearance of a woman running, almost flying, along the carriage-drive by which he had come, and waving a handkerchief in her uplifted hand.

He stared at this singular apparition for some moments in silent wonder before he was able to reduce his stupefaction into words.

"Is it *me* the flying female wants?" he exclaimed at last. "You'd better stop, perhaps," he added to the flyman. "It is an age of eccentricity, an abnormal era of the world's history. She may want me. Very likely I left my pocket-handkerchief behind me, and Mr. Talboys has sent this person with it. Perhaps I'd better get out and go and meet her. It's civil to send my handkerchief."

Mr. Robert Audley deliberately descended from the fly and walked slowly towards the hurrying female figure, which gained upon him rapidly.

He was rather short-sighted, and it was not until she came very near to him that he saw who she was.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's Miss Talboys."

It was Miss Talboys, flushed and breathless, with a woollen shawl over her head.

Robert Audley now saw her face clearly for the first time, and he saw that she was very handsome. She had brown eyes, like George's, a pale complexion (she had been flushed when she approached him, but the colour faded away as she recovered her breath), regular features, and a mobility of expression which bore record of every change of feeling. He saw all this in a few moments, and he wondered only the more at the stoicism of her

manner during his interview with Mr. Talboys. There were no tears in her eyes, but they were bright with a feverish lustre—terribly bright and dry—and he could see that her lips trembled as she spoke to him.

"Miss Talboys," he said, "what can I?—why——"

She interrupted him suddenly, catching at his wrist with her disengaged hand—she was holding her shawl in the other.

"Oh, let me speak to you," she cried—"let me speak to you, or I shall go mad. I heard it all. I believe what you believe, and I shall go mad unless I can do something—something towards avenging his death."

For a few moments Robert Audley was too much bewildered to answer her. Of all things possible upon earth he had least expected to behold her thus.

"Take my arm, Miss Talboys," he said. "Pray calm yourself. Let us walk a little way back towards the house, and talk quietly. I would not have spoken as I did before you had I known——"

"Had you known that I loved my brother," she said, quickly. "How should you know that I loved him? How should any one think that I loved him, when I have never had power to give him a welcome beneath that roof, or a kindly word from his father. How should I dare to betray my love for him in that house when I knew that even a sister's affection would be turned to his disadvantage? You do not know my father, Mr. Audley. I do. I knew that to intercede for George would have been to ruin his cause. I knew that to leave matters in my father's hands, and to trust to time, was my only chance of ever seeing that dear brother again. And I waited—waited patiently, always hoping for the best; for I knew that my father loved his only son. I see your contemptuous smile, Mr. Audley, and I dare say it is difficult for a stranger to believe that underneath his affected stoicism my father conceals some degree of affection for his children—no very warm attachment perhaps, for he has always ruled his life by the strict law of duty. Stop," she said, suddenly, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking back through the straight avenue of pines; "I ran out of the house by the backway. Papa must not see me talking to you, Mr. Audley, and he must not see the fly standing at the gate. Will you go into the high road

and tell the man to drive on a little way? I will come out of the plantation by a little gate further on, and meet you in the road."

"But you will catch cold, Miss Talboys," remonstrated Robert, looking at her anxiously, for he saw that she was trembling. "You are shivering now."

"Not with cold," she answered. "I am thinking of my brother George. If you have any pity for the only sister of your lost friend, do what I ask you, Mr. Audley. I must speak to you—I must speak to you—calmly, if I can."

She put her hand to her head as if trying to collect her thoughts, and then pointed to the gate. Robert bowed and left her. He told the man to drive slowly towards the station, and walked on by the side of the tarred fence surrounding Mr. Talboys' grounds. About a hundred yards beyond the principal entrance he came to a little wooden gate in the fence, and waited at it for Miss Talboys.

She joined him presently, with her shawl still over her head, and her eyes still bright and tearless.

"Will you walk with me inside the plantation?" she said. "We might be observed on the high road."

He bowed, passed through the gate, and shut it behind him.

When she took his offered arm he found that she was still trembling—trembling very violently.

"Pray, pray calm yourself, Miss Talboys," he said: "I may have been deceived in the opinion which I have formed; I may——"

"No, no, no," she exclaimed, "you are not deceived. My brother has been murdered. Tell me the name of that woman—the woman whom you suspect of being concerned in his disappearance—in his murder."

"That I cannot do until——"

"Until when?"

"Until I know that she is guilty."

"You told my father that you would abandon all idea of discovering the truth—that you would rest satisfied to leave my brother's fate a horrible mystery never to be solved upon this earth; but you will not do so, Mr. Audley—you will not be false to the memory of your friend. You will see vengeance done upon those who have destroyed him. You will do this, will you not?"

A gloomy shadow spread itself like a dark veil over Robert Audley's handsome face.

He remembered what he had said the day before at Southampton—

"A hand that is stronger than my own is beckoning me onward upon the dark road."

A quarter of an hour before he had believed that all was over, and that he was released from the dreadful duty of discovering the secret of George's death. Now this girl, this apparently passionless girl, had found a voice, and was urging him on towards his fate.

"If you knew what misery to me may be involved in discovering the truth, Miss Talboys," he said, "you would scarcely seek to know it, if you refuse to find it for me. I am of age; my own mistress; rich, for I have money left me by one of my aunts; I shall be able to employ those who will help me in my search, and I will make it to their interest to serve me well. Choose between the two alternatives, Mr. Audley. Shall you or I find my brother's murderer?"

He looked in her face, and saw that her resolution was the fruit of no transient womanish enthusiasm which would give way under the iron hand of difficulty. Her beautiful features, naturally statuesque in their noble outlines, seemed transformed into marble by the rigidity of her expression. The face in which he looked was the face of a woman whom death only could turn from her purpose.

"I have grown up in an atmosphere of suppression," she said, quietly; "I have stifled and dwarfed the natural feelings of my heart, until they have become unnatural in their intensity; I have been allowed neither friends nor lovers. My mother died when I was very young. My father has always been to me what you saw him to-day, I have had no one but my brother. All the love that my

heart can hold has been centred upon him. Do you wonder then that when I hear that his young life has been ended by the hand of treachery, that I wish to see vengeance done upon the traitor. Oh, my God," she cried, suddenly clasping her hands, and looking up at the cold winter sky, "lead me to the murderer of my brother, and let mine be the hand to avenge his untimely death."

Robert Audley stood looking at her with awe-stricken admiration. Her beauty was elevated into sublimity by the intensity of her suppressed passion. She was different to all other women that he had met.

"I will trust you," she answered, "for I see that you will help me."

"I believe that it is my destiny to do so," he said, solemnly.

In the whole course of his conversation with Harcourt Talboys, Robert Audley had carefully avoided making any deductions from the circumstances which he had submitted to George's father. He had simply told the story of the missing man's life, from the hour of his arriving in London to that of his disappearance; but he saw that Clara Talboys had arrived at the same conclusion as himself, and that it was tacitly understood between them.

"Have you any letters of your brother's, Miss Talboys?" he asked.

"Two. One written soon after his marriage, the other written at Liverpool, the night before he sailed for Australia."

"Will you let me see them?"

"Yes, I will send them to you if you will give me your address. You will write to me from time to time, will you not? to tell me whether you are approaching the truth. I shall be obliged to act secretly here, but I am going to leave home in

two or three months, and I shall be perfectly free then to act as I please."

"You are not going to leave England?" Robert asked.

"Oh no! I am only going to pay a long-promised visit to some friends in Essex."

Robert started so violently as Clara Talboys said this, that she looked suddenly at his face. The agitation visible there betrayed a part of his secret.

"My brother George disappeared in Essex," she said.

He could not contradict her.

"I am sorry you have discovered so much henceforth, but suffering from the cold to me?" she said, flinging back her shawl and baring her beautiful head to the bitter wind. "I would walk from here to London barefoot through the snow, and never stop by the way, if I could bring him back to life. What would I not do to bring him back? What would I not do?"

The words broke from her by a well of passionate sorrow; and clasping her hands before her face, she wept for the first time that day. The violence of her emotion shook her slender frame, and she was obliged to lean against the trunk of a tree for support.

Robert looked at her with a tender compassion in his face; she was to him the friend whom he had loved and lost, that it was impossible for him to treat of her as a stranger; impossible to remember that they had met that morning for the first time.

"Pray, pray be calm," he said, "come her as she disappeared amongst the straight trunks of the fir-trees, and then walked slowly out of the plantation.

"Heaven help those who stand between me and the secret," he thought, "for they will be sacrificed to the memory of George Talboys."

(To be continued.)

He remembered what he had said the day before at Southampton—

"A hand that is stronger than my own is beckoning me onward upon the dark road."

A quarter of an hour before he had believed that all was over, and that he was released from the dreadful duty of discovering the secret of George's death. Now this girl, this apparently passionless girl, had found a voice, and was urging him on towards his fate.

"If you knew what misery to me may be involved in discovering the truth, Miss Talboys," he said, "you would scarcely ask me to pursue this business any further."

"But I do ask you," she answered, with suppressed passion—"I do ask you. I ask you to avenge my brother's untimely death. Will you do so? Yes or no?"

"What if I answer no?"

"Then I will do it myself," she exclaimed, looking at him with her bright brown eyes. "I myself will follow up the clue to this mystery; I will find this woman—yes, though you refuse to tell me in what part of England my brother disappeared. I will travel from one end of the world to the other to find the secret of his fate, if you refuse to find it for me. I am of age; my own mistress; rich, for I have money left me by one of my aunts; I shall be able to employ those who will help me in my search, and I will make it to their interest to serve me well. Choose between the two alternatives, Mr. Audley. Shall you or I find my brother's murderer?"

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Robert Audley stood looking at her with awe-stricken admiration. Her beauty was elevated into sublimity by the intensity of her suppressed passion. She was different to all other women that he had ever seen. His cousin was pretty, his uncle's wife was lovely, but Clara Talboys was beautiful. Niobe's face, sublimated by sorrow, could scarcely have been more purely classical than hers. Even her dress, puritan in its grey simplicity, became her beauty better than a more beautiful dress would have become a less beautiful woman.

"Miss Talboys," said Robert, after a pause, "your brother shall not be unavenged. He shall not be forgotten. I do not think that any professional aid which you could procure would lead you as surely to the secret of this mystery as I can lead you, if you are patient and trust me."

"I will trust you," she answered, "for I see that you will help me,"

"I believe that it is my destiny to do so," he said, solemnly.

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"My brother George disappeared in Essex," she said.

He could not contradict her.

"I am sorry you have discovered so much," he replied. "My position becomes every day more complicated, every day more painful. Good-bye."

She gave him her hand mechanically, when he held out his; but it was colder than marble, and it lay listlessly in his own, and fell like a log at her side when he released it.

"Pray lose no time in returning to the house," he said, earnestly. "I fear you will suffer from this morning's work."

"Suffer!" she exclaimed, scornfully. "You talk to me of suffering, when the only creature in this world who ever loved me has been taken from it in the bloom of youth. What can there be for me henceforth but suffering? What is the cold to me?" she said, flinging back her shawl and baring her beautiful head to the bitter wind. "I would walk from here to London barefoot through the snow, and never stop by the way, if I could bring him back to life. What would I not do to bring him back? What would I not do?"

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Robert looked at her with a tender compassion in his face; she was so like the friend whom he had loved and lost, that it was impossible for him to think of her as a stranger; impossible to remember that they had met that morning for the first time.

"Pray, pray be calm," he said; "hope even against hope. We may both be deceived, your brother may still live."

"Oh! if it were so," she murmured, passionately; "if it could be so."

"Let us try and hope that it may be so."

"No," she answered, looking at him through her tears, "let us hope for nothing but revenge. Good-bye, Mr. Audley. Stop; your address."

He gave her a card, which she put into the pocket of her dress.

"I will send you George's letters," she said; "they may help you. Good-bye."

She left him half bewildered by the passionate energy of her manner, and the noble beauty of her face. He watched her as she disappeared amongst the straight trunks of the fir-trees, and then walked slowly out of the plantation.

"Heaven help those who stand between me and the secret," he thought, "for they will be sacrificed to the memory of George Talboys."

(To be continued.)

THE PLAYTHINGS OF ANTIQUITY.

THINGS apparently the most frivolous have often their serious side; often, if they amuse, it is to instruct; as a flower which, under its decorations of a day, conceals a delicate fruit, or fruitful seed. This is especially applicable to historic trifles. It is not alone by great facts that history reveals itself; petty events, petty institutions, petty creations, are also its organs; it has its colossus, but it has also its miniatures. And with how many facts do we meet, which, trifling in appearance, are nevertheless the depositaries of great secrets! To those who neglect them, History shows herself ungracious, inaccessible; for them her sanctuary is closed, her oracles dumb.

The subject we are now approaching is, the Playthings of Antiquity. A strange subject many will think, upon which to expend scholarship and labour; but if our readers will patiently accompany us in our researches, viewing it in the same light as ourselves, the pains will not be thrown away.

The ancients were misanthropes no more than ourselves; they were, perhaps, less so; for the world of their time having lived a shorter period than ours, was less rich in *ennui* and disappointed hopes. The ancients were, like us, excellent parents. They loved their children, they caressed them, they amused them—nothing was spared for them, so their playthings were of importance. If we may believe Varro, Persius, and St. Jerome (that man so grave and of virtue so austere), they were of infinite variety. They consisted of globes of gold or of silver, iron bells, especially dolls, dolls of pasteboard, of precious wood, of ivory. "Let them be given," says St. Jerome, "all the most exquisite sweets, what is most delicious to the taste, freshest in flowers, most radiant in jewels, most charming in dolls."

Ancient civilization, then, in all that appertained to puppets, had no reason to envy modern luxury. On the contrary, how many children of our day, amid their most splendid sports, have perhaps reason to be jealous of the more fortunate destiny of the little Greeks and Romans!

My readers, you who already know something of history, who have already fatigued your eyes over more than one Greek and Latin author, have you ever imagined to yourselves the grave Socrates,

the divine Plato, especially old Cato, the grand personification of the serious antique, running about the streets of Rome with corals in their hands, ringing the bells? This makes you laugh—in fact, it is very amusing.

Nevertheless, we dare guarantee that this has been done. Great men resemble each other; and it is known that Newton disdained all the sports of childhood, and particularly the blowing of soap-bubbles, to which he became reconciled only when he saw in them a medium of experimenting and proving his scientific theories.

But here is another picture. It is the sacrifice to Venus offered by young girls before contracting marriage. In this is revealed in a marked manner the part of the doll in the amusements of childhood. The great offering, the solemn sacrifice of the Roman virgins to Venus at the moment of marriage, was a doll.

By this they hoped to propitiate the goddess, and obtain from her a fortunate marriage. "By this also," adds Plautus, the commentator of Persius, "they bade adieu to the past, dissolved for ever their connexion with childhood, and with its sportive and gay habits; and protested that in future, withdrawn into the sanctuaries of their families, they would devote themselves to grave occupations, to the serious business of life."

The frequency of sacrifices among the ancients is very remarkable. They accompanied every important act of life; they were never omitted, especially when one abandoned a profession to embrace another, or to give himself up to repose. So it was not alone the young girls who sacrificed their dolls to Venus; but boys, on attaining manhood, consecrated to the Penates the playthings of their childhood, the gold or silver globes of which we have spoken.

The *athletæ*, on renouncing their art, consecrated their cestus: witness the celebrated Vejanus, who so often deserved in the arena the applauses of the Romans.

Horace himself, on bidding adieu to poesy, suspended his lyre to the walls of the temple.

Playthings, especially puppets, were so entirely, in the opinion of the ancients, the distinctive attributes of childhood, that they not only lavished them upon their children during life, but dared not sepa-

rate them from them after death. Enter this tomb, the path to which is still strewn with flowers; raise this stone, which is covered with a gilt inscription; a young child reposes there, and beside it a little silvery-toned bell, a splendidly-dressed doll, and all the playthings of its life. "Go, my son," the mother had said, "death has taken thee from my love; but, arrived at the fields of happiness, thou shalt have wherewith to charm thy infancy, and recal to thy heart thine abode among thy friends on the earth."

How touching and poetical was this custom! It was retained by the earliest Christians, and it is from their tombs we ought to derive our ideas of ancient sepulchres. In their cemeteries the playthings of infancy have been found. They were numerous and various, attached within or without to the sepulchres of children of both sexes. They are preserved in the Museum Christianum of the Vatican.

These playthings consisted of puppets of ivory or of bone, such as were found in great numbers in the coffin of Marie, the daughter of Stilicon, and wife of the Emperor Honorius, which was uncovered in 1544, in the cemetery of the Vatican. The body of the young princess was wrapped in golden tissues; beside her a silver casket contained the articles of her toilet; and finally ivory dolls, whose presence can be explained only by the ancient custom according to which young girls consecrated their dolls to Venus.

The invention of dolls is, therefore, not a new one; it is, like others, a heritage of antiquity. Neither are puppets of modern introduction. They also are a present from ancient ages.

Athens and all the cities of Greece were acquainted with puppet-shows. They were the theatre of the lower classes, and it was not rare to see there the greatest and most honourable citizens.

Such was thenceforth their popularity, that historians have not been able to pass over them in silence, and poets and philosophers have sought in them terms of comparison to render more clear their principles and humanitarian theories.

Xenophon, in his book entitled *Feasts*, introduces Socrates conversing with a mountebank. "Why," asks the philosopher, "attach yourself to an occupation so trivial?" "I must live," replied the mountebank, "and this trade gives me the means of doing so, for the people are simple enough to throng to the spectacles which I present for their

amusement." Socrates could not reply. He undoubtedly knew the ancient maxim: *Prius est vivere.*

But here a reflection presents itself; we have not improved much on our ancestors. If the people of Athens and Rome were so eager after puppet-shows, is it otherwise in our days? So true is it that the people are always children, and always will be children.

The most curious study on the subject of ancient puppets is that of their form. Their perfection was carried very far, and it is evident that the resources of mechanics were prodigiously developed. Many of our artists who now boast of invention, might have passed at that remote period for men of very ordinary talents.

If we consult ancient cemeteries and catacombs, we shall find that the puppets of the ancients closely resembled those of our own times.

"There were," says Buonarroti, "little statues, to the limbs of which a thread artfully communicated a marvellous mobility."

The poet Horace confirms the narratives and descriptions of other authors, when, inveighing in his satires against men whose characters are destitute of energy, he compares them to puppets:

"Duceris ut nervis mobile lignum."

It must be confessed, however, that commentators do not agree on the interpretation of this verse of the Latin poet. There are those who insist that Horace referred to the top, that light instrument which turns on itself, and is kept in motion by the whip of the child. They add that the verse in question should be compared with these verses of Virgil, to which, in their opinion, it is impossible to attach any other meaning.

"Ille actus habena

Curvatis fertur spatilis."

(Driven by the whip, he describes curves in space.)

However this may be, we take part with no one. The result of this controversy may develop an interesting fact,—the antiquity of the top. There is truly nothing new under the sun. Perhaps most of the playthings now found with our toy-merchants may have had their counterpart at Athens or Rome.

Aristotle speaks of puppets so perfectly wrought that they moved their heads and hands, their shoulders and even their eyes,

and sometimes all their limbs together; and that with delightful elegance and harmony of motion.

Cardanus goes still farther. He assures us that he has seen puppets which surpassed the most skilful dancers. No gesture, no species of trick, was unknown to them.

It is in Italy, especially, that the genius of puppet-shows has, if I may so express it, borne off the most beautiful crown. The glory with which it had surrounded Archimedes and Etesilius has raised up there some celebrated artists.

The Italians have more immediately inherited from Greek and Roman antiquities, and in their inheritance, puppets, and the manner of moving them, have been comprised. Nowhere, in fact, do puppets attract greater crowds than in Italy. There they play not only farces and proverbs, but charades, vaudevilles, tragedies; and all this with delicacy, grace, noble gravity, and majestic dignity. We can scarcely imagine how deliciously charming are these plays in miniature. To adduce a single instance of the skill of these actors, we have seen Punch smoking his little cigar with as much grace and *aplomb* as the greatest exquisite of the Boulevard des Italiens or of the Palais Royal.

All the puppets of the ancients were usually made of wood, bone, pasteboard, or ivory. Sometimes, however, artists wished to leave more solid monuments of their skill. Petronius, a contemporary of Nero, relates that at a feast given by Trimalcion, a statue of silver was brought upon the table, which, like other puppets,

had moveable joints. It performed a number of curious evolutions in the presence of the guests. The sentiments of Trimalcion at sight of it are remarkable.

"Alas! alas!" he exclaimed, "behold, then, what man is! Nothing! So shall we all be when death shall have turned us to earth."

After having studied the history of dolls and puppets, it will naturally be asked, "What is the name of their inventor?" On this point we have no certainty. Plato attributes their discovery to Dædalus, that celebrated mechanic of antiquity. Aulus Gellius, in his *Attic Nights*, attributes it to Architas of Tarentum; Plutarch, in his *Life of Alexander*, to Eudoxia. The difficulty of deciding a question of this nature will be imagined; we therefore leave it open to discussion: it is enough for us to enjoy benefits, without being anxious to know the hand which has distributed them.

Here, then, our grave queries terminate. Have they not some interest? Like Nature, History shows herself not less admirable in little than in great creations. Both are the fruit of the genius of nations. The great reveal their majesty and power; the little, cultivation and refinement of their manners; and it is to the latter especially that we must refer, to have a just appreciation of civilization. Great facts, great institutions, are to be met with among the most barbarous nations; little perfections, little *chef-d'œuvres* belong only to civilized people; and the greater the perfection, the more finished the *chef-d'œuvre*, the higher the degree of civilization.

A CHAPTER ON HATS.

A WHOLE herd of philosophers, more or less given to habits of rumination, have written, discussed, nay, even disputed upon the intelligence of that much bewritten animal, man; and all have ended by agreeing upon one point, viz.:—that the head and brain are the seats and principles of all ideas, of all conceptions, relative or absolute. Hereupon the spiritualists are nearly in accord with the materialists, and Condillac and the Dominicans are of the same opinion as Zoroaster and Manes. How comes it, then, that none of these learned psycho-

logists have ever occupied their minds concerning that which so closely touches the precious reservoir which incloses whatever is most noble or admirable in man?

When a prince assumes the reins of empire, do we not commence operations by assigning to him a sumptuous palace? And by the same title, the head, which is also a powerful monarch, removing and overturning at its will kingdoms and dynasties—does not the head also merit a commodious, nay, even a splendid shelter? And what is the most fitting

shelter for the head, if it is not the *hat*? I take my departure from this point to enter upon my subject.

A certain hatter named Gibus, an inhabitant of that emporium of puffery and charlatanism, the good city of Paris, some time since conceived and eventually brought forth what may with truth be denominated a sublime idea, namely, a spring hat. Gall had said: "The inclinations of mankind are modified by the form of the skull." Gibus replied: "I will modify the skull; and then evil passions will be no longer heard of, for, thanks to my spring hat, every malevolent bump will become gradually flattened by constant contact with my skillfully-prepared mechanism." This may peradventure be the reason why there exists so marked a difference between the brains of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Honour, then, to M. Gibus, for assuredly M. Gibus is a great man.

But without proceeding further into the deductions of the medico-physical advantages of the *coiffure*, let us endeavour to prove, by the simple exposition of facts purely historical, the immense influence exercised by the hat over the moral and physical events of life.

In 1329, Edward of England, having proceeded from Amiens to pay homage to Philip de Valois, maintained that he owed but the *simple homage*, and that a vassal alone was required to uncover for the oath; he obstinately refused then to take off his *hat*, but took himself off to England, followed by his barons. This failure in etiquette was ere long the sole pretext upon which Edward sought the authorization of Rome and the concurrence of Jacques D'Arthewel to attack the crown of France, to which he aspired through Isabella his mother, heiress of Philip the Good.

In Switzerland, the tyrant Gesler caused his hat to be placed upon a pole, bearing an inscription, which ordained that every passer-by should either bow down or uncover the head before this representative of power, under pain of death for disobedience. William Tell revolted at the display of such pride and baseness; his great voice aroused the sleeping echoes of the Helvetian mountains; the free-born children of the hills rose at this appeal; this tyrant was immolated, and Switzerland owed to a *hat* her liberty and glory. Five hundred years later Rossini owed to this same hat his most beautiful *chef-d'œuvre*.

Again,—what reader of history has not shuddered with horror on reading of the fearful excesses which preluded the reign of Henri le Grand in France? The Bearnais succeeded indeed in crushing the hydra of revolt, but the man who, in the words of the French poet,

"Confondit Mayenne, et la Ligue, et l'Ibère,
Et de ses sujets le vainqueur et le père,

never could either induce or compel his conquered subjects to change the well-known forms of their *chapeaux de Ligueurs*—a circumstance so displeasing to Sully, that, according to the historiographer Mathieu, the mere sight of one was sufficient to make him swear and *sacrer*. It was the same in our own times, when a certain sultan, a friend of progress, was desirous that his people should adopt the European costume. The day upon which the close-fitting pantaloon replaced the wide and noble folds of the Mamelook, and when the mean and paltry surtout dethroned the antique and venerable caftan, was a day of mourning for the children of Mahomet. The substitution of the fez for the turban was for the Osmanlis the abomination of abominations, and blood sufficient to extinguish an empire flowed in torrents in consequence of this hateful decree.

The head-dress is to a people what the constitution is to a government; and for this reason it is that an old usage has always put husbands on their guard against the slightest attempt made by their wives upon this precious portion of the conjugal costume. A husband's honour not unfrequently depends upon the manner in which he is *coiffé*.

A man's future prospects in this changeable and fantastic world of ours depend very frequently on trifles; but they have always depended upon the hat: *ex minimis maxima nascuntur*. There is a certain family which owes to an act of common every-day occurrence—a mere placing of the hat upon the head—performed by an ancestor, all the wealth, nobility, and station it enjoys at the present day. The anecdote is this: A certain king of Spain—I cannot at this moment recal to mind which—being one day on a shooting excursion, accompanied by one of his courtiers, was obliged to take shelter in a woodman's hut, in order to avoid a sudden and violent shower of rain. Now it so happened that the roof of this cottage was in such a dilapidated state, that the rain poured through in several places. The king,

touched at the disagreeable situation of his companion, who, as it happened, was at the time suffering from a rather severe cold in the head, said to him, "Put on your hat." The courtier replaced his hat on his head, and on the return from the shooting excursion, a royal decree conferred upon him the title of Grandee of Spain; in order that it might never be said that a subject of his Catholic Majesty had failed in his respect to the dignity of the throne, even with the assent of the King of Spain himself.

And now, methinks, dear reader, I hear you exclaim, on reading thus far: "All this is very charming, but what does it prove? All these historiettes which you have related to us with that grace of style so peculiar to yourself, &c. &c., have all passed in times and among people ignorant and barbarous. Civilization—that queen ever stalking forward, modifying all things as she proceeds—modern civilization offers no examples of events leaning or turning upon a hat." Ah! you think so, do you? Well, let us then consult modern history.

In 1679, in the reign of Louis XIV. of France, the Count de Tessé, colonel-general of dragoons, having taken it into his wise pate to ornament his head with a white hat on the occasion of a certain review at Compiègne, it turned out that the king, who detested white hats, fancied he could perceive in this action a want of the respect due to etiquette and royalty; and in consequence exiled the Count de Tessé to his estates in Languedoc, depriving him of his regiment into the bargain.

Some years later—in 1710, I think—Louis XIV. had greater reason to boast of his hat than had the poor Count de Tessé of his. Read and wonder. At this fatal epoch of his reign the finances were completely exhausted; and France, standing as it were at bay, was paying dearly by its present misery for that long and lavish expenditure of luxury and extravagance which had been its ruin. The royal treasury was completely dry, and there seemed no longer a single resource left save a national bankruptcy; already had the nobles of the land disposed of their plate, and the king—the *Grand Monarque*

himself—was on the point of pledging his own for the purpose of raising money sufficient to meet the current expenses of his establishment. The comptroller-general of the household was well aware that there was at that time in Paris a famous banker named Samuel Bernard, the richest man in Europe, enjoying an immense credit—in short, the Rothschild of the day—who alone had it in his power to save the king and kingdom. But the government had so frequently failed in its promises of repayment on prior occasions, that Bernard now obstinately persisted in his refusals to make any further advances either in cash or paper. In vain did Desmarets represent to him, in pathetic terms, the pressing exigencies of the state; in vain did he seek to touch his heart with the great words of glory and *patrie*. But what were these words to him? A financier is ignorant of everything beyond his ledger, and can be moved but by the magic words—pounds, shillings, and pence. Bernard remained unshaken.

"And yet," said Desmarets to the king, "he is the only man that can extricate us from our embarrassments. Perhaps your majesty will yourself deign to speak to him?"

"Well, well," replied Louis; "invite him, on my part, to come and see me at Marly. I will speak to him."

On the following day, while the king was promenading on the terrace, Bernard was presented. Louis XIV., as soon as he perceived him approaching, although at the farther end of the walk, *took off his hat*, and said to him:

"Monsieur Bernard, you are indeed a wonderful man never to have seen Marly. Come, we will visit it together."

The banker, upon his return home, could not find words strong enough to express his admiration of a king at once so good, so great, so affable, so generous; and hastened to offer to the comptroller-general his coffers, his specie, his bills of exchange, as well as the use of his signature on all the banking-houses in Europe, repeating constantly to all comers: "The great king! the good king! he took off his hat to me!" And France was saved by a hat!

G. J. K.

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PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

10, Moreton-terrace, Kentish-town, London, January 19th, 1861.

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in informing you that, on the 16th ult., Mrs. Meadows, of 4, William-street, Harmond-street, called to procure a box of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, and spoke so highly of them that I am induced to forward to you the particulars. She is now in her seventy-ninth year, and has taken the Pills for more than seven years, never using any other medicine, and she assured me that her health is much better than when she was seven years younger, and did not take PARR'S LIFE PILLS. This fact speaks for itself, and I need only add that you are at liberty to use the statement as you think proper.

I remain, gentlemen, yours truly,

THOMAS STOKOE.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS

Will keep people in vigorous health, and make them active and hearty. They give colour to the complexion, brightness to the eyes, cheerful animation to the features, and agreeable vigour to the whole frame.

Sole Proprietors, T. ROBERTS and CO., 8, Crane-court, Fleet-street, London.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS may be obtained of any Medicine Vendor, in boxes, 1s. 1ld., 2s. 9d., and in Family Packets, 11s. each. Directions with each box.

SIR ASHLEY COOPER'S VITAL RESTORATIVE.

Acknowledged by the faculty of London and Paris, as the only infallible remedy for permanently insuring sound health of mind and body. Patronized by their Imperial Highnesses the Emperors of France, Russia, and Austria. Price 11s. per bottle, or four quantities in one, 33s. Forwarded direct on receipt of post-office orders or stamps.

Sole Agents: BUTLER AND CRISPE, 4, Cheapside (corner of St. Paul's Churchyard). or 27, Old Bailey.

KEATING'S

Persian Insect-Destroying Powder.

THIS POWDER IS QUITE HARMLESS

to Animal Life, but is unrivalled in destroying Fleas, Bugs, Emmets, Flies, Cockroaches, Beetles, Gnats, Mosquitoes, Moths in Furs, and every other species of insects in all stages of metamorphosis.

SPORTSMEN will find this an invaluable remedy for destroying FLIES IN THEIR DOGS, as also Ladies for their Pet Dogs; and sprinkled about the nests of Poultry, it will be found extremely efficacious in exterminating those insects with which they are usually infested. It is perfectly harmless in its nature, and may be applied without any apprehension, AS IT HAS NO QUALITIES DETRIMENTAL TO ANIMAL LIFE.

Sold in Packets, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, or post free for 14, or treble size for 36 postage stamps, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C., and by all Agents for Keating's Cough Lozenges.

Take notice each genuine packet bears the above name and address.

Consumption, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c., instantly relieved and speedily cured by



IN consequence of the extraordinary efficacy of this invaluable remedy, several unprincipled parties have been induced to vend imitations which are of a totally different character. There is only one Chlorodyne, which is this, and the following Medical testimony proves its efficacy and truthfulness. It is a liquid, and taken from 10 to 20 drops two or three times a day in a little water.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

From W. VERBALIUS PETTIGREW, M.D.—"I have no hesitation in stating that I have never met with any medicine so efficacious as an Anti-spasmodic and Sedative. I have used it in Consumption, Asthma, Diarrhoea, and other diseases, and am most perfectly satisfied with the results."

From Dr. M'MILMAN, of New Galway, Scotland.—"I consider it the most valuable medicine known."

From G. HAYWARD, Esq., Surgeon, Stow-on-ye-Wold.—"I am now using Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne with marvellous good effects in allaying inveterate Sickness in Pregnancy."

Dr. M'GRIGOR CROFT, late Army Staff, says—"It is a most valuable medicine."

Dr. GIBSON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta.—"Two doses completely cured me of diarrhoea."

From C. D. RIDOUT, Esq., Surgeon, Egham.—"As an Astringent in severe Diarrhoea, and an Anti-spasmodic in Colic, with Cramps in the Abdomen, the relief is instantaneous. As a Sedative in Neuralgia and Tic-douloureux, its effects were very remarkable. In Uterine affections I have found it extremely valuable."

CAUTION.—Beware of spurious compounds, or imitations of "Chlorodyne." Dr. Browne placed the recipe for making "Chlorodyne" in the hands of Mr. Davenport ONLY, consequently there can be no other Manufacturer. The genuine bears the words—"DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne," on the Government Stamp of each Bottle. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

SOLE AGENT AND MANUFACTURER, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C., LONDON.

BROWN AND POLSON'S PATENT CORN FLOUR,

IN PACKETS, 8d., AND TINS, 1s.

As double profit is allowed upon the sale of numerous imitations, families would discourage the substitution of inferior kinds by refusing to receive any but the packages which bear BROWN and POLSON'S name in full.

MANY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, &c.,
WHO SUPPLY THE BEST-QUALITY, IN PREFERENCE TO BEST-PROFIT
ARTICLES, SELL NONE BUT
BROWN AND POLSON'S.

BROWN & POLSON PUDDING.

Ingredients: six ounces of BROWN and POLSON'S Corn Flour, two quarts of milk, two ounces of sugar, a bit of cinnamon or lemon-peel, a pinch of salt, three eggs. Mix all the above ingredients (except the eggs) in a saucepan, and stir them on the fire till they come to a boil, then add the eggs beat up; mix thoroughly, pour the batter into a pie-dish greased with butter, and bake the pudding for one hour. BROWN and POLSON'S Corn Flour is a most excellent and economical article of food, equal to arrow-root, and will prove on trial to be both substantial and nutritive, and also easy of digestion to the most delicate stomachs.

BROWN & POLSON FRUIT PUDDING.

Prepare the pudding-batter as indicated in the preceding recipe, and when you have poured one-half of it into the greased pie-dish, strew about two pounds of any kind of fruit upon this, such as gooseberries, currants, plums, cherries, &c., and then pour the remainder of the batter all over the fruit. Bake the pudding an hour and a quarter. Peeled apples or pears may be used for the same purpose.